

How to modernize How to Train Your Dragon

by Thor-Born

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Summary: Life on Berk is hard, the life of a High School student is hard, The life of Henry or 'Hiccup' is harder than both. Called The Klutz of the town by his elders and Useless by the rest of his age Henry's doesn't think his life could get any worse. That was until He shoots down a Night Fury and unknowingly secured his fate. Modern HTTYD But not the way you know it.

1. what a night

****Hi everyone, I've been reading Chasing Thunderstorms lately (great story by the way) and it just looked so fun writing about modern version of how to train your dragon so I'm going to give it a try. ****

****(P.S Jemiskneir will be involved but there will be no spoilers for A Strangers Arrival). ****

****(I'm going to try to right it in first person but I will probably be destroying that goal very quickly) ****

My name is Henry 'Horrendous' Haddock the third, but everyone calls me Hiccup. Great nickname I know, originally it was just my grandmother who called me that (something about instead of crying when I was born I Hiccopped I don't think about it that much) but after an embarrassing incident in my kindergarten play everyone started calling me it.

_I live in the small Scandinavian settlement in Alaska named Berk. It's a small humble town lovely weather only snowing 9 months a year and hails the other 3. Are town is located on the coast along with several other Scandinavian settlements Bogson, berksakville, Meatown etc. in one word I would describe are town as sturdy, it's been here for Generation but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets (when you can actually see the sky that is). _

_Are only problem is the pests, you might have rats, wolves or mosquitos we haveâ€|. _

_Dragons. _

_You probably think I'm crazy "dragons aren't real" you would say but you've never been to Berk. _

And a dragon is exactly what I opened my door to at 4 in the morning. As soon as I saw it I closed the door just in time as a wave of fire crashed into the front of the house. I reopened the door just in time to see the milkman (everyone called him Bucket) jump onto the flying Beast and beating its head with are Mailbox.

_Most people would probably leave not us thou, were as close as you can get to Vikings, were Big, Strong, Tough and as stubborn as a brick wall. Me well I got the stubborn bit downâ€| but other than that I'm a walking fishbone. _

I ran through the main street watching as several buildings caught on fire I couldn't help but think to myself 'old town lots of new houses'. i was broken from thought land by the sudden movement of a man landing in front of me. I jumped backwards in fright, at first I thought he was dead but that was before he jumped up and cried "morning" before running of to attack another Dragon.

That was the nicest Greeting I got as I ran through the streets of Berk. As I ran I could hear people cry out "Get inside!" or "Get out of my way!" as I ran past people.

I was so wrapped up in getting to my destination I didn't even notice that if I took another step I would have been singed by a dragon if I took another step. And knowing my luck I would have if someone didn't grab the shirt of my collar and pulled me back and of my feet. I looked to see a large man with an oversized red beard as my saviour but he didn't look very happy to see me 'I just can't figure out why' (insert sarcasm here).

"May I ask what you are doing out here?" asked the tall beard man. I was about to answer but before I could utter a single word he shouted out "what's he doing out here?" pointing at me like I was some sort of lose dog. When he didn't get an answer he dropped me on my feet and pushed me away shouting "Just get inside!" before running of to join a group of people trying to protect a meat truck.

_If you haven't worked that out yet that's Stoick Mayor of the town, no one is really sure is Stoick is his real name thou probably not even himself. His family has been the longest, and he was probably the Strongest and most Viking person in the whole town, they even say when he was a baby he popped a dragons neck clean of its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes I do. _

I watched in amazement as the mayor tossed a dumpster at a low flying dragon then tackle one of the larger ones. I then began to run towards the mechanic/blacksmith/workshop/ small house repairs. "Nice of you to join the party" said a large blonde man with a long moustache sweltering over a hot forge. "Thought you would have been carried away by now" he continued smashing his hammer hand on to a hot metal rod. "Please they wouldn't know what to do with all this" I

said as I attempted to pick up a war hammer. "They need toothpicks don't they?" he replied grinning at me.

_The meathead with attitude and interchangeable hands is Gabe Bober but everyone called him Gobber. His is the Mayors right hand man (that works well because he only has a right hand) and runs the store he's also the sport, workshop, arts and craft and of Couse dragon killing teacher at are school. I've been his personal assistant at both the shop and school ever since I was littleâ€| well littler.

_

Gobber barked at me to grab the already stock pile of broke weapons littered on the shops window. I grabbed the closest weapon to me an axe and began to sharpen it. _You probably be saying to me, if you could talk to me (well then someone would be). It's the 21 century why are using axes and swords when you could use automatic weapons? Well you see Dragon hide is a tuff as stone and we discovered that shooting small pieces of lead at a dragon generally just tick them off. Axes and swords on the other hand can penetrate a dragons hide, and if you wanted to break something important without penetrating the skin you could use a hammer or a mace. If you were accurate or you just couldn't wait for one of them to come down and face you, you could use a spear, crossbow or even a bola. _

_You would probably be asking me Hiccup why do you know so much about killing dragons? Well in my town killing a dragon is how you get noticed around here. And the only time I'm ever noticed is when I mess up. _

_As I look outside the shop window I see the five most common dragons to attack are village and can't help but think of the type of status killing one of them would get me. The Terrible Terror smallest of the dragon that attack berk but don't let is size fool you those things are furious in packs, killing one of thous will get you at least noticed. The Deadly Nadder, fast and like the name say deadly, its flame can turn a man to ash in a matter of seconds and it could toss poisonous darts from its tail, killing one of those would get a guy like me friends. Gronkles, in basic terms a flying tank there tuff, heavy and has a fireball that could blow up a building, statues would land me a girlfriend. The Hideous Zippleback, exotic to say the least, a two headed dragon one head breathing a thick green gas and the other head lighting this thick green gas that also 'just' happens to be explosive, statues? Trice the status. Then there was The Monstrous Nightmare, the names soots it really it has a nasty habit of setting itself on fire, only the best go after those. _

_There were other dragons too. Thunderdrums were powerful sea dragons that had a roar like thunder, Timberjack whose wing could cut threw full grown trees, Changeling's which could blend into any surrounding just to name a few of the less common ones. On 'special' occasions we would get attacked by something a little rarer like a Scauldron or a Whispering Death and if you killed one of those you would be considered a hero. _

_But there was one dragon that no one ever killed we call it the_â€|"NIGHT FURY!" screamed a voice snapping me out of my deep thought just in time to see one of the several defence systems surrounding the town explode in a blue light show. I couldn't help but admire it. _it never shows its self, never steals food, never picks a fight and never misses. _I thought as it blew up another one of are anti-dragon

guns. A Night Fury has never been shot down before (there was a story about it thou but the story also involved someone befriending one but that's ridiculous imagine befriending a dragon).

'But this was all going to change I was going to be the first to shoot it down' I thought as I walked over to Gobber who was tightening his Axe hand to his stub. "Man the shop Hiccup they need me out their" he said hobbling over to the door. He turned to me just before exiting the door "stayâ€| puttâ€|their argh you no wha' I mean!" he said before charging out the door.

Like always I don't listen to him and I run of with my latest invention a sort of bola launcher if you will. And set it up on the outskirts of the town facing one of the Anti-dragon guns. I sat there in silent watching and waiting. I was about to give up when suddenly I heard the faint sound of the Night Fury, the sound it made when it was about to attack, the only sound the creature made. I sat their waiting aiming at the gun.

_Why am I doing this? You may ask. The thing is I am observant and I notice the smallest detail that most people miss, one of the many details that I have observed is that the Night Fury likes or has to fly through his Kamikaze explosion attacks ether because it has to pull up from the dive or because it likes to see its handy work up close I'm not sure. _

Then the think exploded in the familiar blue explosion. This caught me by surprise and I accidently fired the bola into the air at first I thought I missed it but that was before I heard a strange cry and a black shadow fall into raven point forest. I couldn't believe it I did the unthinkable, I shoot down the unhittable I began to do a little victory dance like the one you see sports players do when they win and cried out "did anyone see that?". No one replied of Couse but hay I did it! Could this night get any better?

Apparently it can't but it could get a whole lot worse. I found that out when I heard a large CRACK from behindI turned to see my invention in peace's, the culprit a Monstrous Nightmare and it was pissed. "Except for you" I said before running back into the town.

It must have been the dragons roar that gave us are location I defiantly wasn't screamingâ€| oh who am I kidding I was screaming like a child As I ran and hid behind the statue just outside the town hall. The Nightmare had just turned half of the bronze statue into a pile of sludge and I knew I was next. Just before the dragon had time to eat his little 'snack' Stoick tackled it to the ground and began to beat the beast with his own hands until it flew in fright joining its comrades on its flight across the sea.

Stoick turned to the Statue in disbelief and then to me with anger. _By the way there is one more thing you need to knowâ€| _"Sorryâ€| dad" I said as a molten pile of bronze sludge fell from the statue. "Hiccup how many times must I tell you don't call me that while I'm working" said Stoick looking at me like I failed him again which I probably did. "Sorryâ€| Stoick... but I hit a Night Fury" I replied already knowing his reaction. "Hiccup that statue has been here for countless Generationsâ€| you what?" he asked looking at me confused. "I hit a Night Furyâ€|" I replied feeling like I was growing smaller. He gave me a look that I knew all too well 'not this again'. "Gobber

drive him home" and make sure he stays their!" he said before walking off muttering something about the boy who cried Dragon.

"He never listens" I said to myself as I sat in the passenger seat of Gobbers old Ute. "run in th' family" he replied looking out his side window at a burning house muttering something about that was going to be hard to fix. I knew he was talking about me but I personally didn't care, it wasn't an insult and if it was it was a lot better than the ones at school. "And when he does it's with this disappointed school like someone skipped the meat in his sandwich" I said looking at Gobber this time. "A sandwich sounding good right about now" he mused. "EXCUSS ME WAITRESS it think you brought me THE WROUNG offspring I ordered and EXTRA large BOY with beefy arms and a few more tones of the VIKING gene, this here is A TALKING FISHBONE" I said putting on a deep Scottish accent my father has. "Now, you're thinkin' about this all wrong. It's not so much what you *look* like, it's what's *inside* that he can't stand." Gobber said as they pulled up onto Hiccup house driveway. "Thank you for summing that up" I replied sarcastically getting out of the Ute. "Look the point is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not!" replied Gobber looking at me through my half closed door. "I just want to be one of you guys..." before closing the door and walking off. As Gobber drove off I couldn't help but stare at the looming house in front of me. _I should probably describe my house it was big (well what do you expect from a mayors house). It was made of marble and wood and it was very old it's been in my family for generation it was my house, it was where I lived but it just never felt like home" _

There was one thing I liked about the house thou it was on the edge of Raven point forest and that meant free access into the forest the Night Fury was shot down into" _

I ran inside grabbing my backpack putting a few snacks for my breakfast, my journal for drawing the thing when I find it, a map and a few pencils. As I packed I went over the night and what a night it's been. As I exited the house back door the sun was rising and with that I entered the forest in search of my destiny" _

Well what do you think? Is it modern enough? Any requests? Any questions? Any problems I should fix? Can anyone think of any more questions I could ask?

2. finding my destiny

**Well time for are little hero to meet his destiny" I'm thinking of changing the description" **

Spotspeaker: don't worry there coming.

Guest: yes I am aware that there are few mistakes but thank you for reminding me to reread my stories before posting (always seem to forget) and by the way I said it was a story not all stories are true" or are they?

It was 6:30 when I decided to give up; I have searched every inch of Raven Point forest and found no sign of a giant black dragon. With a sigh and with an angry kick of a small stone I crossed out another area of the map. "Why do the gods hate me? (Like many people in my town I believed I still believed in the Norse gods) some people lose

a sock or a pen, no me I lose an entire DRAGON!" I said whacking a branch in my frustration. Apparently that tree didn't like being hit because the branch flew right back into my eyes. I stumbled around blinded by my assaulter and with my luck I tripped and began to fall down a steep hill. How I didn't collide into a tree was beyond me but all I know my trip ended with a splash.

As I recovered from my unexpected swim I noticed I fell into a cove, a cove I knew all too well. It was one of my many get a ways from the real world the harsh cruel real world. Only two people knew of it me and my mother and she's dead. I felt a sudden wave of sadness rush over me, I missed her she was one of the only people who under stood me and she was the only thing that connected me and my father, why did she have to get into that car on that rainy night?

I shock that thought out of my head as I swam to shore I didn't want to be upset. I was just about to check if my Journal had any water damage to it when I noticed something strange, one of the tall trees surrounding the cove had been knocked over. As I looked closer I noticed it wasn't the only one, several others had been knocked over and large overturned path of earth that led straight into to the cove. Then I noticed it, how I missed it before confused me but there laying in the middle of the cove was my destiny.

****Stoick POV ****

We were in the middle of another meeting in the town hall like we always did after a dragon attack when he spoke up. "So when are you sending the search party out?" asked an old man with a walking stick, it was Matthew the town 'hermit'. "What do you mean Matthew?" I asked looking at the frail man as he walked into the view of everyone. "A search party for the dragons nest!" said Matthew staring me in the eye. Next to me I heard Gobber muter "not this again" getting a quick snicker from some of the other adults.

"Matthew how many times must I tell you? We won't go searching for the Dragons Nest" I said as calmly as I could, Matthew just seem to have a way to push my nerves. "Oh come on Stoick sitting around here is going to solve anything! And this raid are getting worse too! If we went and searched for the nest like are ancestors maybe we could stop it!" said Matthew swinging his stick around like he normally did when he talked. "And according to the record books most of those search parties didn't come back" I replied standing up to face the frail man. "They were Vikings Stoick it's an occupational hazard! Beside did Viking have sonar? Or modern technology? They didn't but I tell you who do, we do!" said Matthew gesturing around the room. I looked to see many of the other adults around the room nodding in agreement, to tell you the truth it did sound rather tempting but before I would give Matthew a victory I had one last card to play. "Oh right there will be a search partyâ€¦ but we will need volunteers who wants to go into no-man land? To a place where little to no ships ever return? To the very heart of the enemy's base?" I asked looking around to see no one's hand rose. But before I could celebrate my little victory I heard the sound of Matthews voice speak up again "those who stays will have to look after Hiccup".

Everyone's but mine, Matthews, Gobber and Gothi (as we called her) the principal of Hooligan High, hand shot up. I even heard my step Brother Spiteson Lout Jorgenson shout "to the boats!". I couldn't believe, it everyone would rather face certain death at the hand of a

Dragon then look after my son!

As everyone left the Hall to continue today, I walked over to Gobber who was holding a beer in what appeared to be a mug holder 'hand'. "So what's the plan?" he asked sitting down on one of the chairs. "I will go with them hopefully I will save enough of are boats so at least we have a good amount of ships available for a fish when we return" I said walking over to join him. "Well then I'll go pack me undies'" he said taking another sip of his beer.

"No you, the teachers and a few others will stay here and keep the town in hopefully one piece, beside the School year starts today and you have a big term ahead of you" I relied watching my friend sips his beer. "Oh and while I'm busy teaching whining teens Henry can cover the shop, automatic cutting tools, sharp killing weapons, plenty of time for himself what could possibly go wrong" said Gobber Sarcastically I swear that boy is rubbing of on him. "I don't know what to do with that boyâ€|" I said smacking my meaty hand into my head.

"Let him sign up for training this year..." said Gobber taking a glimpse over at me. "I'm serious Gobber..." "So am I" he interrupted. "He will be killed before you even let the first dragon out!" I said angrily. "Oh come on you know as well as I do that no dragon could do that" said Gobber taking another sip. "It's not the dragons I'm worried about it's the other members of his class killing him" I replied sitting next to my best friend. "Stoick you won't be always here to protect him his going to get out there again, Knowing him he probably already out there now, the best you can do is prepare him" Gobber said staring over at me.

I knew he was right but I still hadn't made my point. "When I was youngâ€|" "Here we go again" said Gobber taking a long drink from his beer. I continued "my father told me to bang my head agents the my wall and I did it, I didn't question him I just did it, you know what happened?" I asked Gobber. "You got a headache?" he replied. " I broke a support beam in the wall he taught me what a Haddock could do we could Crush Mountains, Level forests, tame seas, even when I was young I knew who I was, I was a Haddock, Hiccup just isn't" I continued looking down at my feet.

"At school he isn't" Gobber said. "What?" I asked looking over at him. "At School he isn't a Haddock at school he's a Usedon" said Gobber throwing away his empty beer, I shot him a confused look. "First day of school he went up to the principle office and asked Gothi if he could have his last name as Usedon not Haddock, Gothi accepted the boys request and changed all of the class roles so it said Henry Usedon. Most teachers guessed it was because he was scared of being that guy who had fake friends because of his money and power, me I knew the truth, the boy was afraid of embarrassing the Haddock name, no student even know who he truly is and the only class his true name is actually said in is art and that's because he is the only one in art class" Gobber said looking at me in the way when he attempts to teach a student.

I didn't really know what to think at this pointâ€| my own son scared of revealing his real name. "Just at least let him try, heck maybe he'll end up like your grandfather" said Gobber point at a picture of Hiccup the second. "Maybe" I muttered "Maybeâ€|"

****Henry's or Hiccup's POV ****

The Night Fury was a lot smaller than I thought it would be, and then again it would probably help in being less easy to spot or hit. The dragon was black (well duh) with scales that looked more like skin than the normal ruff scales found on other dragons. Its long slick bat like wings which I guessed were as long or longer than its own body were tied to its body by large familiar ropes the rest of the body I could not make out it being covered by its huge black wings. It just sat there motionlessâ€¦ dead. "I did itâ€¦ this fixes everything I Hiccup took down this mighty Beast!" I cried putting my foot on top of the motionless caudex.

Apparently dead wasn't the best way to describe it more on the lines ofâ€¦ sleeping. I discovered this after the so called 'dead' shock my foot of him. I jumped back in shock I didn't expect it to move. As I ran my eyes across its body I eventually came to his face his large eyes were open, green like mine.

I pulled my knife out and began to approach the beast with every step I swore I saw the Night Fury flinch, this confused me dragons aren't afraid of anything why would he be scared of a scrawny boy like me with a pocket knife? I was now standing over the dragon staring it in the eye those soul pricing eyes. "I'm going to cut out your heart and give it to my father I am a Haddock I AM A HADDOCK!" I screamed lifting my knife over my head closing my eyes.

How I was going to even pierce the skin of the creature was beyond me all I knew was I wanted to make it quick put it out of its misery. I opened my eyes to take one more look at the dragon's eyes I wanted to remember them those large green eyes those eyes I believed were full of bloodlust and rage. When I did open my eyes I didn't see any bloodlust and rage all I saw was terror and fear its eyes were full of it.

Then the dragon did something unexpected it fainted. I couldn't believe it a Night Fury fainted! Because of me with a pocket knife! "Well at least it will make it painless" I muttered to myself lifting a knife higher. No matter how many times I tried I just couldn't do it I just couldn't bring myself to kill it. "I did thisâ€¦" I said to myself just as I was about to walk off.

I couldn't do it I just couldn't kill something, and then it hit me leaving it like that will be killing it I could just return when it dies of starvation. But the guilt stopped me from walking out of the cove it was always the guilt that stops me, I couldn't leave it here like that I wouldn't live with myself if I did.

Then I did the unthinkable I walked straight over to the dragon and began cutting the ropes, 'why am I doing this' I asked myself in my head 'the thing will kill me as soon as I cut it loose'. 'Relax his unconscious' I told myself.

Apparently that was not true because as soon I cut the final rope the dragon pounced at me pinning me under one of its massive paws. The Night Fury stared at me with those green cat like eyes, his eyes filled with a mix of both anger and hate. I couldn't help but cower in fear 'at least if I was going to die it would be at the paws of a Night Fury' said a little voice in my head. But no matter what happened I was not going to close my eyes I would stare at this

dragon until he killed me. As the dragon reared his head back showing a row of sharp white teeth I knew this was the end I waited for either my head to be chopped off or it being melted.

Neither came what did was a deafing roar into my face and several globs of spit, I couldn't help but note his breath smelt overpowering of fish. I looked up at the dragon and it appeared to have nodded before desperately gliding over to the far side of the cove. I didn't even bother to look back as I sprinted out of the cove through the forest and back to my house.

As soon as I entered the houses back door I smelt something cooking, I sighed to myself "should have stayed in the cove" I muttered to myself as I walked to the kitchen.

**So what do you think? Anything I should have changed? Do you want me to do other peoples point of view or stick with are hero? Come to think of it, it would work better if I had others but hay it's your option. **

3. welcome to Hell

**I'm really enjoying writing this series gives me a break from Jemiskneir being a smart mouth. By the way I noticed a mistake where it says Hiccup the second it's meant to say Henry the second so yeah. Oh yeah I also changed the summary the old one just didn't work. **

STORspeaker: I am incredibly sorry for getting your name wrong I will try my hardest to get it right in the future **(please don't kill me)****. **

Guest: Don't we all? But if you think about it Hiccup wouldn't be Hiccup if he was treated differently

**Hiccup POV **

Whenever my father cooked he wanted to talk to me I learnt that early on during my life, I also learned not to keep him waiting. When I entered the kitchen I found my dad standing over a stove and a plate of what I guessed use to be Bacon burnt to near ash. As I looked down I noticed I was still soaking from my unsuspected dip, which was going to be hard to explain. Before I could change out of my wet clothes my dad turned and looked at me I stopped and walked up to him, 'better get it over and done with it now' I thought to myself. He stood up straight and stared me in the eye "Son I why are you wet?" he asked confused. "I fell in a puddle" I replied rubbing my neck. "Deep puddle" he replied, I just nodded.

My dad isn't stupid but lucky me he never was around me enough to tell when I'm lying. "Son I need to speak with you" my dad said staring down at me. "I need to talk to you to dad" I replied looking up at him. We both took a deep breath and what came next was a jumble of words that made us both confused, "what?" we both said at once. "You go first son" said my dad gesturing to me, "no your Mayor you go first" I said being the polite boy I am. "all right son I'm leading a fishing trip and I won't be back for a while so I decided you not what I'll just get to the point you get your wish dragon training, I've signed you up for this year" he said, And that

is why I hate being polite.

"Oh... I should have gone firstâ€¦ I was thinking we have more than enough people for fighting dragonsâ€¦ but do we have enough people who can build things or enough people who can teachâ€¦" I said, obviously my father wasn't really in the mood for listening (now that I think about it he never does). "You need this and this" he said putting my school bag and a heavy looking axe on the table. "But I can't kill a dragon" I cried trying to get my dad's attention. "Oh, but you will kill dragons" he replied. "I'm pretty sureâ€¦" "do we have a deal?" he interrupted. "This conversation is feeling really one sided" I answered. "Deal?" he answered in his I want an answer and it better be the right one tone. "Deal" I said giving up all hope of convincing him otherwise. "Good now get ready you have school today" he said rubbing his hand together.

"Umm school doesn't start until next week" I said to my dad. "That was trueâ€¦ a week ago" he replied. I just gulped 'crap' I thought before running up stairs to my room. I quickly got changed into some more dryer clothes which basically a green top. Green jeans a brown jacket, some brown boots (basically my entire wardrobe) and my Hooligan High beanie. You see we have two rules about uniform at Hooligan High, 1 no inappropriate clothing and 2 you must wear one piece of Hooligan High uniform.

I ran down stairs and grabbed some breakfast, luckily dad attempt at bacon and eggs had crumbled to ash, so I grabbed some toast and my bag, and ran for the front door. If I had any normal bus driver I would have missed it luckily for me Gobber drives the bus. I was always the first to be picked up and no matter how long I took Gobber would wait.

I hopped on the bus almost tripping on the first step, I managed to balance myself out and take my usual seat behind Gobber. "I'm surprising you're in one shape" said Gobber looking back at me. "Do you expect any less of me?" I asked sarcastically. Gobber just gave me a good look of his golden tooth grin and set us off with a pop and a cloud of smoke of the exhaust pipe they were of.

The bus ride went as it normally did a few insults thrown at me then some spit balls, but after 3 years of this sort of this treatment you become use to it. As we finally arrived at Hooligan High I waited for the last of the other bus riders to jump off the bus before getting off myself. As the bus left I sighed to myself "well Henry Usedon welcome to hell" I said to myself walking towards the school.

The school was located on the outskirts of the town, on the left of the school was the ocean and to the right was Raven Point Forest (___**I think I'm going to need to draw a map or this is going to get really confusing for me and you) **__the school was made up of one big building with smaller classes located inside dedicated to the classes you must attend like Science, Maths, English, History, physics etc. and the several smaller buildings not connected to the main one were miscellaneous like Workshop, Art, Drama, technology, different language's so on and so forth. The second biggest building was the gym which was only used during assembly's or when the weather is too ruff to do sport outside, and I'm not saying it's raining or snowing ruff I mean thunderstorm or snowstorm ruff. The school had a basic colour scheme brown and different shades of brown. The school had all your basic needs for sports Football ground, soccer pitch,

Dragon killing arena you know the basic's. _

I walked down the main hall dodging 'accidentally' thrown balls at my head the insults thou all hit me dead centre, I didn't listen to them or take them seriously but that doesn't stop it from hurting so much. After some very close calls of almost losing my head to some incoming projectiles I finally reached my locker. My locker wasn't anything special it was just your run of the mill banged up grafted on locker. _You would probably be saying but Hiccup you're an inventor wouldn't you trick it out or something? The truth is I tried but my inventions wereâ€¦ not really popular. Whenever I tried to use one of my inventions it often ended up broken, in pieces or out at sea, yeah my work is really except here (Sarcasm) _

As I opened my locker I took a good look inside, my stuff was still there from last year along with a 3 locker wall's and one locker door covered with drawings, Most of the were inventions or things that would cross my mind. My mind evenly got stuck on one of my drawings; it was a rough sketch of my Bola Launcher. I sculled at the piece of paper, my first Dragon killing weapon with got actually results end what do I end up with? A broken pile of scrap, an angry town and a Night Fury running losses in my own back yard.

The bell snapped me out of my trail of thought and I panicked, why am I cursed with a scatter-brain mind?' I asked myself before grabbing my books for my first subject Art.

I love art, I am a natural artist and my love of creating things helped a lot, I also loved it because it was the only class (and one of the few places) I could drop my mask and be myself. You see I'm the only one in my year level that attends art class before you ask how is that possible? Let's just say are art teacher is not the most brightest teacher around.

_Are teachers name is Buxton tutick or Bucket (remember the milkman?) he was are art teacher manly because he was the best artist in the village followed closely by me. He was called Bucket because he always wared a Bucket on his head, why no one's sure maybe because half his skull was cracked during a car accident and he used the bucket to cover up the wound or it maybe it was because he wasn't the brightest person around and accidentally got his head stuck in a bucket, probably the later. _

I walked into the class to find Bucket already working on one of his many project he never finishes (apparently Bucket was even more scattered minded then me). Bucket looked up from his work and gave me his famous goofy grin. "Hello Hiccup, take a seat and we can get started" said Bucket as he went to his desk. I got myself comfortable and lifted my head to face Bucket. Bucket opened a folder with a huge grin on his face, we sat there for a minute before he looked up at me confused. "Did I do the role already? Oh was everyone here?" he asked me in his confusion. I took a look around the class empty room and sighed "Yeah sure" I replied.

_The truth is art is the least favourite subject in our school. Are school is famous for two things are sporting stars and are dragon killing stars, are school itself values muscle's over brain's any day so there is no surprise there. Of Couse no one actually English or Maths but those subjects have teachers who don't have a problem with their minds so it's not that easy to skip them. _

"All right class because it's theâ€¦. First day of school I'm going to give you some free art time" said Bucket grinning. 'You always give us free art time' I thought, with that I pulled out my sketch book and sat there simply sat there. For the first time in my life I had no idea what to draw this feeling was kind of scary I always knew what to draw. Sitting staring at a blank piece of paper got my thinking about the little ahâ€¦ life changing incident I had that this morning well if you had a staring contest with one of the most feared dragon known to man you would to. It was so strange the creature he was thought to fear so greatly, a creature with the mere mention of its name sends shivers down Stoick's spine (a feat few dragons let alone humans have accomplished) had spared my life without even trying to hurt me (well it did nearly make me wet myself but that's beside the point). Most people I guess would be scared about this but I was curious I wanted to learn more and that was exactly what I would do.

The bell ringing snapped me out of my thought 'was I really that deep in thought?' I said to myself looking up at the clock, my answer apparently was yes the session flew by. "Oh my Hiccupâ€¦ I don't know what to sayâ€¦ it'sâ€¦" said a voice from behind me. I turned to see the looming man that was Bucket looking over my shoulder. I was confused now what was he talking about? I turned my head to look down at my sketch book and with that my jaw dropped. It was the best piece of work I have ever done, it was of the Night Fury face when it was giving me the death stare and it was perfect. The shadowing the angles the light reflecting of its green eyes it was all exactly how it was.

I couldn't believe it, this was better than any picture I had drawn before and I it was of the creature that nearly killed me, this got me thinkingâ€¦ I closed my book making poor Bucket jump in shock "sorry Bucket got to goâ€¦ got Miss Branses for English next" I said heading towards the door. "Of Couse by Hiccupâ€¦ now what was I thinking about? Was it something important?" he said to no one in particular.

English was well English, annoying, a waste of time but hey I'm not the literal type so don't take my opinion. Then we had math's which like always was a breeze, well for me at least. In my boredom I began to look around the room at my moaning classmates, I don't know why but I always seem to have a knack at maths (I admit I have made several mistakes most of which involved inventions) but most of the time it was easy as pie.

As the bell went again I let out a semi-loud groan which got me few head turns and snickers, lunch was up next and when you're me that's something you don't look forward to. _Lunch was living hell for many reasons that I do not wish to list but let's just say the Teachers don't really pay attention to what happens at lunch and the lunch lady doesn't really care about your problems. _

I stood in line waiting for my 'lunch' which basically was a pile of mystery meat which I sware was moving by itself. Normally I would bring my own self-made lunch but normally I wouldn't have a near death experience before breakfast (that only happened on Thursday). My mind once again drifted to the Night Fury.

I probably shouldn't have done that, in my deep thought I accidentally

walked pass the popular table, this mistake was soon punished when a foot shot out tripping me and causing me to fall into my plate head first.

"Hey everyone look the little Hiccup tripped!" said a very familiar extremely annoying voice, I glanced up wiping some meat of my face to see the hulking build of none other than my cousin Scott lout Jorgenson or as I called him Snotlout. Scott was the star of the football team and its quterback, and the most vicious he would tackle anyone in his way even if he had the ball and was only a few feet away from a touchdown. Like always Scott was wearing his Jock jacket over a plain shirt, he wore some brown jeans and on top of his smug looking head was the Hooligan High baseball cap.

I then turned to see the rest of the popular kids, Reiana nut Thorston aka Ruffnut goalkeeper and second in charge of the girls soccer and Hockey team and Tristan nut Thorston aka Tuffnut captain of the boy soccer and Hockey team, they were twins and for some unknown reason couldn't stop fighting and arguing to save their lives, they were both laughing at my miss fortune. Then there was Francis Ingerman or Fishlegs as every one called him because of his tiny legs compared to the rest of his body. He was the biggest person at the table in both height and weight/muscle and was the only person on are football team that could keep standing from a tackle from Snotlout. He gave me a look of pity before tucking into his own food.

Then there was Astrid Hofferson star and captain of the Girls Soccer and Hockey team and my long time crush, Of Couse I'm not the only one nearly every boy my age had a crush on Astrid and I was just another one an extremely, uninteresting clutz of a one. She was also Snotlout's girlfriend and he is very proud of it which like always made me sick. She didn't even seem to notice or care (like always).

I sighed stood up and walked of, it wasn't the first time it happened to me and it won't be the last, I just didn't see what they found funny by repeating the same old thing over and over again (maybe it was because they couldn't think of anything else). I rubbed a piece of mystery meat of my face and throw it over my shoulder as I walked of. You couldn't believe my surprise when I heard an "achh!" from behind me. I turned around and gave a little gulp in Astrid hair was a very familiar piece of meat.

Snotlout gave me an evil smile before standing up from his seat. "Don't worry babe I'll deal with the little brat" he said walking over to me with that evil smirk on that face of his, I gulped I knew what laid ahead of me and it was not pretty. 'Welcome to hell Hiccup, welcome to hell' was the only thought that flew through my head.

You lot have no idea how agonising it was righting this chapter I lost count at how many times I went back and rewrote it, **and I'm still not happy with it. Oh well nothings perfectâ€| but don't worry the next chapter (I hope) will be a lot better. **

4. Humans

**All right I'm going to try a different strategy to this FanFiction

thing; I'm actually going to think before I write! I know crazy right! Anyway if this works I might make it a more common thing. P.s warning O.C introduced before you dislike this because I'm introducing an O.C the character is not a main one and will probably drop in and out of the story. **

**StorSpeaker: Thank you for forgiving me I hate it when people get my name wrong. By the way I will try to read out loud my chapter but I have the attention span of a sparrow and will often forget why I'm reading out loud in the first place. (Plus I get some wired looks from my brother when I do). **

TheHallow: of **course I will keep updating, I'm not the type of person that stops a story in the middle. **

Guest: now why would I kill Hiccup? Don't worry I know a friend who can get him out of this jam€ and probably get him stuck in a bigger one.

**The Night Fury POV **

Humans, just when I think I have them all figured out one goes right ahead and does something that completely hoodwinks me. Humans are mindless killing machines; they wouldn't hesitate to kill a down dragon, then why didn't this one?

I sat there deep in thought in the middle of this beautiful cove; I smiled a bit 'if there was anywhere I wanted to be trapped it was here' I thought. : But still I would rather not be trapped at all!: I yelled to myself slamming my damn tail on the ground. A jolt of pain struck throughout my entire body, screaming in pain I made a mental note that after the whole _crashing and ripping one of my tailfins off thing _had left my tail quite sensitive.

My thought began to drift to the young human, why didn't it kill me? I was always under the impression I was that towns sick idea of an ultimate prize, that I was every human dream to find and kill. Then why didn't he?

He stank of fear not a surprise either Humans were always scared of me, why else would they cower whenever I blew up a Boom stick? But the boy wasn't scared of me (well not entirely but you get the point) he was scared of the idea of Killing something so helpless and (unknown to him) innocent.

He seemed despite two, like his entire future revolved around killing me it was almost like if he didn't do this he would become an€ outcast. I would feel sorry for him, if he wasn't the one to put me in this predicament.

'And I have to get myself out of it' I thought jumping to my feet; the sad thing is it was true no one could or would help me. Other dragons? First off they would be all under HER control and SHE wouldn't let them lift a finger to help another Dragon. Then there was the fact I wasn't exactly 'popular' among the other Dragons.

Human? They wouldn't even hesitate to kill me.

The Human boy? I doubt it, I swear if that boy wasn't anymore scared

of me after that roar he would have fainted! Looking back on that 'incident' it might not have been my smartest idea I've ever had; I might kind of owe him a life debt.

I scoffed at the idea, owing a human a life debt, utterly ridiculous even for someone like me. Then why do I fill a wave of gratitude whenever I think of the boy? Or whenever I feel like the boy is in trouble I suddenly get protective? 'Oh no did I seriously actually make a life debt with a human?' I thought my eyes growing wide in realization.

The truth is, I'm not really sure. I have never been involved in a life debt before, I never need anyone to help me and no dragon ever wanted to give me a life debt before, so right now I'm flying unknown airspace.

And on the subject of flying I set myself up for a normal take-off, I flapped my wings once for good measure, wiggled my tailfins. And with one last deep breath I jumped with all my might flapping my wings in beat with my heartbeat. My heart beats faster and faster as I got closer to the edge, then it happened again I began to spin anti-clockwise and rapidly plummet and crashed face first into the cove's stone walls.

I really hated when that happened, it always gives me an agonising Headache afterward. I sat down rubbing my head hissing a bit whenever my paw touched a certain part of my head, don't get me wrong I have tough skin but still, it hurt quite a bit colliding with solid stone. As soon as the world stops spinning I went over to the record stone, you see after about the fourth or fifth attempt at escaping I decided to start counting how many times I tried to escape, so every time I failed to escape I would put another scratch into the stone. :: Ok that attempt 52, am I ever going to get out of here?:: I said to myself putting another scratch into the stone.

After much consideration and the fact that I have nothing better to do I decide to take a nap. Using my tail as a hook I latched onto a low lying branch lifting myself a few feet into the air. I took a moment to look around my 'Prison', 'well at least it's a nice Prison and not a cage' I thought trying to look on the positive side of it. I have never been in a cage myself but I have heard stories on what they do to a Dragon's mind (but then again most of these stories come from those under HER control).

Wrapping myself up in my wing I let my subconscious drift into the lovely world of 'dream land'. In my dream I was flying through the air once more not a care in the world. As I flew through another cloud, I took a look down at the ground below smiling at the familiar landscape. But why does something feel different then I noticed the leather straps tied around my waist. My eyes then travelled down towards my tail resting on my Tailfins. At first glimpse I thought both of them were mine then I notice something was off, one of them was a dark brown, I tried moving the brown fin but it didn't respond to anything I tried.

My confused stare was broken by the sudden pat on my head, I look up to see the human boy staring down at me with his Green eyes, green eyes just like mine. "Are you ok bud?" he asked me, wait did he just call me bud? Why isn't he panicking didn't I nearly make him faint? Didn't he make me faint? Wait is he sitting on my back? Were

some of the many questions floating around in my head. "If you not feeling well we could always land Too-" suddenly I was awoken by a loud female voice crying out "HICCUP!" in a very I'm going to kill you manner.

I awoke in shock falling from the branch I was hanging from, and for the second time that day my head became close friends with the ground. I sat up shaking the stars from my eyes, I sat up and staring in the direction of where the sound came from. Opening my mouth I prepared to release a roar in response to the rude awakening, 'that will only give your position away to the human' said a non-ticked off part of my brain.

Grumbling I agree with it, the last thing I need here are humans. My thoughts then return to the human boy and that strange dream. Was the boy riding me? Why would I ever dream of that? It's even crazier than sharing a life debt with a human, wait does that make me crazy? Suddenly I hear rustling approach from the same direction the yelling came from. I turned my head towards the sound; it was defiantly a human it wasn't making enough noise to be a dragon and nothing else I knew of ran on two legs. It was also closing and fast.

I got into attack position waiting for the Human to come running out of the trees; I have never killed a Human before I have never seen the point in it before now, but hey there's a first time for everything.

As the human got closer and closer I began to charge up a silent Fireball aiming it towards the area I believe the human would jump out from. I sigh at the thought of killing one of them, I've never liked humans don't get me wrong, still I can't blame them for trying to protect their home from are raids (then again they seem to enjoy killing us). I shock the thoughts out of my head, I didn't need those thoughts clouding my mind right now it was kill or be killed.

I sigh again as the rustling got louder and louder, 'Humansâ€¦' was my last thought as the human jumped out of the bushes.

****Hiccup POV about an hour earlier****

You want to know what's worse than being dragged out of the cafeteria kicking and screaming by Snotlout and Tuffnut? Being dragged out of the cafeteria kicking and screaming by Snotlout and Tuffnut knowing what's going to happen to you.

I tried with all my might to escape Snotlouts who was holding on to the back of my jacket and shirt dragging me out of the cafeteria, Tuffnut followed close behind to catch me if I escaped. "Oh come on guys it was an accident do we really have to do this?" I ask as they kick open the door to the alley behind the Cafeteria.

"Yeah like how were 'accidently' going to beat you up and the dump you in the dumpster, right Scott?" asked Tuffnut grinning at the larger boy. Snotlout replies by pushing me into the dumpster and cracking his knuckles giving me a sinister smile. I gulp slowly backing up into the front of the dumpster shaking as the two boys approach me.

I close my eyes putting my hands up in a weak attempt to protect my face. Suddenly the Dumpster behind me begins to shake violently,

opening my eyes I jump away from it landing next to two very shocked looking teens. The Dumpster began to shake even more violently rocking back and forth, several large dents formed in the side of the Dumpster. Suddenly the large lid of the dumpster went flying into the sky trash and an incredibly tall mass emerges from the large container.

"RUN!" cries Snotlout as he ran out of the alley closely followed by Tuffnut. I watch as they ran off, after they turned the corner my eyes returned to the Dumpster. I smile when I see a very familiar giant of a man standing in the dumpster watching the two boys run off, a small smile on his face. "Jemiskneir" I yell making the taller man turn to face me staring down at me with his red glowing eyes.

Jemiskneir in one word different. One of the most obvious parts reasons would be the fact that instead of having normal eyes like everyone else, Jemiskneir had blank red eyes (no pupil or anything) that for some strange reason glow. He was also tall standing at about 7.5 feet tall dwarfing my father by a head. He looked about average in fitness the key word there is looked, he was incredibly strong, tough and fast able to easily beat the likes of Stoick in a fight without even breaking a sweat. Jemiskneir had long dark brown hair that went down to his shoulders and a short beard to match. One of the more distinct features of his face was a large scar along his right cheek; all I knew about it was that it was very sensitive to him. He always wears a trench-coat as well covering a red t-shirt and a shoulder bag, along with his baggy black tracksuit pants and joggers. _

**(That was an Utley terrible description) **

He gave me one of his half grins before jumping out of the Dumpster. "Hello Hiccup, it's nice to see you again" he replies with his strange accent I couldn't quite place. "So why were you in that dumpster?" I ask out of pure curiosity, he replies by throwing a Red Bull can at me making it bounce off my head and back into the dumpster. I rub my head and shoot him an annoyed stare. "Why do you always do that?" I ask, he replies again by throwing another can at my head. "Because it's my way of saying I don't want to answer that question" he replies shooting me a small grin.

"So Jemiskneir what are you doing in town?" I ask the looming giant in front of me. "Oh the same reason anyone comes here! The lovely weather, the friendly people and of course the exotic wildlife" he said dryly with a touch of sarcasm. We then began to stroll out of the alley and onto the school grounds; we walk in silence for about five minutes before Jemiskneir finally spoke up. "Hiccup very something bugging you tell me what it is" he said in a caring tone.

I was glad that Jemiskneir asked me, he wasn't like anyone else around here and one of the few people I knew that weren't wrapped up in the whole dragon killing thing. "well last night I finally managed to shoot down a Night Fury, no one believed me so I went to go look for it myself" I said staring up at the tall man, he gestures for me to continue with a very interested look on his face.

"And what do you know I find it all wrapped up and I'm helpless so I rose my Knife and I" I trailed off. "And you what?" asks Jemiskneir

staring at me with his blank expression. "and I couldn't do it I was too weak to kill him I just let him go" I said looking down at the ground.

"Henry" he said putting his hand on my shoulder. "You know a wise man once told me to lay down your weapon to help someone let alone an enemy in need is not weakness, it is the truest strength of all" he said smiling down at me. "Who told you that?" I ask wondering who made up such bullshit. "I did and to tell you the truth I am quite offended you think it's 'Bullshit' as you say it" he said giving me a (fake) hurt look.

Before I could ask him how he knew what I was thinking the bell went, I let out a non-silent groan sport was next and if there was one subject I hated it was sport. "Well you better get going Hiccup" said Jemiskneir smiling at the boy as he put his baseball cap on to hide his Red glowing eyes. "Oh and by the way I'm going to be staying in town for a few months so if you need anything of me, you know where to find me" said Jemiskneir as I began to walk off to my next class.

"I never know where you are" I replied before continuing my slow walk towards Sport. I turn around and give him a wave, he waves back smiling. The second bell goes and I prepare to run to class but before I set of I here Jemiskneir mutter "Humans they will all ways surprise me". 'Did I just here him right?' I ask myself turning to look at him but he was gone. I shrug and began my (trip filled) run towards the class.

That was longer than I expected, oh well hope you enjoy it the next one will be coming out soon-ish.

5. Green eyes and a important announcement

**Hay everyone I have decided this chapter will be a big one hear I'm letting you guys do a little-vote. You see I'm a little torn up about what to do after this I have three ideas and all of them start from this chapter onwards, Ether I go with a little more movie accurate story style or something that is a little different and would probably start with a character death, the third well it's just plain wired. But we will focus on that when we reach the end of this chapter. **

**StorSpeaker: yeah you're going to see a lot of Snotlout and Tuffnut being jerks throughout my story, by the way I never said it was a vision of the future but heck it could be. **

**Guest: dam it I knew something was wrong with debt thanks for pointing that out. By the way I felt a lot of sarcasm coming from that review (but then again I'm not the best at dropping hints so it's my fault). **

Thank you for the feedback.

**Hiccup POV **

Arriving at the Stadium I notice that Gobber has everyone doing laps, I watch the group of 23 people run around the court before finally spotting Gobber watching them a smirk on his face. I walk over to

Gobber and stood next to the musclier adult, Gobber turns and gives me a toothy smile showing me his fake gold tooth. "Ye took your sweet time" said Gobber in his friendly way. "Iâ€| was talking to someone and lost track of time" I reply rubbing the back of my head.

_Gobber knew Jemiskneir they were well sort of friends, both of them carried for me and they were both often better fatherly figures then my own dad. They had common interest too and seem to enjoy old fashion movies and songs; Hiccup even remembers watching a marathon of those old Black and white giant monster movies with the two of them when he was 10. But Jemiskneir was a traveller he didn't stay I one place for too long and if he wanted to meet Gobber he would.

—

"Ahh talking to one of ye many ladies friends" teases Gobber smiling at me. I sigh "oh right so what is the class doing and what do I need to get?" I ask looking up at my mentor. "Ahh today were doing some Grass Hockey so ye go get the goals, tha' puck and tha' Hockey sticks all right?" Gobber said gesturing towards the Sport shed. "What are ye waitin' for lad get a move on" said Gobber an confused/angry look on his face. "Umm *coth keys *coth" I said trying to hide a smile 'he always forgets' I thought to myself. "Oh right here ye go don't lose them!" he said handing me the keys.

I give him a small smile before running of in the direction of the shed, arriving at the old storage shed I unlocked the door and strolled inside. _The shed was where you could find any gear for any sport you could imagine and I knew it as well as the back of my hand. Well you would to if every sport session you have ever had (plus ones before that) your job was to get the gear and set everything up. _

I began to look around the somewhat small storage shack. "Ok a Hockey gear, Hocky gear Hockey gearâ€| there!" I said crying out a small victory. Grabbing a large bag filled with Hockey sticks I began to lug them with all my might towards the exit, exiting the building I notice Gobber has the rest of the class doing warm ups. I continue to drag the bag down to the field, I sigh again watching my much fitter classmates 'why couldn't I end up like them?' I asked myself. I went back up to the shed and grabbed the nets which lucky me where fold up ones (that I designed and built but no one knew that).

I set up the two nets while everyone were grabbing there Hockey stick, looking over I see the Twin begin to beat each other over the head with the sticks until Fishlegs physically restrains them. I watch as the teams are selected, Snotlout was leader of the Reds while Astrid was leader of the blues. I knew I wasn't going to be selected, mainly because Gobber put up a rule that I was not allowed to play if Scott was a captain (an incident in year 8 which kind of got me few broken bones).

I walk over to Gobber who was busy reading what appeared to be a comic book, "Gobber what do I do while the others are playing?" I ask my mentor. "Ye sketch book is over there Hiccup, just relax I heard what happened at the cafeteria, don't worry tha' cousin of ye is going to have a little trouble with the referee he, he" whispered Gobber. I gave him a small smile, I really didn't care about all that but I was never the one to spoil Gobber's fun.

I grabbed my sketch book and sat down on the bleachers just over the changing rooms with a green Slushy Gobber gave me. Watching the

others Teens get into position I began to sketch. _It's not like I'm unfit or anythingâ€¦ I'm actually quite ummâ€¦ well I'm not fat I'm scrawny. Gobber figured out very early on that I was never selected for teams and if I was it would be because the other team wanted to beat me up. So Gobber made me his "official" assistant during classes my job was simple set up the gear and sometimes be a second Referee.

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Sitting there watching the game play out I let my mathematical mind out to play,**(I have no idea what I'm talking about here)** Team Blue Astrid team had most of her team on her defence while she had a small group of agile and quick players on attack. Team Red Snotlout's team how ever had most of his team on attack while the people on his team that had half a brain stayed and guarded the goal. Looking over the teams I see Astrid discussing strategy with Fishlegs.

_Fishlegs even tho he looked like a muscle bound idiot (like Snotlout) was actually one of the most brilliant minds this school has (like me). He just happened to be a lot Bigger, Stronger and better at sports then me. Me and Fish use to be friends I guess, we use to talk to each other hang out and play video games (all at his house so he never really knew who I was). But then Fish learned he was good at Football and after an incident at the grand final Vikings vs. Berserkers and Fish managing to stop Daugr (one of the most toughest players around and craziest) Fishlegs became popular and weâ€¦ drifted. _

After the two of them were done Astrid told her team to huddle up and she breathed them on the plan, 'she was treating this as a war' I thought watching the team. I looking over at the Red team who were simply bashing their heads together.

Sighing I began to draw again, normally I would be drawing some sort of Dragon killing weapon but to tell you the truth I was sick of that. I was sick of the endless cycle of drawing up a plain, building it in secret, ether it being destroyed by Dragons, humans or its self and then starting all over again (and I was kind of out of ideas). And then there was that Night Fury, whatever happened when I cut it loses left me feeling wired. And whenever I thought of killing a dragon I didn't feel like it would be satisficing it felt like it was just wrong.

So I began to draw Dragons, what type of dragon? Any of them ones I've seen, ones I've heard about even ones that were believed to be just stories. I then began to flick through my suddenly filled book, to my shock the pictures were all so detailed they looked like the dragon I was drawing, there were Nadders, Gronkles, Zipplebacks, Nightmares, ThunderDrums, TimberJacks even a drawing of a BoneNapper.

And the best out of them, the drawing of a Night Fury sitting on a rock staring at me, and in its eyes there was not the look of hate or fear it was the look of curiosity. Looking closer I notice something strange, 'is that a saddle?' I thought looking at my picture eyes wide in confusion.

My deep thought was suddenly broken by a cry of surprise; I look up to see no one on the field. I suddenly realised where the sound came from. And guess what I find looking over the edge. A very pissed of looking Astrid covered in a very familiar looking green slushy

staring up at a very scared me.

'Not to self if I survive this, never put a slushy close to the edge ever again' I thought packing up my stuff. " HICCUP!" said Astrid in a very I'm going to kill you way. When I finish packing up my stuff I look over at Gobber who mouthed the word "run" to me. I node before running up the bleachers towards the very top, reaching the top I see a very pissed of looking Astrid stomping towards me.

And what do I do? I did what any sane person would do, I jump off the top of the bleacher. I also did what any smart sane person would do, I made sure I landed on where we stored the High Jump mat (it was to big for the shed so we put it behind the bleachers instead). Landing safely on top of the oversized mattress I turned around to see a very shocked looking group of teens. Waving good bye I ran off into the forest ignoring the angry screams of my name.

****A few Minutes latter ****

I kept on running thought the forest, why? Well you can never be too sure with Astrid, I wasn't really focusing on where I was going all I knew was that I had to get away. Astrid wrath was the worst thing that could happen to you if you went to Hooligan High. Not only was she one of the toughest girls in schools and she has beaten the likes of the seniors in a fight she was also connected, and she knew how to use them.

Running through the forest I began to think about the Night Fury, was he still here? I doubt it. That dragon was long gone and even if he was I don't think he would be all that happy to see me. But if he was could he protect me from Astrid's wrath? It would be a close call but I really didn't want to be in the middle of that fight.

Suddenly I fell over, at first I thought I was going to simply just trip but then I realized why I fell I ran straight over the Cove wall. I fell about a good 15 feet. I sat up in pain, nothing seemed broken a I had a few cuts and bruises but I generally came out unharmed. Then out of no wear a giant black shadow leaped at me clutching my right arm in its mouth.

Pain struck throughout my entire body, it felt like my body was on fire my right arm being the centre of the blaze. Looking over at my attacker I suddenly felt my legs unable to hold my own weight, I don't know why but I felt betrayed. There with my arm in his mouth was the Night Fury.

Then I looked into his eyes they were scared, shocked like he couldn't believe he had bitten me. I was parallelized staring at those large green fear-filled eyes, he himself stared into mine. Are stare was suddenly broken by another shock of pain flowing through my body, the Dragon sensing my pain let go of me. I stood there for a while staring into those eyes shacking, I didn't know why but I was shacking it was just happening. The Dragon seems to be having the same problem it stood there shacking and staring into my eyes.

The suddenly it happened, I fell over again, I wasn't sure why but I did and but I did know this, I was losing consciousness. The dragon fell over two right in front of me its eyes slowly closing.

Then I heard something, "what have I done?" said a deep grumbly

voice, and with that I blacked out.

****Ok I have decided to do something special instead of telling you what's going to happen I'm just going to give you a little idea on what happens. ****

****Hiccup and Toothless get an understanding of each other ****

****Hiccup and Toothless become closer than ever before. ****

****Hiccup and Toothless walk a mile in the others shoes. ****

****So make your pick but I will tell you this now whatever one you pick both of them will form a friendship that will be stronger than ever before. P.s I had a brilliant idea for another story while writing this and watching a certain movie I can't believe on one has thought of this before!. If you want to hear it contact me.****

6. Back on Track and Bond Marks

****All right guys I just realized something incredibly daft of me this was meant to be a modern version of How to Train Your Dragon like such as How to Train you Dragon in the modern world having a body swap between Hiccup and Toothless is a good idea but I think it's just twisting the tail way to much. Wait that's just gave me a good idea if you guys are interested in a body swap story look out for an upcoming story of mine called A Twist of the Tale/Tail. Oh and by the way I have made a new story called Brother Dragon if any of you are interested. ****

****Guest: glad you found the last chapter funny. ****

****Guest2: all right wait a second how many Guests are there one commenting twice or two by the way yeah the last chapter was kind of out of place so really don't pay attention to it. And by the way Astrid and Hiccup will get together but I plan to make it long and tedious just to tease those Hiccstrid fans. ****

****Night Fury POV. ****

::What have I done?: I mutter as I feel my mind slip in to unconscious I close my eyes after taking one last look at the small human as he too falls into a similar state of Unconsciousness. There was hurt in his eyes but the pain of the bite wasn't causing it the fact that I bit him was, it was the look you would give someone if they betrayed you it was the look of someone with a broken trust.

I hate it he looked at me as if he trusted me, a Human trusting a Dragon! Now I have heard it all. Humans don't trust us in fact all they do is kill my kind, but still this one didn't he was different when it came to Dragons where most humans had anger and hate driven to us with their simple one track mind. This one however had curiosity, instead of that urge to kill he had an urge to observe and learn about things then he would use that knowledge to help others something I was quite impressed about.

Unlike most of my kind I too had that curiosity about me that makes me want to help my fellow dragons why else would I use my natural ability's to destroy the Bomb sticks that shoot down my brethren? Or destroy those lights that give away my kind's position to the Humans with the range weapons? And what do I get for my helpfulness? Nothing but insults and isolation.

Now that I think about it me lying unconscious in the middle of the Cove the human's body nearby I began to think about the Human and how he had that helpful nature about him, could I use it to help with my tail? I doubt it.

It's not that I don't want the human's help in fact I would right now except help from a Terror to get out of this dilemma I'm stuck in, it's just the fact that I doubt the human could or would help after my uncalled for attack. Why didn't I pick up his scent before when he was running towards me? I would have to answer that after I woke up that's if I woke up.

Wait why did I faint after biting the human boy? Then it hit me it was mental backlash but that could only mean one thingâ€¦ I did make a life debt with a human. This changes everything, I had to keep this human safe from now on because if he would to get hurtâ€¦ I would feel it only twice as painful.

A life debt was ancient magic intertwined with the powerful natural force known to the Humans as Karma. It was made only when a creature spares another creature's life or does something good for the other creature only out of the goodness of their heart. It was a rarity even among dragons and would often initial the Dragon who had done the good deed "special" privileges over the one he/she helped. And if you went against the Life Debt you would be bombarded by a sudden wave of Bad Karma. The only way to truly end a life debt was if one was to die or if the one who was shown great kindness did something of equal good to the other.

How this was going to work with the human I was not entirely sure but one thing I knew was that I owe the Human big time.

I began to feel consciousness return to my still body I became aware of a sharp pain within my skull, It was remarkable similar to the time some hatchlings stuffed some hornets down my nose when I was sleeping (long story). In a sleep daze I swatted my nose in an attempt to stop the stinging (let's just say the whole hornets thing it happened a lot).

Eventually after I realized that hitting my nose was not going to help at all I lazily open my eyes to a much darker cove than the one I remember. I take a look around the cove and sigh at the sight; I always found nature quite interesting and beautiful I just can't help but marvel at it, in fact know that I think about it I can't help but marvel at anything I find interesting or unique.

My eyes then fell upon the human and he wasn't looking good in fact he looked pale and sickly. Standing up I began to run my eyes up and down the body until they landed on an area covered in blood stain fur. A sudden wave of guilt washed over me ::I did this...: now I knew how the human felt as he looked down on me when I was trapped.

The human was shivering and not in a good way either. I have no idea how much cold a Human could withstand but I knew all living creatures shivers when they are cold or scarred either was bad for the human.

My mind began to move into overdrive how could I help this human? I never learned how to do medical work in fact there wasn't really a need the Terrors always healed the ignored if there was ignored of course Dragons healed incredibly fast and it was only severe injuries that needed to be treated. I could keep him warm but the question is how? My own body heat was an option but I would rather save that for a last resort, I may be honour bound to protect him but I still had my pride.

Then I had a brainwave, I remember when I was younger I use to watch Human pack journey out into the woods and would stay one or two nights there before leaving. They always seem to do weird things too like put up small caves made out of fur, hold sticks over a lake and somehow magically pull fish out of the lake (I might have taken a few) but what had to be the strangest thing of all would have to be at night they would stack wood up and then light it on fire before huddling around it.

It isn't until right now that I realize they did it to get warm. I began to move over towards an area where several old branches fallen into the cove, picking up some of the larger ones in my mouth I walk over to the humans snapping the large sticks in half making a neat bundle of sticks at my feet.

I nudge the human back to a safe distance out of fear of him getting hit by a straight stick or spark, once I was sure he was safe from any loose bits or pieces I shot a small blast of fire towards the bundle causing it to burst into flames. After the flames returned to a much safer level I moved the human closer to the fire.

I sat there looking at the human laying before me, he was still shivering but not as violently as before which was a good sign hopefully. Sitting there watching the human recover I began to wonder about the humans life, from what I could tell the Human seem to be some sort of Outcast among his people, I could tell that simply by sniffing his scent.

There was no evidence of him hanging around others of his species, no traces of other Humans on him and those that were were too faint and hardly detectable. But what really got me curious was his actual scent itself, it was so alien it wasn't like any Human, Dragon or anything I have ever smelled before but for some strange reason it smells familiar but I don't know from where.

My thought was broken by a sudden growl from the Human, he was waking and I had to find a way to apologize to the Human.

****Hiccup POV ****

I awoke from one of the most weirdest dreams I have had in a while I don't really know how to explain it but somehow me and The Night Fury swapped bodies can you imagine that! I mean that's the type of stuff you would read about in stories of your favourite characters!

I do hope it was just a dream that isâ€¦|

My eyes shot open to find myself to find myself sitting next to a hot fire in the middle of the cove. All right that's strange I don't remember lighting a fire. Sitting up straight I suddenly hear the distinct sound of my stomach rumbling, I smile as I pat my stomach "don't worry I will get some food soon" trying to calm my gut.

Suddenly a similar rumble as the one originating from my stomach came from the opposite end of the small fire the only difference was that it was louder and much, much hungrier.

Here sitting across from me staring into my soul with large green eyes was the Night Fury. I froze up but not in fear true I was quite weary of the Dragon after it bit me on the arm but right now I was frozen in a mixture of curiosity and shock.

The dragon stare at me with a very similar look but a lot more curiosity and a glint of concern, wait the Dragon was concerned for me? yeah I'm still dreaming. But apparently the pain from the bite says otherwise, out of nowhere it suddenly began to sting violently like I dumped my arm into boiling water. Then my left arm (the one that got bitten) began to glow blue, and I would have freaked out if I wasn't in so much pain.

The dragon suddenly began to hiss and scream at its left paw that was also glowing blue. The sting so became unbearable so I rolled up my sleeve to see what the problem was and it was nothing like I was expecting. Where once a deep bleeding bite mark was now healthy skin but it was what was on the healthy skin that shocked me. On the top of my left arm there was now a blue tattoo of the Strike class symbol.

I could feel my mouth drop to the floor in shock, I had a tattoo?! If my mom was still around I would be dead be brought back to life then killed again and that would only be the entrÃ©e of what she would do to me.

My train of thought was broken by some confused hissing, I look up to see the Night Fury staring in shock at his left paw and I didn't blame himâ€¦|. He had the exact same symbol as the one I had on my left arm. We stair at each other's newly gained Tattoos for a while in confusion and utter shock.

What the hell Is going on today?

****Unknown POV. ****

I watch as the Dragon sets up a fire for the shivering Human boy. I watch as the Dragon sits there and waits for the boy to wake up keeping any eye on him. I continue to observe the two as they stared at each other but most of all I chuckled to myself as I watched the little lightshows and smirk as the two marvel at their newly gained Bond Marks.

"so that's what you had in mind for them" I said to no one in particular. " I should have known you always repeat yourself" I said again this time getting a response from a light gust of wind which blowed into my face followed by several leaves.

"real mature" I mutter in aggression but my anger drops when I catch sight of the human boy leaving the cove and waving goodbye to the dragon.

"if only they knewâ€¦. If only they knewâ€¦" I said before walking of into the woods my body soon becoming just another shadowâ€¦

**All right guys I was hallucinating throughout writing this so please excuse me if it not up to my normal standards. Oh yeah I'm planning on putting up a my own picture for this story and I'm asking you do you have any ideas on what I should draw for the cover?
**

7. The next day

**Sorry this has taken awhile guys writing Brother Dragon plus Social life do not mix well. I will inform you now Readers I am not having metal break downs any more so I won't be needing any of this garbage *throws out Drugs*. **

**So hopefully I won't be writing anymore chapter while high! Yay?
**

**Storspeaker: **Thanks for the idea it with a bit of fine tuning it will work perfectly.

**Guest: **I wonder who he is tooâ€¦.

**BestFrEnemies: **sorry this took a while Writing has beenâ€¦ difficult recently what with my computer acting up, social life and plain old distractions.

**Gobber POV. **

"Are you sure ye can't come to day Hiccup?" I ask into my mobile Phone as I drive the Bus along my normal trip.

"Yes COUGH, COUGH I'm not feeling that entire COUGHâ€¦ well" said Hiccup on the other end of the line.

I let out a sigh, I know he is faking it I've have basically been his care taker ever since His mom died and unlike Stoick I could tell when Hiccup lied or pretended to be sick. Sometimes I don't blame Stoick tho it took me two years to spot the difference between Hiccups lies and truths. Even know there are still sometimes when I have trouble but today it was like he wasn't even trying!

Normally I would give Hiccup a speech about how he was a Viking and Vikings are too stubborn for Sickness. But I had a sneak suspicion that a certain Blonde Girl is behind Hiccups dodge at School and I didn't blame him.

The Hofferson girl had connections a lot of them and she knew how to use them. I wouldn't be surprised if Hiccup didn't leave school with a few more bruise then he had before coming to school and if he was lucky only 3 or 4 broken bones.

In truth that Astrid kind of sicken me true she was a good athlete,

student, Junior year president and all around one of the most Viking teens I have ever meet, but what sicken me about her was how she used her skills and popularity.

She would use her 'popularity' to her own end to help her advance to the next level she did not care for who she had to step on to achieve it, if it was teachers fellow students or even Childhood friends like a certain Hiccup I know.

Yes that's right Hiccup the klutz and Astrid the Popular use to be Friends, true this was back when Hiccups mom was still alive and Astrid never meet Stoick so she had no idea who Hiccup really was (Hiccup wasn't really all that proud and boastful about being Stoicks son).

"Gobber you still there?" ask Hiccups voice on the other end of the line snapping me out of memories of happier times. "Umm yeah I'm still here, take the day of Hiccup and if ye feel any better come to School ok? Dragon trainin' begins today and I have to give everyone the basic 'safety' rundown" I said rolling my eyes at the 'safety' part of it.

This was a war and in the middle of a war you have no time for safety you had to rely on gut instinct. But still these where miss behaving kids handling dangerous weapons fighting even more dangerous animals of course safety was needed. Lucky me most of the safety lesson involved a slideshow and a short black and white presentation created in the 60s all I needed to do was answer any questions, and from the look of things the only one that would be asking any questions was the Ingerman boy.

"Oh I *Cough* don't think I will be able to come to school today Gobber but you can *Cough* fill me in latter" said Hiccup before hanging up, I could feel the fist pump from the other end of the line.

"Hope ye get better soon Hiccup" I mumble starting my bus on its daily trip around the small town of Berk.

****45 Minutes later. ****

I could have sworn that Most of the teens looked disappointed when they saw Hiccup's spot was empty and even a few mumbles about enjoying making that kids life a Nightmare. "You really think ye could make it worse than it already is?" I mumble to them.

My final stop was just outside the Plaza mall where most of the kids would hang around before school or attempt to skip School all together, this stop is where I had to pick up both of the groups.

It was a pain in the ass when I started out; I spent 10 minutes of my time each day trying to get the kids on the bus and to school. It wasn't until I broke a kids nose putting him in hospital for over two weeks did they finally take my threats seriously and actually go on the bus.

These days where no exception everyone knows what happens if they refuse to go on my bus if I ask them to and if they didn't well they would be reminded shortly afterwards (I made them watch a small video about what happens when you piss me of).

"How about we egg his house?" said Tuffnut as he and the rest of the popular kids got on the bus. "Good idea only we have no idea where he lives numnut!" said his twin sister Ruffnut before Punching him on the arm. "I agree with Ruff for all we know the little twerp could be living in the woods" Said Scott or Snotlout as everyone calls him said (Damn Hiccup came up with a good name for that little twerp). I knew all too well Snotlout Knew exactly where Hiccup lived and exactly what would happen if he told anyone the truth.

"Guys do we really have to talk about this now Gobbers right over there?" Said Fishlegs who was glancing nervously at me (how do they come up with these names? Back when I was a kid we use to just have nicknames like Val and Gobber). I had to admire the Giant child at times he seemed to be the only one with any smarts in that group. "I agree with Fish, besides a simple pounding would do just fine" said Astrid in a sweet innocent voice like she didn't have a care in the world.

She took a small glimpse at where Hiccup normally sat obviously hopping to see a scared boy hiding behind a seat only to find the spot vacant. She looked at the seat for a minute a curious look on her face before turning to the rest of the group leading them off to the back of the bus.

As I began the slow under-the-speed-limit drive to the school I turn down the radio (much too most of the kids joy (what's so wrong about classics?)) and using the secret only-known-to-Teachers ability to tune in on the Popular groups conversation.

"Don't worry Astrid me and Tuff will punish the little twerp and this time there's not going to be a trash monster to save his ass" declared Snotlout getting a wild nod from the male twin (Trash monster? Maybe I should start talking about drugs being bad in sport class). "Umm no mean to be the bearer of bad news Scott but the chances of you getting a second chance to impress Astrid are quite slim even without you going on and on about a "trash monster" said Fishlegs in a calm way. "I'm surprised the trash monster didn't rip Hiccup to pieces I so wanted his skull for my collection!" said Tuffnut smacking his fist into his palm. "Wait didn't your Skull collection explode?" asked Snotlout. "Oh yeah it did, that day was the best day of my life or the worst haven't figured it out yet" said Tuffnut staring into space.

"Anyway Scott I know you do enjoy beating up the twerp but he made it personal so I'm going to have to say no to your kind offer" said Astrid. "So are you guys just as hyped as I am for Dragon fighting classes? I am seriously hopping to get some major injuries!" said Ruffnut, oh how the first class will disappoint her.

As the group continue to chatter on about the upcoming class I tuned out of them and cranked up my radio (earning a few moans of disagreement). I began to worry about Hiccups safety, true the boy was crafty and a good runner but those have only gotten him so far. Hiccup was bound to slip up and when he did I shuttered at the thought. This was going to be First year all over again.

****School: Dragon fighting class Gobbers home room. Gobber POV

"All right class quit downâ€¦.(Class keeps on chattering) Quite nowâ€¦.(Same as before) Quite!' I yell only for my class to keep talking to each other. I smiled to myself because unlike most teachers I like it when they don't follow the shut up and be quite rule, for the soul fact I get to bring out Mr Shut and Miss Up. As I Attached Mr Shut to my left hand I look up giving the class an unnoticed smile of Joy. Well almost unnoticed about half a dozen of the students put their fingers in their ears among them where Astrid, Fishlegs and the new girl (Heather I think it was).

I pull out a small gong also known as Miss Up from behind me desk which (Thanks to Hiccup) was created with a very special Brass that if hit together would make a sound that would disorientated you, sadly the process for making this brass was hard and long and due to the fact it was easily broken we were unable to use it agenised the dragons. Hiccup was devastated by the fact that all he had to show for his countless hours of work were piles of scrap, but I had two new ideas for the metal and they were Mr Shut and Miss Up. And when my class wouldn't sit down and be quite after the first three nice requests I would let Mr Shut and Miss Up kiss.

After what must have been a really good French kiss for Mr Shut and Miss Up I had a total of 18 kids holding their ears and yelping in pain as their eardrums began to shake in disagreement with the sound. I gave them a large goofy smile as they began to recover from the ear pain "Maybe next time you will listen the first time I tell you to be quite" I said detaching Mr Shut from my left arm and equipping my trademark hook.

"All right class welcome to your first lesson of Dragon fighting class" I said starrng around the room of egger young warriors ready to kill Dragons and bring glory to the tribe. "As you all probably know for the next few months ye will all be trained to fight the most deadly animals on this planet all of which could and would kill ye! But if you follow my teachings and my instructions to the letter I promise you that all of you will become great dragon slayers in your own right!" I continued earning a small cheer from the class.

"Butâ€¦before I'm allowed to let ye into the ring and get you killin' things I'm going to need to do a we little safety presentation before we continued" I said earning a moan from the class. "I know, I know but the sooner we get this over with the sooner ye can get out there and killin' things" I said as I turn on my projector.

Thanks to my quick thinking I have already set it up so all I needed to do was turn it on and start the video which was not an essay task for me (let's just say I don't teach anything to do with computers for a reason). Clicking the start button to the Projector I take my position at the back of the room making sure that no one ruined the 'movie experience' for the class.

Dimming the light so the only source of light coming from the room was the projector itself (My blinds are normally always closed helps the kids pay attention).

Getting comfortable I watch with the rest of the class as black and white numbers flash across the board.

5â€¦.4â€¦..3â€¦..2â€¦.1 and let the bore fest begin!

**I feel like I should make this chapter extra-long for making you wait for about a monthâ€¦.. or notâ€¦.. Or yesâ€¦. Or not, you know what? Screw it lets do it any way! **

**The show. **

As the show begins a clearing in a forest where a small house and a cartoon Viking who was dragging the caucus of a x eyed dragon into the clearing. The Viking in the cartoon dumped his kill in the clearing huffing a sigh of satisfaction before turning to face the camera.

"Oh I didn't see you there" the Viking said giving the audience a toothy grin. "My name is Bork the bold you probably know me from my book The Dragon Manual if not it's going to become your best friend for the next few month for this video marks the beginning of Dragon training" he said pulling out a book from behind his back.

Bork opened the book and began to flick throughout the book showing of all sorts of dragons in shape and size. "Every Dragon in this book has evolved for one thing and one thing only and that is to survive in the habitat there species live in" he said stopping on a page that shows a picture of a Scauldron "Take the mighty sea dragon the Scauldron for example, This might beast lurks within the sea and sprays water that can burn the skin of your bones" he said as the picture of The Scauldron came to life and sprayed water out of the book at Bork.

Shaking the water of like a wet dog Bork put the book away. "You will have plenty of time to learn about these beast, but most of you probably want to learn how to kill them so for the next few months your teacher will teach you how to fight every dragon from the extremely common and pest-like Terrible Terror to the very likely Extinct and extremely terrifying Exterminator" Bork explained.

"Now let's take a look at where you will be trained to kill dragons ay?" Bork said jumping away from the clearing and landing in a cartoon version of the arena. "This is the Arena it may look a little different from the way it is here and the one you will soon be familiar with thou" said Bork gesturing around the Arena. "Here is where you will be spending most of you class learning to fight five different dragon types that lurk behind these doors which most commonly are the 5 Dragon species that attack Berk the most. There are as following are the Terrible Terror, The Deadly Nadder, The Gronkle, The Hideous Zippleback and the Monstrous Nightmare. but depending on how the war is going maybe something a little more special" said Bork gesturing to 6 large cages dotting the wall of the arena.

"There will be a total of 2 groups of six and 2 groups of 7 all of which will be placed due to skill level and teamwork abilities, and to make things interesting a point system has been installed among the groups which will be explained latter by your teacher when the time is at hand" Bork explained.

"All right now let's go onto weapons. Any weapon is allowed as long as it's registered by the teacher, if you do not have a weapon you will be able to choose one gifted to you by the teacher or weapons

workers. Any weapon you choose is your responsibility to maintain and take care of your weapon, if your weapon is not kept up to a reasonable standard you will be forced to restore your weapon to a working order without any assistance and you will be punished accordingly. Without a working weapon in the battle field you're as good as dead" Bok explained showing of his axe for the audience.

"Now let's get to the safety part of the presentation you are going to be learning to fight dangerous beast that will kill you if given the chance so several rules are in placed to insure you safety. Rule number 1 always follow your teacher instruction no matter how insane they seem at the time, Rule Number 2 you must always wear protective gear in the ring even if a dragon is not present, rule Number 3 you must do no harm to other trainees no matter how great the grudge is you are fighting dragons not Humans, rule Number 4 is try not to kill or seriously injure the dragon they may be are enemy but they are hard to replace heck we have trouble catching terrors most of the time, the next rule isâ€¦isâ€¦.is" said Bork as the projector began to catch ablaze.

****Gobber POV ****

I did not know much about technology but I knew enough of it to know that catching fire was a bad thingâ€¦ I think.

I was not sure what to do at this point, my natural reaction would have been to grab a bucket of water and throw it onto the fire just like what I did at the forge when my underpants caught ablaze while I was warming them up. But If my memory serve correct the last time I throw a bucket of water on the projector I got a scrawling from the tech head of the school and Gothi taking the money for a new one out of my salary which may I mentioned is not much.

As the class began to show signs of panicking I decided to make things a little interesting, "Who want the first point of the competition? Whoever puts this fire out without using water gets one whole point" I said to the worried class.

As the class sat there out of either confusion or shock a brunette girl leaped from her chair and ran for a corner of the room. The girl who I recognised as Heather grabbed the fire extinguisher of the wall and ran back to the Projector.

Heather then activated the extinguisher spraying the tome like substance all over the fire the projector and any kid lucky enough to be sitting nearby. When she finally turned it off she began to huff like a dog who had just chased a cat 5 blocks away.

As I turn the light back on giving the puffing girl a smile "Congratulation Heather for your fast reaction time and thinking you're getting the first point of training" I said somewhat pleased and impressed.

But what came next made me rethink that being impressed and pleased part.

She scowled at me giving me a look of disgust "Are you crazy? People lives were at risk and you not only act like that's none of your concern but you go around rewarding Points to people for doing your

job for you!" she hissed.

I did not know if I should have been ashamed or impressed at her out break, I had to admit she had guts to say that to me even if someone was new they learn quickly that to back talk me wellâ€¦ it never ended pretty.

"First of lass yes I am crazy second off if you keep up with that tone ye also going to be the first person to get minus points, finally this is my class and I will determine what is ethical and what isn't plus if that we little fire scared ye well ye in luck for the next few months learning to fighting beast that spew the stuff like there is no tomorrow, so if ye chicken the door is right over there" I said getting in the girls face.

For a moment there was a bit of fear travelled throughout her eyes but as fast as it appeared she hid it once again in hope that I did not spot it, but this old eyes where a lot sharper than that.

"There's ye seat take it" I said gesturing to her empty chair. Muttering she took her seat and I took my position at the front of the class looking at all the open mouthed kids staring at me.

"All right now any questions?" ask only for several of the hands around the class to shoot up.

Boy will this year be interestingâ€¦.

****If only you knew Gobber** , **if only you knew. ****

****I'm sorry to say guys but I need your help again nothing to serious I just need questions for the kids to ask and maybe some O.C to ask them, nothing to hard. ****

****Anyway its time I inform you that I now have an idea on what the Bond Mark will do and how it will work but it won't be explained for a while. ****

****If a story is only as good as its writer I'm going to start giving orphans to candy.****

****Thor-Born. ****

8. I've always been weird

****Well it's nice to know that you guys were waiting so patiently for this story to update. It nice to know that guys truly and hopefully you won't have to wait like that again. ****

****StorSpeaker: **Yeah well popularity will do that to people even if it's fake, I lost a few friends due to popularity back in schoolâ€¦. Sigh.**

****Guest: **Well as far as Astrid is concerned Hiccup IS dirt. And I'm glad you like Heather and I am pleased to inform you that she will play a significant role in the near futureâ€¦ or not depends on how I feel at the time and if I remember it. Oh and Heather won't be the only one**

****Hiccups POV. ****

If there was one thing my father scrawled more than meat being skipped of his sandwich it was tattoos.

Why my father the ruff and tuff Dragon slaying Viking of the 21 century who could eat truckers, wrestlers and bikers for breakfast in a manliness competition despised tattoos with a passion was beyond me.

My dad was generally lay back about most things, true he was over protective at times (manly during Dragon raids) but still compared to most parents he was considered laid back. Unlike most parents my father didn't mind me going out to parties (well that was if I was invited to some he wouldn't mind) Underage drinking? He used to joke that if he had his way I would have been fed mead instead of milk when I was a baby, he draws the line at under age driving and breaking the law (stealing and what not) but what did you expect he was mayor and his one and only child (even if few know they are related) has to set a good example.

But Tattoos that was a whole different ball game for my dad, to him inking your skin was like trying to befriend a dragon. He hated it with a passion that burned brighter than even Nadder fire.

To put in basic terms If my dad say after returning from his obviously pointless trip discovered that his one and only son (me) had gotten their skin inked (even if it was against their will and under unknown circumstances) said son (me) would be lucky to be banished with his head still attached to his body.

Why would my father act this way towards something so simple? We'll all I can tell you for now is this It involves my mother's death and a criminal biker gang called The Outcasts.

But that was the past right now I had to focus on the problem I was facing now.

That was hiding two big secrets right under the entire town's nose, think its easy right? Well you have no idea how wrong you are.

First of after a night of self-debating of what to do with my little Black dragon friend in the woods I decided to not tell anyone of its existence. Yet, so far the only thing it done in a sign of aggression besides the obvious bite from the day before but that one seemed of to me that and the fact that the dragon seemed to try and redeem itself afterwards so maybe it wasn't all that bad. The added bonus of being the first Human (If you didn't believe in the legend of the Lone rider that is) to actually see and study the Rare and illusive Night Fury a chance I doubt no one else would get or appreciate like I do.

Now that the Dragon problem was dealt with for now I had to focus on the problem a little harder to conceal and keep a secret.

How would a tattoo be harder took keep hidden then a fire breathing flying black reptile? I hear you ask, well first of the Dragon wasn't going to be on my skin 24 hours a day in clear view of everyone, plus the Dragon wasn't glowing a light shade of blue at random times and

expanding across my skin.

I admit I was no expert on Tattoos but I knew enough to tell that Tattoos glowing and growing was NOT normal; but then again when have I ever had the pleasure of being normal?

Never.

How did I know this was happening? Well it all started earlier this morning.

Flashback.

_I was having a dream, a strange dream but a dream none the less.

_

_The dream was of a boy much like me in so many ways running thorough a dark forest from something I could not see. _

_The boy and I could be mistaken for identical twins looking almost exactly the same as each other with only a few features that could help someone tell us apart. The boy was a few inches taller than me and his body was much more muscular than my fishbone of a body. His clothes were ripped and covered with blood stains some of them from others most of which was his. His body was covered with large fresh cuts still bleeding out, the boy was straining from the pain and losing blood fast as he ran through the forest. But it was what was under his cuts and scars that shocked me, it was the fact that his body was nearly covered with Blue glowing tattoos in a very similar design to the one that covered the skin just above my left hand.

_

_Before I could take a closer look at the tattoos an ear piercing inhuman scream filled the air, the boy looked behind him for a split second fear swelling up in his eyes. As another scream filled the air the boy fell to his knees in agony holding the right side of his chest. _

_As the boy began to puke blood a large looming shadow grew over him, he turned around blood still dripping from his face horror now replacing the fear in his eyes as the humungous shadow grew bigger and bigger. _

_The boy's eyes closed as something large and powerful lunged at him.

_

_My eyes opened and my body shot up from my comfortable bed sweat rolling down my forehead. "Just a dream" it was all just a dream." I muttered reassuringly to myself waiting for my heart beat to slow. A violent blue light suddenly illuminated the room and my left arm began to sting in pain. Pulling the pained limb to my face I watched in horror as the Tattoo glowed as it began to expand up and down my left arm, as the 'show' died down I took a minute to examine my much larger and now faintly glowing tattoo. _

_I did not sleep the rest of the night; I didn't feel tired or sleepy. I only felt terror as I asked myself why I could never be normal. _

_End flashback. _

So here I am now searching the web on my laptop for anything about growing and glowing tattoos know all too well that my desperate search for answers would come up empty.

I knew it was pointless but I needed answers and I needed them desperately. I was a boy of since I liked understanding things to be able to know why things were happening and how they were doing so, I was driven by since by logic and this tattoo if I can even call it that anymore was defying everything I knew about the two. I know, I know I believe in Gods and monsters but you can't blame me, my town gets attacked by Mythological creatures every few weeks or so. But whenever I thought of the Gods I simply just thought of them as a more advanced race then ours (it makes sense when you look at it). But this Tattoo it was something else altogether.

I was about to toss my laptop across the room in frustration when my cell phone went off all of a sudden scaring the living daylights out of me. After I cool down from my original shock I reach into my pocket and pull out my green Samsung *(I don't know many phone brands ok) **which I must admit has seen better days.

Flipping open the lid I was meet by the incredibly horrifying but yet hilarious picture of Gobber at last year's Christmas party. I could not help but smile at the picture my initial anger and frustration flickering away. I pull the phone to my right ear desperately holding it in there with my shoulder blade. "Hello?" I ask into the phone as I packed my laptop away.

"Hiccup? It's me Gobber you ok?" asked Gobber on the other end of the phone line worry seeping through his words. I couldn't help but smile at how much Gobber actually cared for me, true it took being death threatened by the most popular girl in my grade to escape into a forest filled with wolves, bears moose's and maybe even a few dragons and to spend an entire night in there next to one of the most feared dragons out there. Then after all that has happened he asks me if I'm ok.

Well at least he cares.

I was about to answer him back when all of a sudden pain shot up my left arm making it feel as if someone was burning my skin. I rapidly pulled up my left sleeve watching in horror as my Tattoo light up like a Christmas tree and began to expand slowly up my hand forming a spider web of pain and blinding blue light.

"Hiccup are ye ok? Ye sound like ye dying over there." Said Gobber on the other end of the line, "Do you need me to come over?" asked Gobber before I could answer him. "NO!" I yell into my end of the phone line the pain making my voice louder than it should be. "You see I am veryâ€| ahhâ€|. Sick, yeah that's right sick and its highly contagious cough, cough don't come over or yow will catch it two cough, cough." I said in between the hiss of pain. "Hiccup where Vikings we don't get sick." Said Gobber scepticism flowing through his voice. "ahhâ€| yeah well this one didâ€| so need to come over, cough, perfectly fine don't need to come over what's so ever. Cough." I said trying to ignore the pain that was turning my left arm limp.

This was not good, if something like this was to happen in a crowded

place peacefully my schoolâ€¦. I couldn't even begin to comprehend what would happen. "Cough, Gobber I don't COUGH think I can, COUGH come today COUGH" I said adding a few coughs afterwards trying to make it seem legit which of course made it sound like I was trying to force out my lungs.

**(All right now where on Hiccup side of the call at the start of the last chapter) **

Gobber sighed, "Are you sure ye can't come to day Hiccup?" he asked possibly realising one of the smaller reasons why I didn't want to come.

Astrid.

True I had a crush on her and everything, but I wasn't crazy enough about her to risk my neck by going to school after what happened yesterday. Besides it wasn't the new Astrid I liked it was the old one, the one I remember from the good old day back when my mother was still alive and everyone was happy, back then she was so much better so much more natural. Now tho all she was a shadow of her old self, a shadow cast by her new popularity, arrogant fighting skill and new cold personality. But sometimes I would see shimmers of her original self that would give me hope and reinforce my belief that the old Astrid could and would returnâ€¦. One day.

But for now I needed to keep out of her field of view until her anger dies down (IF it ever will).

"Yes COUGH, COUGH I'm not feeling that entire COUGHâ€¦ well." I replied the pain still present but my thoughts distracted me from its strong grip. Gobber then went quite, spooky unnaturally quite the type of quite I didn't like when I talked with him for it always meant something was off and it wasn't going to be subtle. But this time I couldn't even here Gobber breathe on the other end, I began to worry for his wellbeing. True Gobber was a Viking but he was getting old and he wasn't the strong hardy man he once was no matter how much he believed he was.

"Gobber you still there?" I ask trying to sound concern while the pain burned away at my arm. I heard Gobber release a grunt as if he was released from some sort of trance. "Umm yeah I'm still here, take the day of Hiccup and if ye feel any better come to School ok? Dragon trainin' begins today and I have to give everyone the basic 'safety' rundown." Gobber said with great annoyance towards the safety rundown.

"Oh I *Cough* don't think I will be able to come to school today Gobber but you can *Cough* fill me in latter." I reply just before hanging up releasing a sigh of relief as the pain finally dies down and the Tattoo finishes glowing brightly.

Putting my phone away I stare in shock at the Tattoo that now covered my entire left arm; from shoulder to the back of my hand was covered with Blue stripe like designs an occasional symbol here and there. In between the stripes and symbols 3 different types of writing covered my skin, I made one of them out to be Runes due to their line like design, another looked like someone had made Chinese's symbols and had given them a rune style to them. The final one however was completely alien to me; my mind could not find any match to it.

The worse part of all was the fact that it was still faintly glowing the same shade of blue it did whenever it grew.

I needed to find out what was going on and fast.

**Phew, I ran into no end of problems while writing this chapter.
**

**First and most obvious all was Christmas on my door step, what with last minute Christmas shopping and decorating I have been really busy. **

**Then there was the constant going back and rewriting this one chapter over and over again, along with the peskiness of Brother Dragon (which I have decided to put on the shelf until I can get better and work on its story (and until I can handle the stress)).
**

Last but not least there was Jul which has kept me busy since the 20**th****. **

**But you don't want to hear excuses so I'll stop here and say this: Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy new Year and may The Viking Spirit of Christmas Pillage your house and leave many weapons in your stockings! **

Thor-Born signing out for (most) of the Holidays.

9. annoyance

**Ok now that I can put my near whole divided attention into this story I might be able to update more frequent but don't quote me on that. **

**StorSpeaker: **Well StorSpeaker I'm doing quite well, I'm still a little mentally unstable but still I'm well. As for the Tattooâ€¦ I can't say much right now but it right now but I can say it is something I will go into great depths throughout the story. (As for the ET business I haven't seen the movie in the while so I can't answer that but I am guessing yes and no). As for your crazy idea all I can say is this: Brilliant minds think alike, crazy people share the same brain.

**Guest: **And how many modern HTTYD fanfic have you read? Well I'm glad you think that way of it I'm really just trying to explore different ideas that I haven't seen other modern HTTYD fanfic do before all while trying to make it enjoyable. And hopefully you won't have to wait that long againâ€¦ but no promises.

**Guest: ** To tell answer any of your questions will be to ruin the story for everyone including you, for a story is much like a journeyâ€¦ getting there is half the fun.

**Thesingingowl: **Hello there it nice to hear from a new point of view. But about the spelling mistakes; I do understand I have a problem with spelling mistakes and I have a plan to fix them, I am not sure however if it will help or work with improvement of my spelling. P.s thanks for the quiet update.

****Have to say you guys are quick to respond. ****

****Hiccup POV. ****

To sum up my plan in one word: stupidly suicidal.

Okay that's two words but that was what my plan was stupidly suicidal, and trust me if I had another choice I would take it no questions asked but right now my options were fresh out. Well I wouldn't say fresh out to be precise more along the lines of really too hard to achieve.

My option was simple really but right now I could not help but see the impossibility to them; first of was to go to the Berk Public Library and ask my Grandfather old wrinkly (don't ask) but that would mean I would have to go through town. By myself, with a ticking time bomb on my arm. My second option was a little more on the difficult side Hunt down Jemiskneir and ask him what's happening to me; there was little that surprised the towering wanderer and I doubt my predicament would change that plus he had a good knowledge about most things which I could use at this time. My only problem with the plan was I had no idea where he was or if he could or would help me.

That left me with only one choice left.

Oh how I hated being stuck in these type of position.

Now here I was walking through the woods a tone of raw fish in my backpack (that is going to be a pain to clean) a walking buffet for any wolf or bear that saw me strolling along. My destination in mind, to become a walking buffet for a dragon.

I know I'm setting my standards where a little too high in the first place, why in the name of that is good in the world would a dragon as powerful as that of a Night Fury wish to dine upon my flesh it would much prefer the tender meat of some fish. Which I just happen to be lumbering around a tone of it for a very likely half-starved dragon that would very likely eat me thanks to its hunger. If it didn't try to eat me then came the craziest part of the plan; I would attempt to communicate with it and ask it of what it knew about the little parasite of a Tattoo growing along my arm.

Yes I knew I was desperate but it wasn't until now did I realise how desperate for answers I actually was.

It somewhat sickened me at how far I had fallen.

As I approached the cove that I had last spotted the dragon which of course was the same place I had threatened its life then freed it and then it bit me only a few hours later and looked after me while I slept. Such a weird beast I wonder why it acts this way. No, stay focus Hiccup you are here for answers involving that little glowing thing that is slowly and painfully spreading across your skin not to study it. That will be for a later date.

As I approach the cove I scan the area for a midnight black dragon with a bipolar attitude towards me; I could not see such beast but for some unexplainable reason I could tell it was close, some

unexplored part of my brain could feel its presence nearby like an animal could feel danger was a foot. It was somewhere in that bowl I could sense it.

With my guard up high I slowly make my way down a narrow path to the cove I observe all the dark areas of the cove for signs of movement. I could not help but bask in its raw natural beauty of the cove how its water sparkled a light shade of blue in the sun rays and how the shadows fell across the cove in the early morning sun. I could not help but admire how the grass and trees always appeared to be healthier than the area around it making it an oasis of light green amongst the dark brown oaks that covered so much of Raven Point forest. The natural sounds of the cove were amazing to listen to if it was simply a bird singing its song or the sound of water splashing on to rock from the waterfall of in the far corner. It was a paradise with a dark and dangerous secret, a secret only I knew of and a secret I fear that will remain that way for some time.

I quickly and (not exactly) quietly made my way down the steep path to the bottom of the cove my senses on high alert for a Pitch black Dragon. Reaching the centre of the sinkhole I took a 360 turn scoping out my surroundings taking in any information I could about my illusive 'neighbour'. With no sign of it in sight I let out a sigh of frustrated relief.

I sat down removing the heavy bag of fish from my back with a grunt of relief opening it up to stare at its disgusting content. What greeted me was the gapping dead eyed faces of several cod their beady eyes scaring me with their cold dark eyes. It was disturbing to think that some people liked to eat fish like this; I could understand why dragons and other animals who had no choice in the matter of how they had their fish. The very thought of eating fish like this made me queasy and I hastily closed my bag in hope to stop myself from being sick all over my favourite bag. It was bad enough it was going to smell of fish for a week I did not need it to stink of puke as well.

My thoughts of fish and sickness were suddenly broken by the faint glow of my tattoo becoming brighter and changing colour from a light blue to a yellowish green. The sudden change caught me off guard making me jump from my comfortable seat amongst the grass. I rolled up my left sleeve to check the strange markings to find that only the strike class symbol at the centre of my wrist was shining the fluorescent green glow while the rest of the tattoo became black and lost its glowing quality. The green light became more violent shining brighter and brighter as I continued to stare at it wondering as to what was happening now.

A sudden flash of green light and a low growl originating from somewhere behind me. I spun around grabbing my backpack with one hand pulling it close to my chest while my other hand reached for my knife I tucked away in my sleeveless jacket. My grip on both items lessened as my eyes grew wide at the sight of a Green glowing Night Fury perched upon a pile of rocks staring at me with its piercing green slit like eyes.

Well when I say glowing I mean its left paw. I stared at the paw of the dragon and along its front left leg which was now completely covered in a Tattoo design similar to mine with the symbol of the strike class glowing a forest green while the rest of the now much larger tattoo had changed colour to a dark brown which I could barely

make out on its black scales.

The dragon continued to eye my bag hungrily already well aware of the fish I had stored away in the bag very likely thanks to its sense of smell, it continued to look at the bag hunger clear in its body language even a small licking of its lips but yet no matter whatever it did it did not make any move for the bag or the fish inside. Eventually its eyes made its way up to stare me in the eye, it was watching me waiting for me to make the first move and very likely hoping it ended with it getting the fish in the bag.

As I stand up the dragon watches every movement I make it out of curiosity or making sure I didn't run away with its meal, as I finally stood up I began to unzip the top of my backpack and unzip the bag filled with fish. releasing the load of fish I had 'boarded' from my dad's personal stock to make a small pile of fish at my feet kicking the stray fish here and there to make sure they to was part of the group.

The dragon eyed the food curiously before making its way slowly towards the food and with every step it took I took one step back my now empty backpack held closely to my chest. Eventually the dragon finally reached the pile of fish; the dragon looked at me one last time sending a message to me that clearly said don't try anything funny. As soon as it finished giving me the look it began to greedily eat away at the fish scoffing them down faster than any human could ever achieve; it looked like the thing had not eaten for some time at the rate it was hungrily consuming the fish in front of its pile.

Taking in a deep breath I prepared myself for the madness ahead of me because well that was what it was madness. "All right time to get some answers hopefullyâ€|" I mutter to myself thinking to myself as to why I had to be stuck with the annoyances that was my life.

Well here goes nothingâ€|.

****Night Fury POV. ****

There must be something incredibly wrong with this human.

It does not look or act likes any of the other humans of its 'tribe' all its actions so far have proven that to me. So far the human has spared my life unknowing creating a life debt in the process; it had forgiven me for my unprovoked attack and now it was giving me fish and attempting to 'speak' with me.

Such a strange little creature.

Did it not understand that I could not understand it? Or was it that the human was more stupid then I gave it credit for. The human continued to blab on about something in its human tongue some nonsense about something but I was too busy eating my pile of fish to concentrate on its wild gibberish. But do you blame me? I haven't eaten in over 7 sun cycle and having this much food in front of my snout was something I could ignore as easily as the human, in fact the hunger I have been experiencing these last few days has been almost as bad as the markings that have been surging its way up my left paw and along some of my body causing me nothing but pain and anger that came with it.

It was an annoyance that I feared much like the human was here to stay.

**I know this isn't one of my longest chapter but still it's a chapter but I didn't have much for this one and well I have been trying to prepare for a holiday I have been planning for some time, nothing special I just need to visit some family members but I won't be able to update throughout the visit I will however be able to write so hopefully I will have something to say thanks for the wait after its done with. **

Happy new year by the way.

**Gift come in all shapes and sizes at any time of the day, but the greatest gifts of all can sometimes be the hardest to see.
**

Thor-Born signing off until next time.

10. Thoughts

**Thanks for waiting lads and lasses I must say I had a wonderful holiday up north and I spent a lot of time good time on the beach and with my family and friends. But that's enough on me let's get back on to Hiccup and friends (Which right now consists of a bipolar Night Fury, a crippled Blacksmith and a giant red eyed man who could snap his body like a twig). **

**Storspeaker: **Well what do you expect? English is basically an alien language to Dragons to them it's like an English person trying to understand fluent Chinese.

**Guest: **I kind of have to somewhat agree with you on that first bitâ€¦ As for the mark it will be explained in good time but for now I will tell you this: changing colour is not the only thing it does. And about the last partâ€¦ she'll calm down eventuallyâ€¦ just don't quote me on that.

**Guest: **Don't got much to say don't you?

**The Night Fury POV. **

I had finished the fish ages ago but the human still hasn't left, and it was starting to get on my nerves. The human was doing nothing physically to annoy me and I doubt it would even attempt to bug me in the first place. In fact it was all but ignoring me constantly sticking to the other side of the Cove no matter where I moved it would be on the other side muttering to himself in its human tongue. All of this was fine by me it just made ignoring the human easier, but its constant human chatter was starting to bug me.

It was nonstop and extremely annoying and the fact that none of it made a lick of sense to me only added to my annoyance. I tried everything I could to either shut up the noise or shut it up; I tried closing my ears, yelling orders at it, putting my head under water I even tried threatening it but it even then it only worked for a small amount of time.

More permanent options were out of the question as well. If I killed the human I would die as well due to my life debt (or become the victim to eternal suffering), escaping was impossible, driving the human out might be even harder than escaping and sleeping. After last night. That dream. I don't want to sleep again for a while.

As for what the human was so stressed about well it didn't take a genius to figure out it had something to do with the strange markings that was slowly and at sometimes painfully making its way across both of our skins.

I take a moment to glare at the markings that have engulfed most of my left front leg; it had stopped glowing the strange colour and had returned to the familiar strange faintly glowing blue. I had not yet decided on what I thought of the strange markings yet. True it was annoying but it has not affected me all too greatly and it has provided something to think about while being stuck in this pit trap.

In conclusion these markings were a lot like the human, they were both annoying and a pain in my hide yet I could not get rid of either of them so I would tolerate both. For now.

I was so deep in thought I did not realise the human had stopped his pointless mumbling until a sudden snapping caught my attention. My senses instantly went on high alert I raised to my feet in an instant my entire body ready to pounce at any incoming foes, realising a soft growl I couldn't help but ask myself how my reflexes reacted so quickly to the sound. I admit I was fast before but never this fast. strange.

The human released a small sound from his mouth that made my senses go on the fritz. The human then muttered something once more but it was a lot shorter than any of its original ranting's. I stare at the human a bit trying to figure out what he had done to cause that reaction from me.

::Get lost:: I growled at it hoping the human would finally get the picture. And what came next surprised even me.

The human threw up its arm and grumbled in frustration giving me the best dagger glare a human could give with fear bubbling so close to the surface ready to burst. The human still mumbling under its breath began to gather everything that it brought with me that I did not eat or destroy. I watched the human my eyes wide in interest, this human has done what I asked with little trouble on my part.

Maybe after a little bit of effort I could train the Human to get me fish.

****Hiccup POV. ****

"Well that was a major disappointment." I mutter as I climb out of the cove of disappointment. True I should have been prepared for this but me being the always hopeful boy I was thought that all my answers would have been solved by that Night Fury if I gave it the right push. Nope it just took my fish and told me to get lost.

Well I should be used to that by now but for some reason this felt

different than any other time someone has betrayed my trust before. It felt similar to the time the Night Fury bit me like something was once again pulling at my gut. I hated this feeling I hated the feeling of disappointment and betrayal, I hated it because I was so use to feeling it that all I ever wanted no I all I ever craved is to feel the opposite of these feelingsâ€¦ and maybe one day I will.

But that day won't come anytime soon and I will have to suffer through much to gain itâ€¦ for there is always a price to pay for such a wish. There always is.

Whoa wait where did that come from? Since when did I become a philosopher? Well I guess that's just another question needed to be answered. Heh after shooting down that night fury I seem to be getting a lot of unanswered questions.

I shot down a Night Furyâ€¦. Wow even after meeting the beast several time in person the mere thought of doing such a feat still managed to leave me dizzy in the head. I had done the believed to have been impossible I had shot down the Dreaded Night Fury. True I did not have the guts or heart to end the beast life but I still shot it down that had to account for somethingâ€¦.. Wait a minute.

All these strange things started happening after I shot down The Night Furyâ€¦. Could it be possible thatâ€¦.. The Night Furyâ€¦. Had something mystical about it? Like some sort of curse?

Nah.

If this was some sort of Night Fury curse wouldn't I be the only one suffering from it? If my visit to the Night Fury had shown me anything it had shown me I wasn't the only one with a slowly expanding Tattoo. And I doubt the Night Fury would want whatever curse it had bestowed upon meâ€¦ Then again by dragon standards this one is pretty wiredâ€¦

Well I can't worry about that right now, right now I had to focus on getting out of these woods. True I knew these woods like the back of my hand (Before they became covered with Tattoos that is) but even someone as experience as I could still get lost in this labyrinth of oak and pine. I had a lot of memories involving me getting lost in the woods, spending hours trying to find my way out of them like a rat in a maze. In fact one time Iâ€¦.. Waitâ€¦.

I did a 360 taking in my surroundings taking in every tree every rock every well anything that could give me some barring on where I was.

"I thought I grew out of this alreadyâ€¦" I mutter as I let lose a sigh of frustration. I Henry Horrendous Haddock the third was lost in the woods for the first time in nearly 4 years.

Congrats me, next time let's see if we can make it 5 years.

****Astrid's POV. (Finally) ****

I had to admit it was very impressive how Gobber managed to answer all `of our question with no problem at all, but then again what do you expect from someone who has been teaching the art of dragon

killing since before I was born.

I absorbed every piece of knowledge (That was useful) that blurted out of the veterans mouth, anything I could use to be the best Dragon slayer in my class and hopefully one day return my families honour.

Anyone who had half a brain and a good memory knew that my family's name ran deep in the blood of dead dragons, generation after generation my family has produced some of the greatest dragon killers of all time in fact the only other family to ever beat mine in dragon killing is the Haddocks family (If the whole family was like Mayor Stoick what do you expect). But this time there was no Haddock in my age group there for no real threat to my soon to be title of Top of the class.

And then maybe just maybe I might be able to solve my families little ahh dragon problem. Actually little may be the wrong word for something that has been destroying the Hofferson name for centuries.

But that's is for a future date right now I needed to focus on the challenges at hand which at the moment was becoming the best of the class. Even with my fitness and skill there will always be someone who could who will provide a challenge. Scott might be one if he stopped showing of his 'impressive' skills and boosting about how 'great' he was and started actually fighting. Darren or DogBreath as everyone called him was a brute of a kid who had to shave twice a day, he was the schools top bully and had one of the lowest iq of our grade. But I must admit that kid was possibly one of the best fighters of our age.

The twins could pose a threat if they stopped fighting each other and started working together and if you have seen any of the pranks those two pulled off while working together you would have to agree. Francis had the book smarts and the muscles but he lacked the bravery or the motivation to use them during a fight unless you pushed him too far.

In fact everyone in my class had their own strengths and weakness and I knew every single one of them well except two.

The first one was of course the new girl Heather. As far as I am aware this was her first day at this school and that she was some sort of exchange student. I am not yet sure what she thinks of dragon killing classes or this school for that matter but I could already tell that I disliked her. Still my first impressions have been wrong before and she might actually be a good ally in later timesâ€¦. Might.

That only left one person in my class and that person wasâ€¦. Hiccup. The schools/towns klutz, the boy he doesn't even eat in the lunchroom, the assistance of belching Gobber, ticking time bomb of disaster and the only person in this entire school I could never understand the one person I could never for the life of me figure out. And this gave him the potential of being my greatest threat. but then again boy was clumsy and a prime target for bullies and after what he did to me yesterday I doubt he will be any form of trouble for much longer.

In truth I would rather stay far away from Hiccup and the trouble he caused. Personally I would rather leave him alone and not bother myself with petty things like revenge, so he accidentally dumped a little smoothie on me so what? If he stuck around I would have done something bad to him but he ran away (And it quite impressively two). The only reason I'm still going on about punishing him is because my friends won't leave me alone to practice until I do (that and no one makes a full out of a Hofferson).

Other than that he was a nobody and a somebody like me shouldn't bother themselves withâ€| the likesâ€| of â€|.themâ€|.

"Sir why do we use swords and axes when there are perfectly good modern weapons like Shotguns and assault rifles? I don't mean to be rude or anything but aren't swords and stuff a little old fashion?" asked a female voice that I recognised as the new girls snapping me out of my thoughts. She sounded miffed and after the mouthing of Gobber gave her I wasn't really surprised.

"Well that's actually quite simple when you stop and think about it. Ye see dragons our big tuff creatures with hides thick enough to absorb most damage, their bone structure is sturdy as well making it incredibly hard to kill dragons with bullets alone, one dragon alone could have several magazines of bullets shot at it and shrug it off. Bullets and guns are also a lot more expensive then ye first think and to give everybody in town a gun and a stockpile of bullets is extremely expensive. plus we don't want another Outcast incidentâ€|." Said Gobber trailing of realising he had just mentioned something that he shouldn't of.

The Outcast incident was not exactly Berks best topic of discussion, it is rarely mentioned or thought about amongst us younger generation due to the fact that hardly any of us knew of what happened and those who did never told anyone else.

"There are plenty of other reasons we don't use guns those where just some of them but for now I won't bore ye to death with the details." Gobber quickly added. "So any more questions?" he asked.

I was about to ask him one about the point system when the bell went for next period. "All right everyone out ye get on to next class, oh yeah I almost forgot I'll be organisin' ye into ye groups tomorrow so ye better attend or ye out of this class!" Gobber bellowed over the sound of two dozen students packing up their gear and leaving the classroom.

As I exit the door I could not help but let lose a faint sigh, I would hate to be Henry Usedon to be tomorrow in fact if it was any worse for the boy I would nearly pity him.

Hmmm maybe I should leave Astrid alone for a while so I can figure out her characterâ€| **or I could work with this. Oh yes and today I'm going to try something a little different for the end of my story. Today I'm going to give you a sneak peak to the next chapter.
**

My vision blurred as my heart began to race faster and faster with in my chest painfully reaching out and slamming itself over and over again against my ribcage. I would have screamed but my voice no longer worked instead all I did was inhale and exhale massive

quantities of air. The pain continued to lick its way across my skin like a bush fire becoming more excruciating with every passing moment untilâ€¦

Nothing.

And that was when I first heard it; it started as just a mere whisper that at first I thought it was just a figment of my imagination until it came again this time a louder and more bolder. The sound return again and again getting louder and clearer every time when all of a sudden I heard.

_Who are you? _

**So what do you think should I make this a usual thing or? I leave that up to you. **

**Sticks and stones may break bones but a good wack to the head with a hammer will be sure to kill. **

Thor-Born signing out.

11. Lost in the woods

**Well my holiday within a holiday is over now. Now it's back to work: that is if you call work being trying to make this story at least half decent for you readers. So let's get down to business shall we? **

**StorSpeaker: **I can't really confirm or deny that all I can say is that you're kind of barking up the wrong tree in the park.

**Centh: **Well I guess my sneak peck did what it was meant to do then.

**Ds29: **Well thankyou for the kind words, and about the larger chaptersâ€¦. As from this chapter onwards the chapters will be getting bigger due to the story needing them to be but it will be a slow going.

Hiccup POV.

Getting lost within Raven Point Forest is considered one of the worst ways to die around here.

in a place where getting gored, eaten or burned to death by giant monstrous lizards was a part of everyday life you would think that most people would fear being eaten by something like a Whispering Death or being burnt to death by a Nightmare; but no it isn't. most people around here if not all of them where use to Dragons theorizing them on a daily basis and other then the Grapple Grounder which had a nasty habit of turning its prey inside out most of the deaths dragons could cause were often quick, painful but quick. And depending on whom you asked some would say dying by Dragon was a good way to go.

I think those people have taken to many blows to the head from a dragon or from each other.

What made dying in Raven Point forest worse than any death a dragon was the fact that you had no idea how or when it will happen. You don't know if it will take days or a matter of minutes for you to kick the bucket in these woods, you don't know if you will simply die of starvation or by the paws of a hungry animal and that was only the more common causes of deaths in the maze of bark.

So naturally I felt myself drawn to the danger of the woods.

Where most saw a dangerous Forrest that should be left alone unless absolutely necessary I saw a way to make my life more daring then it already was. Now that I think about it I have always had an unseen pull towards danger be it angering the most dangerous girl at school or running head first into a dragon raid I always found myself charging into it be it by accident or by purpose. So it was only natural that I found myself spending a lot of my free time walking in the 'murderous' woods.

Back when I was young getting lost in the woods was never that much of a big deal to me, in fact it was rather low on my list of problems. Most of the time the reason why I was lost in the woods in the first place was to escape my list of problems and the horrible life I was living at the time.

But as I got older and I began to explore more and more of the forest getting lost became harder and harder for me to achieve until eventually I knew the woods surrounding Berk like they were a second home to me. I even believe it would be safe to say I know these woods even better than the hunters that have been working in theses woods for decades.

None of that was helpful to me now.

The area of the Raven Point forest, if this was still Raven Point Forrest at all was utterly alien to me be it how the trees grew so tall they completely blocked out the sky or how the grass grew more wilder. I tried to return the way I came but it seemed no matter which direction I travelled the forest continued to become thicker and wilder with every step I took be it forward, back, left or right.

When I was young I had heard stories about Raven Point Forest being a highly magical place populated by Gnomes and Trolls from my Mother and Gobber. Some would say that was what sparked my interest with the highly mysterious Forest and for my earlier it was, I would spend countless hours searching (more often or not with the assistance of my mother) For All sorts of mystical creatures that supposedly lurked in these woods. After about a year of finding nothing but a few stray wolves and other animals of the forest that where curious as to why such a young human would willingly enter the forest and risk their life over and over again. Eventually my mother told me that at the centre of all forests there is a place called the Heart of the woods, it was where the forest magic was strongest and it was where the forest first took up root.

I never had the chance to search the woods for the mystical place my mother described to me for she died only a few days afterwards throwing both me and my father into grief. I never bothered to go looking for the so called heart of the woods after that, the mere thought of searching for it brought tears to my eyes.

As I got older I began to see the flaws in magical woods where Magical creatures like trolls and pixies lived and I started to focus on the more important things in life like trying to survive school and killing dragons. In time I almost forgot about the Heart of the woodsâ€¦. Almost.

And now as I walk deeper and deeper into the unknown part of the forest I begin to wonder if there was some truth to the stories I was told as a child and that now after all these years I have found that truth.

The place could defiantly pass as a magical forest in the looks department. The trees grew tall and healthy blocking out large portions of the sky leaving only small patches of light here and their giving it that eerie feeling whilst still giving me enough light to see around me. the grass and other floor dwelling plants stayed close to the ground and would constantly brushing against my legs, it made me feel weird and the fact that the grass was somewhat wet only added to my discomfort. An ankle deep fog coved the ground as far as I could see; occasional disturbances from either the wind or living creature made it appear as if it was moving along the forest floor like a sea of smog. Mushrooms of all shapes and colours grew upon old logs, they appeared larger than most mushrooms I have seen in my life time and much cleaner than your average forest growing Mushroom.

And it wasn't just the look that made it seem magical but the feel two. The air felt cold against my skin but unlike the teeth chattering cold winds of Berk the air felt almost pleasant as it brushed against my skin. But there was something else in the air but coldness, something that made me feel differentâ€¦.

Any thoughts of the air were immediately swept by the marvel that I stumbled upon. I must have gone into a sort of sleep walk like state because the area had changed dramatically from the woods I was walking in just a moment ago. What was once a dense forest had spread out into an eerie looking clearing. The once ankle high mist has risen so it was nearly touching my knees and had become much thicker so thick in fact I couldn't even make out my own feet . but the most strangest thing by far had to be what lurked at the centre of the clearing.

Their rising majestically from the sea of fog was the biggest tree I have ever seen and when I say big I mean big. The trunk was twice as wide as my father and at least 10 times his height. The branches rose high above me covering up the sky with their beyond healthy looking leaves, I couldn't help but notice that the branches spread out to cover most of the surrounding area with a few gaps here and their letting in some light. The roots that weren't lost with in the mist covered the surrounding area of the tree, the roots rose in and out of the fog giving it a strange look to it. But the strangest thing about this tree was the shape the bark formed upon the trunk, a face made of bark and dried sap covering most of the trunk facing me.

That'sâ€¦. creepy.

My gut was telling me to get the hell out of here; this place wasn't meant to be seen by human eyes more pacifically my human eyes. But my

mind was to wrapped up in the marvel that was the tree only a few meters away from me.

Before I could get a closer look to examine the strange tree a familiar pain returned to my left arm. I watched horrified and immobilised in pain as my left arms markings began to glow violently making its way up my arm once more, I would have been amazed if it did not hurt so much. The lights slowly made its way up my arm making my nerves feel as if they had caught ablaze, the pain continued to climb higher and higher turning my arm numb as it went.

Eventually after the pain covered most of my left arm it began to expand up to consume my shoulder before slowly making its way across my bare chest and upper back causing the pain to triple. The pain spread like wild fire covering the top left part of my chest and back, I curl myself up in a ball as the pain eats my body.

My vision blurred as my heart began to race faster and faster with in my chest painfully reaching out and slamming itself over and over again against my ribcage. I would have screamed but my voice no longer worked instead all I did was inhale and exhale massive quantities of air. The pain continued to lick its way across my skin like a bush fire becoming more excruciating with every passing moment untilâ€¦

Nothing.

And that was when I first heard it; it started as just a mere whisper that at first I thought it was just a figment of my imagination until it came again this time a louder and more bolder. The sound return again and again getting louder and clearer every time when all of a sudden I heard.

_Who are you? _

The voice sounded old and if it was straining for the person to speak, you could hear the power radiate in his voice. The voices sound plus its near suddenness sent my reflexes into overdrive, I jumped out of my ball and spined around on the spot my senses on high alert. My body still ached from the pain that only a moment ago had consumed parts of my body so I was unable to do anything but stand and even that was straining me. As I stood up I notice that the mist surrounding me has grown thickerâ€¦.. And change colour? The mist now had a tint of green to it, the mist appeared to be glowing in the tint of the moon lightâ€¦. Wait Moon light? I could have sworn it was midday a few minutes agoâ€¦

I repeat, who are you?

The voice once again snapped me away from my thoughts, but unlike last time I was able to pinpoint where the sound was coming from. Behind me. but that couldn't be right my back was nearly up against the giant treeâ€¦. With a faceâ€¦ could it be?

I turn around slowly to find myself face to bark with the tree face its sap filled eyes staring down at me. looking closely I noticed that the pieces of bark that made up the face where moving around building wood like expressions. Their eyes of the tree face where made of sap glowing slightly in the darkness.

_It is impolite to stare, now who are you? _

The comment caused me to blink several times. "Excuses me?" I asked still stunned by the talking tree. This couldn't be real; this was the type of think you see in fairy tales not real life. This must be a dream. Yeah that's right I just fell over and hit my head as I was walking home this is all just one messed up dream. Just to make sure I give myself a small pinch on the right arm, pain shot up my right arm causing my eyes to water a little bit.

Ok so I'm not dreamingâ€¦|..

_Who are you? _

The Tree bellowed again obviously frustrated at my unwillingness to answer its question. I don't know about anyone else but pissing of a talking tree was something I do not want to be doing anytime soon. "Hicc- Henry Horrendous Haddock the third." I said obediently hopping that the tree would not pick up on my little mistake.

_I am not looking for Names Child that knowledge has been in my position for a long time, I seek to know who you are. _

Ok so a tree that not only talks but speaks in riddles to brilliant just bloody brilliant.

"Well I'm also called Hiccupâ€¦|. then there is useless Klutz, Mistake, Fishbone, Useless-"I begin to list sarcasm dripping in my tone. The ground shook violently and the tree began to... Growl in frustration.

_Child you miss understand me, I do not want to know what others think you are I want to know who you think you are. _

Ok this was surprising. Very few people have ever asked for my opinion and even fewer actually want the answer I had to offer. I thought about the question for the moment. Who do I think I am actually? Know that I think about it I never had my own opinion of myself I had always been worried with what others saw of me. And what they saw was a weak Kid that was nothing more than a useless Klutz and I guess that's what I thought of myself as well.

No, that's not right. I was more than that I was much more than that.

I don't know where the thought came from but it seemed to spark something deep within me. Thought began to feel my mind, thoughts and ideas that boosted my moral. I wasn't, useless I was far from it people just needed to see that with their own eyes. "I'm more than everyone else thinks." I said confidence radiating from my body much like the blue aura that radiated from my tattooed areas of my body, strange I did not realise that was happening right nowâ€¦|

The trees expression changed from stoic to a much more relaxed smile.

Even more then you think young oneâ€¦|..

Okâ€¦| this conversation has officially gone from weird to weirder. "What do you mean more then I think?" I ask the tree face as it

stared of into the horizon. Its sap like eyes looked tiredly at me no sign of any expression within them.

_Your Destiney has been sealed a long time ago child. _

"My destiny?" I ask the tree. I have a destiny? Since when did that happen? Was it something I did? My eyes subconsciously trailed down to my left arm to the Tattoo that's glow still illuminated my surroundings. This thing couldn't help but make my life worse than it already is.

_Yesâ€|. A Destiny that will decide whether your people burn in the flames of their damnation or the bathe in the pools of redemptionâ€|all that is burdened upon you young one.

_

Congratulations Tattoo you did it! You made my life worse! And your prize is, drum roll pleaseâ€|. My eternal hatred towards you.

"Well that's justâ€|Great." I mutter my voice dripping with sarcasm. "How do you know about any of this in the first place? And who are you?" I ask trying to get more information out of the tree, The knowledge that I'm either going to set everyone on fire or give them all a bath. Both options where going to be difficult when it came to people like Gobberâ€| gods that man is like an oversized dog when it came to Bath day, but that would be taking what he said way to seriously and that I fear will be making it too easy for me.

_Knowledge Is available to those who seek it, you just need to know where to find it. As for who I amâ€|. I have many namesâ€|. The people who once lived here called menagi tanka Me ti goo'meez. I have had many names since then like the spirit of Raven Point, Guardian of the forestâ€| and The Heart of the Woods. _

My hearts skips a beat, so I was rightâ€| the Heart of the woods was real, my mother had spoken the truthâ€|. But that was not the answer I wanted. "I don't want to know what other people think you are I want to know what do you think you are." I said staring at the trees sap eyes. If it was even possible I could have sworn the tree gave me a wink and a smile.

_Well Child I see myself as many thingsâ€|. A teacher, A guide. But in truth I'm just an old tree in an old forest who simply has something to sayâ€| but in the end I'm just a tree, it's who I am and in the end it's who I want to be. _

_Think about what I have said today young one, and maybe one day you two will find your place in the worldâ€| _

Before I could say anything else on the matter the green mist surrounding me sprang to life And began to slowly consume my body within a cocoon of green fog. My vision began to blur and I found that I could no longer breathe. I could feel myself slowly slip into subconscious with every second that passed. The last thing I heard before I fainted was:

Your Destiny is closer than you thinkâ€| you cannot change it, _but as to your fateâ€|. Only the ones that right it knowâ€|. _

And with that I blacked out.

****Unknown POV. ****

I walked into the clearing where the tree Spirit resides my eyes trained upon the unconscious child laying in a new hole in the mist. Once I finally reach the body of the boy I lean down to check his pulse, it was there but it was faint. I proceeded to scoop him up in my arms, the boy was heavier than I had expected but that might have something to do with what the poor boy was going through.

_You are aware that that much exposure to the Mist should have killed him? _

I turn my head to face the old tree. "Yes, I wasâ€¦" I said my thoughts trailing off. I will never understand the mist or how it worked but a fact that I was aware of was that the mist was lethal to mortals in high dosesâ€¦. The boy should have died.

_He is quite a remarkable young childâ€¦. But I do wonder what his choice will be when the time comesâ€¦. _

"So do Iâ€¦. so do Iâ€¦." I mutter as I carry the boy out of the clearing and into the direction of his home.

****Looks like Hiccup got a lot on his plate now, the fate of his town rest in his hands just imagine having to deal with a responsibility like thatâ€¦. I wonder how much more I can throw at the boyâ€¦. ****

****You have no idea how much this changed from my original plan for this chapter in fact nearly everything you have just read was not part of my starting plan. ****

****Well that's enough from me but before I sign off I want to ask you to do this for meâ€¦. ask yourself who are you? Every once and a while, then ask yourself if you are being that person right now or have you locked it away in the deep dark corner of your mind? ****

****This is Thor-Born saying your beautiful for who you are. ****

****Tor signing off. ****

12. House visit

****All right now that we've set up Hiccup with a huge problem how about we give the poor boy a break shall we? ****

****Storspeaker: **You have no idea my friendâ€¦.. No idea.**

****Centh: **It will take a while but yes they will get longer and hopefully better and I hope I don't get writer's block as well.**

****Ds29:** And I assure you there is more to come, I still have a few ideas I want to throw out there into this story. Plus it was only Hiccup who changed his surname not him and Astrid. Astrid does not have a reason to change her surname; she is proud of who she is and**

believes that she brings honour to her family.

****The very next day.****

Jemiskneir was not in a good mood as he stood at the front door of the Haddock household.

As he stood on the front porch in the cold early morning winds of berk getting more and more frustrated with every passing minute he couldn't help but ask himself one question: How bloody long does it take for one person to answer a stupid door? Jemiskneir had been standing on the front porch of the House ever since 6AM, An hour and a half later of door knocking, ringing door bells and yelling some rather creative swear words and he was still out in the freezing cold waiting for the door to open and allow him entrance.

It wasn't the cold that bothered the giant of a man, he has had to walk through far worse before and with even less clothing. Nor was it the job he was assigned either, even tho it wasn't in his usual line of work and the job itself was rather boring and simple but it was a job none the less. What really got him angry about the whole ordeal was the wait.

Normally Jemiskneir had a lot of patience's, he had to when he had to deal with half the people he does. Today however he 'woke up on the wrong side of the bed' if you call a bed a beat up sleeping bag in the middle of a made shift shelter. In simple terms he was not in a good mood and the fact that he has had little to eat or time to sleep for the last few weeks did not help improve his rotten move either. This lack of basic needs was part of his life as a wanderer and he has grown to accept that long ago (not that he had that much of a choice to begin with).

The worse part about the wait was that he had nothing to do whilst he waited upon the porch other then look at the bland scenery that was early morning Berk and its surroundings. He couldn't do anythingâ€¦|. Interesting while waiting for the boy out of fear of being spotted by a passing car or local, if that happens the quiet little town might not be so quiet anymore. He could not leave the porch without risking missing the boy and he wasn't nearly pissed of enough to break his way inâ€¦|. nearly.

Jemiskneir was willing to give the boy five more minutes before he resorted to causing property damage. Standing here on the porch in the eerily morning sun (well what was available that is) he could not help but feel his mind slip into memory lane.

****10 years ago. ****

Not even the heavy rain that poured down relentlessly in the late hours of the night could wash away the fresh layer blood _that covered Jemiskneir's clothes and body. The smell of the strange mixture of Human, Dragon and his own blood sent his nostril into a frenzy trying to figure out who's blood belonged to who's. Blood that was his doing, Blood that was on his hands. _

_And he was sick of it. _

_He was sick of doing this over and over and over again expecting this seemliness endless cycle of death to end. He had hoped for a

long time that it would not come to this but right now he only had one option left. _

_He willed his eyes to glow brighter until they were like miniature flashlights in his skull lighting his path in the darkness. He must admit the glowing red eyes had some very nice pros especially when one of them helps you read in the dark, so what if it scared the shit out of people at times he liked it. _

_Jemiskneir made his way out of town as quickly as he could occasionally stopping to assist a few injured Towns people here and there, 'put out' rouge fires that still managed to burn even with the heavy down pour of rain. As he arrived on the outskirts of the town he heard the faint distress call of a dragon. He stopped dead still and proceeded to scan his surroundings, eventually he located the sounds to a Nadder trapped under a weighted net. It appeared to be young barley entering its adolescence. The dragon tried helplessly to free itself from its imprisonment. its desperate attempt to escape only became worse as Jemiskneir slowly approached his sword drawn and glowing in the light of his eyes. _

_The Nadder froze in terror as the giant man stood over its immobilized body raising its blood stained sword high into the sky ready to bring it down upon the defenceless Nadder. The Nadder closed its eye preparing itself for the fate that all dragons that where caught at the mercy of the humans. _

_Jemiskneir swang his sword in a downwards arcâ€¦ but he did not chop through scale or flesh. _

_When the Nadder reopened its eyes the ropes where cut and the man had disappeared from its sight. The dragon quickly got to its feet surveying the area for any sign of the human that had only been here a few seconds ago. Warily the dragon proceeded to shake of the now loose ropes tied around its body before taking to the air fleeing from the ruined town. _

_After watching the dragon flee the area Jemiskneir let lose a sigh, there had already been enough blood on the battlefield today, there was no need for more. After the dragon was clear out of his sight he once again began his slow walk towards the towering House known as the Haddocks household. As the building became closer and closer the faint glow of buildings lights becoming clearer. _

_As he walked closer and closer Jemiskneir made out the silhouette of two large men standing in the faint light of the porch chatting to each other their discussion muffled by the rain and the night sounds. As Jemiskneir came closer to the house the silhouettes became clearer to him reviling that the two large men where in fact Gobber and Stoick: just the two he was looking for. _

_As Jemiskneir approached the house Gobber was the first to spot him, Gobber proceeded to speak to Stoick who simply shooed Gobber inside with a wave of his hand. Gobber opened his mouth in protest but closed it a few seconds later, As Jemiskneir climbed the steps of the porch Gobber went inside the house giving both men a aggressive stare before closing the door behind him. _

"_They will pay for what they have doneâ€¦" Stoick said not taking and eye of the dark horizon. "Every last one of them will pay for

what they have taken from meâ€¦" he continued his voice filled with coldness and aggression. "Who will pay Stoick? The Dragons? The Outcast? Who lives will you take just to get your petty revenge?" asked Jemiskneir his red eyes locked onto the mayors head as he tried to decipher what the man was thinking. _

"_All of themâ€¦ every single one of themâ€¦" Stoick said his voice colder than the air around them. "You do realise that grief is fogging your mind do you? You're not think straight Stoick. Do you not see that to attempt such a stupid crusade in the name of grief will only cause you more?" question Jemiskneir. "You have no idea what I am going through!" Stoick yelled his voice booming with rage. "Oh but I do! You think you are the only one to have lost loved ones? To have the dreaded feeling of grief consume your insides? Stoick I know it's hard but you are going to have to let go, your people need youâ€¦ your son needs you, both you and I know that Valka wouldn't want you to sit here and mope about her. She would want you to be strong Stoick and for you to lead your people." Jemiskneir said trying to reason with the grief struck man. _

"_DON'T YOU DARE SPEAK OF HER LIKE THAT!" Stoick roared his eyes burning with rage. "YOUR NOT EVEN GOOD ENOUGH TO SPEAK HER NAME!" he continued the hurt was clear in his voice. "You want to know why I followed you through thick and thin, Why Valka loved you the way she did? It was because we both saw the same thingâ€¦. We saw a person who was willing to do anything for the people he carried for, a man who was not just another warmonger but a true leader a leader who could end these wars one way or another." Jemiskneir continued ignoring the pained look on Stoicks Face. _

"_But I am going to end this war!" said Stoick "I'm going to end this war for Valka." Stoick said his voice was stern and it sound as if he was talking to himself. "She would not want this much suffering in her na-" Jemiskneir never finished his sentence for Stoick delivered a sucker punch to his face. Jemiskneir stumbled backwards a few feet caught unprepared by Stoicks suddenness. Jemiskneir resisted the urge to hit the man back knowing all too well how little it would do to help him in his favour, so he just stood there and stared at the hate filled eyes of the mayor. _

"_Leave my townâ€¦. And never come backâ€¦." Stoick said coldly his face as emotionless as a stone. Jemiskneir simply nodded before beginning the slow walk down the hill once more. _

_When he was about 10 meters away from the Haddock house he felt a strange tingly feeling run down his spine, he was now being watched by a new unknown set of eyes. Jemiskneir turned back to the Haddock house but he did not look at the man watching him from the porch. He looked up at one of the many windows of the home and what he saw intrigued him. Young bright green eyes were watching him from the window following his every move. He knew these eyes belonged to that of the Youngest Haddock the child named Henry. he had always liked that boy for some reason, he would often tell stories to the child and keep an eye on him to protect him from danger but he was sure why until now. _

In that child was the thing he had lost, in the boy named Henry was the hope he had for the survival of Berk.

**Present day. **

And even to this day Jemiskneir still saw that hope in that boy, a hope that was for him too precious to lose. For a time he went behind Stoicks back to keep an close eye on the boy, constantly making secret visits to the town to make sure the child was safe and that the boy's father in his rage would not become abusive of the small defenceless child.

Luckily Stoick showed himself to be stronger then child abuse so at least Hiccup was safe from that. Over the time of Jemiskneir's 'observing' of the Haddock family he noticed that Stoick at times was a good father, but he was a father with more reasonability's then most so he could not always be there for his son.

Thankfully He wasn't the only one that was keeping an eye on the boy as well; Gobber had also shown a relative interest in the boy. While Jemiskneir became Hiccup unqualified guardian angel Gobber was a second father to the child. And tho Jemiskneir would never admit it he was in debt to the crippled man for convincing Stoick to allow Jemiskneir to once again freely enter the town as he wished. In many ways Gobber had unknowably assisted Jemiskneir in preserving the Boy and the Hope within him.

"All right times up." Jemiskneir said to himself as he began to close in on the Haddock door. He stopped just in front of the door and began to evaluate his options. From the way he saw it he could have A) Kick in the door or B) pick the lock. Jemiskneir took a few seconds to weight his option before finally coming to a conclusion.

With a nice solid thud the door flung open due to the powerful kick Jemiskneir delivered to it. standing back to admire his work Jemiskneir couldn't help but ponder something, normally he would have to apply some effort in kicking open a locked door so why was this one so easy. Out of curiosity he grabbed the door handle and turned it.

Jemiskneir mentally slapped himself for how stupid he had been; the door was unlocked all along how could he have missed that?

Shaking the thought from his head he began to slowly make his way through the house searching for the young child that lived there. As he searched room after room worry began to weigh his movements down, what If the boy was not home? Where would that boy have gotten of to? He wouldn't been at school that was for sureâ€|. Gobber was at the workshop at the moment and he was the one who sent Jemiskneir to talk to the childâ€|. could the boy be with the Dragon he spoke of?

Jemiskneir was about to leave the house through the back screen door when he noticed something strange in the lounge room. The entire room appeared as if it had played host to an entire wrestling league. Furniture had been toppled over, pictured hanged horizontal on the wall and bits and pieces of items scattered where scatted along the floor. But what caught his attention the most was the set of familiar legs pinned under the toppled over couch.

"Hiccup?"

**Hiccup POV. **

I think I am losing my mind.

Glowing tattoos, talking to Dragons, mystical talking trees, waking up pinned under a couch for some unknown reason and now I was starting to hear voices. Now that I think about it crazy might be an understatement for what I was experiencing.

"What are you doing under the couch?" the voice asked again. This time the voice was clearer than before and a lot bolder. The voice was familiar but I just couldn't place it, I have heard it before but I just couldn't pinpoint from where. "I don't know why my own strange imagination why don't you tell me?" I asked sarcastically. "Oh I assure you my friend I am not figment of the imagination, for anyone." Said the voice as a looming silhouette of a man came into my view casting a long shadow over my body. But what really got my attention where the two faint red glowing lights where the man's eyes should have been.

"Jemiskneir?..." I asked trying to make out more details of the man. "The one and only." He replied crouching down so he was closer to my level. "OH thank the gods!... umm do you think you can.. Help me out here?" I asked trying not to sound too needy of his assistance. Jemiskneir grinned at me before effortlessly lifting up the couch in one hand and using his free hand to grab me by the shirt and pulling me up high into the air, my feet dangled a good few feet of the ground.

Jemiskneir's raw size and strength was by itself impressive to behold but the way Jemiskneir used both with such ease always made me wonder as to how he came to be this way, was it simply a natural gift that he harnessed and improved through natural things like working out? or was it something else a little more interesting and mysterious that I and I doubt that many other than Jemiskneir knew about. A small smile came across my face at the memory of a younger me asking Jemiskneir if he was a superhero after witnessing him stop a moving car with his bare hands. When I was older I asked him about his supposed 'natural' abilities where he simply replied that It came with the Job.

What was his Job anyway? As far as I knew all he ever did was walk around the world and according to him solves problems. But what type of problems; was he a mercenary? A bounty hunter? A soldier? He would definitely fit the type and the fact that he always carried weapons and armour even if he was not wearing them at the time could defiantly stand for something.

My thoughts were interrupted when Jemiskneir suddenly dropped me from onto the floor and from the loud thud of the couch having a much softer landing than I did. "What did the couch do to get special treatment?" I ask standing up so I could at least be closer to Jemiskneir's eye level. "I didn't want to make this place more of a mess than it already is, plus I like the sound you make when you get surprised by something" he replied. More of a mess? What was he talking about? What in the name of all that is right in the world happened? The entire place looked as if a miniature hurricane decided to stay the night! "What happened here!" I yell, oh my gods dad is going to kill me when he gets home!

"I don't know, but I do know that you have to go to school today." Said Jemiskneir his tone casual enough that I was unable to process

what he had said until a minute later. "What? No! I can't go to school!" I said shocked. "Oh come on Hiccup the girl can't kill you, horribly disfigure you yes but Kill? That's pushing it a little too far." Jemiskneir joked as he picked up an apple from the nearby fruit basket. "NO! it's not because of HER it's because of THIS!" I said freaking out, rolling up my left sleeve to reveal the faintly glowing Tattoo. Jemiskneir dropped the apple in mid bite.

Jemiskneir did not pull his eyes away from my Tattoo, his skin turned unnaturally pale and his eyes glowed brighter than I have ever seen them glow. He looked like he had seen a Ghostâ€¦

I have never before seen him this shocked before. True he could be surprised by sometimes but that was once in a blue moon. To see him this utterly shocked was extremely worrying. "How far has it spread?" Jemiskneir asked his voice had a deep tone of seriousness to it. How did he know about the spreading? Was it really that obvious? And the way he talked about the Tattooâ€¦. Like it was some sort of incurable disease that would cause me great pain and a horrible deathâ€¦. "If what happened last night was realâ€¦ then it's just covered the left side of my chest." I replied the fear clear in my tone. "Umm Hmm, what of the Night Fury?" he asked grabbing my left arm to examine it.

He knew that the Night fury was having the same problem I had as well? How did he know so much already? "It Ahh seems to spread at the same time mine does â€¦. What do you know about this thing?" I said gesturing to the Tattoo my voice nervous as hell. "Not as much as I wishâ€¦. But the stuff I do knowâ€¦. well it's not my place to say right nowâ€¦. But this changes thingsâ€¦." Jemiskneir said whilst mumbling several other sentences. Oh well that's just perfect my first actual lead on this growing nascence is a guy for some unknown reason can't tell me anything.

"So does that mean I don't have to go to school?" I ask my voice filled with hope, maybe this was what I needed to save my skin. "You would be so lucky." Jemiskneir said destroying any hope I had at ridding this storm out within my home. "You go upstairs and get ready for school, try and make sure that you keep that little tattoo of yours a secret alright? Your school life is hard enough as it is without having to deal with a glowing Tattoo. While you do that I'll deal with this mess." Said Jemiskneir, his eyes burned intensely as he waited for my response.

I just nodded.

**30 minutes later. **

Jemiskneir Had already managed to clean up most the mess while I was getting ready for school. He had offered to make breakfast but Jemiskneir's cooking was a lot like him; strange. He was better than my father and Gobber but it still had this strange taste to it, the type of taste that you would expect from someone who lives their life on the road.

I politely refuse his offer and head off to the kitchen to prepare something for myself. I was in no rush so I managed to have an actual meal other than my usual rushed toast. Half way through eating my breakfast Jemiskneir walked in and dumped a bag along with a heavy looking axe on the table. "You sure are taking this seriouslyâ€¦" I

mutter between bites. "You have to take your job seriously and right now my job is to make sure you get to school." Said Jemiskneir his eyes seemed somewhat cold, how that is even possible when your eyes are basically on fire is beyond me.

"You're getting paid to bring me to school?" I asked trying to sound a little hurt by the news. A small grin formed over his face was the only answer I needed. "May I ask by who?" I continued, if I was getting forced by someone to go to School I might as well know. "Gobber and your Dad." Jemiskneir replied his eyes not making contact with mine. "I thought you don't take jobs from my dad anymore." I said my eyes trained on him. "I don't fight for your father anymore yes but that does not mean I cannot take Jobs from him." Jemiskneir spoke as if the matter was no concern to him.

I was about to question him further when a sudden familiar honking caught my attention. Gobber and his 'bus of fun' had arrived. "I think that's our queue to leave don't you?" Jemiskneir asked me his eyes once again as bright as they always where. I released a small sigh before grabbing my bag and with great effort lifted the large axe with both arms wrapped around it. Jemiskneir released a not so subtle sigh before effortlessly ripping the axe from my grip with one hand and pointed at the front door with it in a clear get moving know type of fashion.

.with a small sigh of my own I began a slow stroll out the door and towards the bus a towering man with an axe in hand following me like a shadow.

Better get this over with.

**That Chapter was a little longer then I originally planned. **

**I know most people just do this to add drama to their story but Stoick never really seemed to be the Abusive father type. He is a bad father at times yes but that is because he has no idea how to be good father and what do you expect when his only role model was a man who made him hit his head against a rock? **

**Even the strong need help, but only the strongest are willing to accept it. **

**Thor-Born signing out. **

13. Welcome to Dragon training

**Sigh. From the reviews I'm getting lately I'm starting to wonder how many of you are actually reading the story. It's just most of the reviews I get these days just seem really blunt and it doesn't feel like you guys are actually talking about my story. But then again maybe I've just been thinking too much about what a writing friend of mine said. **

**Anyway let's see if we can get this story more along the lines of the movie, all right. **

**StorSpeaker: **Oh you will find out this chapter.

**TheSingingowl: **Sigh see what I mean?

****Centh: ****what was 'cool' Centh? The chapter itself? How it was written? How I worked the characters and story? If you want me to make more chapters like this you're going to have to give me more information than that was cool.

****Sorry** if I offended anyone with my snappiness I just haven't been in a good mood recentlyâ€|. My dog died and it's been hard getting over his deathâ€|.. That and I nearly lost some of my friends and family to some fireâ€|. Neither of them have been good on my mood.******

****Hiccup POV. ****

I have never been this horrified of School in my entire life.

Ever since I first started School my entire school life has revolved around the concept of surviving thought it and the improvement on that life. For most of my school like I barely managed to scrape by, dodging the Bullies, getting good grades, not pissing off the popular kids and to not under ANY circumstance eat the cafeteria unless you want to spend the rest of the day in the toilet creating a stink that could kill fly's. This year however was possibly going to be my hardest I will ever experience. Not only have I managed to break 3 of my 4 unofficial rules on the first day of going to school.

Now the bullies and the popular were out for my blood, and thanks to a certain class which I will not name *cough*Dragon class*Cough* most of them were now armed with weaponsâ€|that they have been practicing with their entire lives.

I had to face there were two reasons I was even alive at the moment. One was a grumpy half crippled blonde man sitting in the driver's seat mumbling to himself about the council for some strange reason. The other was a 7 foot 5 man sitting next to me giving anyone who dared walk through the front doors of the bus a fiery eyed death glare. But they wouldn't be around me foreverâ€| and when the time came I fear that I may not leave this year with the same amount of limbs I had when I entered.

Then there was this strange Tattoo. The whole concept of the Tattoo was alien to me, it glowed different colours but normally stuck with a light blue and it caused great pain when it expanded across my body. Then there was the fact that it made Jemiskneir a man who could stare down a Whispering Death, turn pale by only looking at it. In my books that isn't good. The question was what do I do about it? For now it appears I could hide its faint glow under two layers of clothing, it was uncomfortable but it worked. But my mind couldn't help but wonder what would happen if it spread to an area of my skin unprotected by clothing, or if the glowing got worse. How would people react when they discovered my littleâ€|. Problem.

I guess I'll have to cross that bridge when I come to itâ€|. Speaking of dealing with my problemsâ€|

The bus comes to a sudden stop outside the Plaza Mall. The large white building shined brightly in the morning sun. The sound of hammers and workers could be heard from here as they worked to fix the damage done to the plaza by the recent dragon attack. It looks like they were once again rebuilding the roof to the Food Court. Ever

since the Dragons first sniffed out the food hidden away within the walls of the plaza the place has been one of their main targets in every raid since, luckily it is never hit as hard as the docks or the warehouses so the Food court never stayed closed for long.

As the Bus door slid open I held my breath for what felt like forever as a familiar bundle of blonde hair made its way up the stairs and into the bus carrying a large familiar axe.

All right Hiccup it's time to face your fearsâ€¦|.

****Astrid's POV ****

That Boy was either the stupidest person on Berk or one of the Bravest. He showed up, he actually showed up. Why in the name of the Hofferson Ancestors did he show up? Did he think that all it would take was one day for my wraith to subside? Did he really believe that I would just leave him alone? oh how wrong he is, I'm going to teach that punk a lesson right here and now!

I was about to smash his face in when I notice the man sitting next to him. How in the name of the Family Axe did I miss him? The man was huge towering over everyone else in the bus sticking out like a saw thumb that was wrapped in an oversized trench coat. What caught my attention the most was his eyesâ€¦| they were like small balls of fire burning in the centre of his skull. The way he stared at me too was scaring the wit out of me, he was giving me a death glare with those burning eyes of his, but it seemed to be more than just a death glare. It was like he was dissecting me with his mind examining my insides but he was ignoring the organs and the bone, he was interested in something else within, was it possibly my soul? Well whatever it was he didn't look impressed. It sent shivers down my spine.

As I pull my eyes away from the man I take a small glimpse at the young boy sitting next to him. He looked like he was waiting for his death. His skin was pale and his body was as far back as the chair would allow him to go as he desperately tried to hide himself behind the larger man's shadow. The boy was scared shitless of me, he was scared of what I was going to do to him. He was terrified and he looked like he wished that he was somewhere else at the moment. So then why did he come?

Gods that boy is confusingâ€¦|.. no stop thinking about him Girl, as soon as you give him payback he is none of your concern.

I continue to make my way down the bus to the very end where I normally sit my axe in hand and my bag behind my back. Taking my seat I watch as the rest of my group made their way to join me at the back of the bus each of them stopping to look at Hiccup and the large man sitting next to him. Gobber in an extra cranky mood barked at them to move it along. What's got him so agitated? Did he lose some more socks again? I swear with the amount of socks that man losses on would think his claim about sock stealing trolls had some truth to them.

As the final person gets on the bus (the Heather Girl who was smart enough to sit up the front behind Hiccup). Because she is new I will cut her some slack, besides if you were willing to sit near the schools biggest Klutz and a man with Eyes like fire I bet you don't

really care about anything. Sigh. Sometime I wish I was like that. To not care about what others thought of me, to not have to continually worry about how I appeared to others. Not only would it allow me to practice longer, but maybe just maybe I would no longer feel like I was so false.

I'll never know, my pride and my need to be perfect will always stop me from knowing the truth.

Some (If people did know) would say that would be my weakness.

Yeah right, Astrid Hofferson does not have ANY weaknesses. In fact no Hofferson has ever shown weakness, my father made that very clear to me when I was younger. My father. He was a man everyone should look up to; he was strong, brave and fierce. The town nicknamed him Silent Sven because he lost his voice box after accidentally consuming the smoke of a Smothering Smokebreath (Its stuffed head now hangs in his study). At first he hated the nickname tho he could not express his distaste with words he could certainly make it clear with his actions, but eventually he learned to accept it. It was difficult growing up with a father that could not speak, sure I could talk to my mother but their were times I wished that my father could still talk. But even with his inability to talk he was still capable of teaching me everything I know about fighting. I was his pride and joy and I would continue to prove that I am worthy of that honour.

"So. How are we going to punish the twerp?" asked a voice to my right snapping me out of my deep thought. I turn around to see Ruffnuts face dangerously close to mine. I would have normally punched her in the face (out of reflexes or annoyance you pick) but the thought of my father's state had put me out of my reasonably good mood. "What twerp?" I asked trying to hide my sadness, it either worked or she just didn't seem to notice. "What do you mean what twerp? The punk who publicly embarrassed you! Don't tell me you're going to let him off that easy!" Ruffnut said her hand wildly waving in the direction of the front of the buss. "Umm beat him up? That's what we normally do right?" I asked, I already know the answer is yes but the glint in her eye made me curious.

"Really after everything he did you're going to beat him up? That brat is obviously not afraid of you, or any of us. Why else would he come to school other than to demonstrate that?" Said Ruffnut, wow Ruffnut was thinking, she must be getting serious. True Ruff and Tuff are hardly what people would call big thinkers, sometimes I wonder if their brains were even on half the time. If Ruff was willing to think she must be taking this very, very seriously. But what worried me most of all was that she had a point.

Then why did he look so scared? Was he just faking it? To lure me into feeling pity for him? Or was it real and I was just letting Ruff's words get to me? Oh my head hurts. "Umm not to be a drag or anything but I honestly think Hen.. I mean Hiccup has all right not to be afraid. I mean didn't you see the guy next to him? Even his glowing red eyes that burned a hole through your very soul looked dangerous." Said Fishlegs his voice getting quieter in fear as he went. Well at least I wasn't the only one who thought that there was something weird about that man.

"Please, there's nothing special about him." Said Snotlout (Gods

did that Nickname suit him, whoever came up with that name I have to congratulate them on It.) his voice soundedâ€¦ bitter. I looked over at the larger teen to find him staring out the window deep in thought; it was clear as daylight to me that he was trying to hide his anger. Snotlout's anger could only be matched by his boastfulness and pride, but this anger didn't seem like his usual temper tantrums it seemed to beâ€¦ channelled towards the man or was it Hiccup he was angry at?

"What ifâ€¦. We smash his head in." Tuffnut said breaking the silence that Snotlout made. Sigh, this was going to be one of these days.

****A few hours later. Hiccups POV. ****

This is bad.

It's not even lunch yet and I have already barely avoided death 7 times so far. Geese I knew avoided the bullies was going to be hard but I wasn't expecting it to be Running-to-class-narrowly-avoiding-getting-beaten-to-a-pulp kind of hard. Nearly everyone was out to get me and the ones that weren't were not exactly coming to my rescue. I could kind of understand why tho, nearly every boy my age and even more of the younger kids were crazy over Astrid and that they were willing to do anything to gain her attention and respect. They were just hormonal driven idiots, easy to outwit and even easier to avoid if you knew how, but their large numbers made it much more difficult.

Then there were the older kids. There were less of them than there were the younger ones but there still was a fair few. Most of them were just in it so they could snag her which when it came to teens I guess that was natural. They were more difficult to deal with due to the fact that they were (more often or not) stronger, smarter and much more skilled than most of the bullies I have to deal with. It took a lot more of my skill and ability to avoid them and even then it was barely enough.

Then there was DogBreath, He was by far the worse. He didn't care about what Astrid or anyone else thought of him, the only reason he was even getting involved in the whole situation was because so he had a reason to cause great pain upon me to satisfy his Sadistic simple mind. He was easily tricked and avoided but unlike the others it took a lot more to lose him.

But what really got me worried was the popular kids. So far all they have done was ignore me but I knew they had a plan, be it the glint of evil excitement in the twins eyes as they looked at me, or the evil grin Snotlout had on his face as I pass him or the sad worried look Fishlegs gave me whenever I saw the giant of a boy. I never got a chance to see Astrid's face however by the looks of the others whatever she has planned for me wasn't going to be good.

Sighâ€¦ this day would have gone a lot better if Jemiskneir decided to stick around, alas the giant thought it would be funny to disappear as soon as I got off the bus. I don't know how or when but I swear I'm going to make him pay for this.

I took a glimpse at my time table a moan escaped my mouth; Dragon training, lunch, a free section and then finally workshop. This was

the type of day I would normally look forward to but it all really depended on how Dragon training goes, yeah the rest of my day is going to be crap. Gobber has yet to tell me who I was going to be learn with whilst in dragon training but I could already tell that it was going to be working with Astrid's group. How did I know this? I wish I could say it was just a hunch but it felt like something moreâ€¦ deeper.

With my bag hanging off my right shoulder (I didn't get a chance to get to my locker ok?) And my arms grasped firmly around the axe my father gave me I made my way towards the arena.

As I ran towards dragon training I couldn't help but marvel at the arena as it stood me upon a large sea stack overlooking the cold ocean. parts of the sea stack rose high above the rest forming a natural giant stone wall along the side that was facing the ocean, some of the rocks were even over hanging above the arena itself The arena was connected to the mainland by a large wooden and concrete bridge that spanned across the gap. The arena itself was surrounded by several stone breaches which of course for now were empty; it wasn't until about half way through the semester did people come to watch the lesson. I bet most normal parents would be shocked to learn that most parents come to watch their kids duck it out against the dragons some of them even bet on which kid would be able to beat the dragon, it was sick yes but it sure beat watching all those reality TV shows. The arena itself was covered in a large metal chain web that I knew from personal experience could be charged up with electricity to stop any dragons from trying to escape. Standing above it all was the control room where one person could have literal control over everything that could happen in the arena; the dragon cells, the metal chains, the arenas walls, the security all of this would be under Gobbers control.

Gods save us.

I quickly made my way across the bridge to find Gobber waiting for me in front of what looks like a changing room. The crippled man had changed out of his normal clothes into his beaten and battle scared combat armour. Combat armour was first developed during World War 2 by the allied forces in an attempt to make armour suited for modern day combat (well there modern day combat). It worked but to an extentâ€¦ the armour was too bulky and heavy for any normal soldier to use (Along with the fact that they looked like they were made in scrapyards) , special soldiers (most of which came from the Scandinavian republic and settlements like Berk and Bogson) where trained to fight with the armour along with heavy weapons. Combat armour played a large role in D-day where a squadron of combat armoured troops stormed the beaches of Normandy massacring large numbers of Nazi soldiers. But it didn't take Nazi long to created their own Combat armour and the battles often ended in stain stills between a few armoured troops on both sides.

When the war ended America and its allies all but abandoned Combat armour in favour of Atomic weapons for what good was a man in armour when you could have a weapon that could destroy an entire city? But unlike the rest of the world which thought the only use for Combat armour was to be locked away in a museum collecting dust the people of Alaska and the Scandinavian republic saw a new use for it, a use to help deal with their unique pest problems. Over the years the Combat armour soon developed into something less suited for combat

against humans and more suited for battling dragons. They redesigned the armour so it was lighter and was capable to be used by anyone who had some upper body strength; The armour became more resilient to fire and physical attack.

These days everyone in Berk had their own Combat armour which that they were entitled to and had to keep in good condition.

**I don't want to bore you with a history lesson so let's get back to the story. **

Gobber gave me a sad look as I approached him his armour full of dents weather or not he has not had the time or bothered to fix it is beyond me but he always seemed to take pride in one or two of the scars. I looked up at my mentor his face was emotionless but I could still make out a range of emotion in his eyes relief, frustration, sadness and regret. "Ye late." He utters his eyes staring at me intensely. "I know." I replied my voice a lot more sturdier then I expected, I moved to enter the change rooms but Gobber put his arm up to stop me.

"Before we startâ€¦. I need to tell ye, I tried; I really tried to get ye moved to a different group but Gothi wouldn't take any of itâ€¦." "I know Gobber, its ok." I said my voice much calmer then I thought it should have been. I was going up against a dragon and very likely my fellow students, why was I so calm? "I still don't like thisâ€¦. But if ye willin' to try who am I to stop ye?" Gobber said his mood getting much lighter but I could still see some of the emotion swelling in his eyes. "Ye go get changed I'll go deal with the rest of the class." Said Gobber as he began his waddle to the entrance of the arena.

I watched silently as Gobber waddled off releasing a small sigh of relief. Gobber was a good friend and I'm glad that I have him but sometimes I wonder if he was just too good for me. All I have ever done was cause trouble even when I wanted to help. But no matter how difficult I made it for him Gobber always supported me and even proceeded to take me under his wing and what have I given him in return? Nothing more than a trouble making nuisance of an assistance.

Let's see if we can change thatâ€¦|

**A few minutes later. **

"Welcome to Dragon training!" yelled Gobber as he opened the main door to the arena. I watched unimpressed as the other members of my class marvelled in aware at the concrete walls that where scorched and smashed by the dragons that we kept there. The large metal doors where heavily fortified but even they looked like they had been through an onslaught of damage. This place had earned the title of arena for a gory reason and I have spent nearly every year at first hand. The proving, such a bloody and gory task but yet it was a great honour to who ever won. I have seen a lot of Proving's in my life and I have had to help Gobber with repairing this place at least every week. Whatever marvel that I had once had for the place was now depleted and replaced with an unspoken disgust for the place.

Whilst my fellow students occupied themselves with their surroundings I took my time to look them over. Fishlegs wore a large brown combat

armour custom fitted for his bulk and size a large one handed hammer was firm in his grasp. Snotlout wore a grey and light black combat armour already scared from previous use (It was one of the two hand me downs) he wielded a large mace with ease. The twins looked entirely identical in their matching set of armour the only way to tell the difference between the two the slight difference in their helmet design, they both wielded double ended spears. Astrid looked like she belonged in her Combat armour the most, she like Snotlout wore perused armour but unlike him she wore it out of the 'honour of her family' not because it looked cool, she held her axe firmly in her grasp an axe I know she spent hours practising with every day (I might have accidentally stumbled across her in the woods killing poor defenceless trees, huh I wonder what the spirit of the forest would say to her).

Compared to them I stuck out like a sore thumb that was wrapped up in a scrawniest version they could find of the combat armour and even that was too bulky for me. It was a light green and brown obviously designed for jungle scouting missions not heavy combat. I held the axe somewhat loosely with my left arm, it felt strangely lighter then I remembered it, maybe it was just the combat armour making me feel stronger but something was off I could feel it.

"There's no turning back.." I hear Astrid mutter under her breath which suddenly sparked something in my skull. _She's right you know, there is no turning back after thisâ€¦_. I wish I never paid attention to the voice for I began to question my action of even coming to the arena in the first place. The whole thing felt soâ€¦|. Wrong, treating Dragons like thisâ€¦|. Teaching us how to kill themâ€¦|. It all felt so wrong.

"I hope I get some serious burns!" said Tuffnut his voice sounded overexcited. "I'm hoping for some mauling on my shoulders and lower back." Replied Ruffnut her voice seemed much more calmer then her brothers but I could see that she was just as excited to be here. "Yeah it's only fun when you get a scar out of it." Astrid said her voice calm and collective which matched the way she was reacting to the whole predicament.

"Oh yeah, PAIN love it!" I said my voice drenched heavily in sarcasm as I approached awkwardly towards the group. They had mixed expressions on their face as I slowly approached them, "OH, great look what the cat dragged in." Said Ruffnut earning a snicker from her brother until he suddenly stopped and began to examine his surroundings. "Wait there isn't a cat around here is there? Because Cats scare me." said Tuffnut earning a confused stare from everyone. "What! They have sharp teeth and claws and they hiss!" He replied, no one stopped staring at him until Gobber released an ear piercing whistle with the help of his trust sport whistle.

"All right ladies Front and centre!" Gobber yelled in his military drill sergeant voice, we all followed his order to the letter. I ended up standing next to the looming shadow of Fishlegs who gave me a somewhat friendly smile. Well at least not everyone in this group wants to kill meâ€¦|

"Let's get started! As I already explain before during introduction the student that preforms the best in the ringâ€¦| and in the class room gets the honour of killing their first dragon in front of the entire town. And there name carved into the first class rock." Said

Gobber as he walked down the line examining his new recruits. At the mention of the stone my eyes instantly moved to the large rock that was looming over the arena, both my fathers and my mother's name were calved into the stone and if I had my way so shall mineâ€¦ if I had.

"Hiccup already killed a night Furyâ€¦ so, does that disqualify him, or...?" Snotlout said earning a small snicker from the rest of the class. Gobber gave the boy a small glare shutting my cousin up. "All right class get into your positions!" Gobber bellowed casing the line to break up; I however stood perfectly still watching the rest of my class joke about how I should have signed up for knitting or cooking class. _Ignore them focus on the task at handâ€¦ survival _and there was the voice again. I took a moment to look around the arena again examining my surroundings; I look up at the breaches to find the half asleep silhouette of Jemiskneir barely even paying attention to the arena in front of him.

Well at least he showed up, that's a plusâ€¦. I guess.

Suddenly a large meaty hand smacked my hard on the centre of my back causing me to stagger forwards a few feet. "Relax, ye small and ye weak the dragons would probably see ye as sick or insane and go after the more beeper teens instead." Said Gobber as he pushed me along giving me what he must have considered a very 'helpful' pep talk, but all it did was make me feel less and less confident about the whole event.

Eventually Gobber stopped pushing me so I was standing once again next to the looming shadow of Fishlegs. Gobber continued his casual stroll towards some of the cages. "Behind these doors are just a few of the many species ye will learn to fight. Such as The Deadly Nadder..." Gobber said gesturing to the cage he was standing next to.

"Speed Eight, Armour Sixteen..." I heard Fishlegs blabber next to me his voice fast with excitement. What was he on about?

"The Hideous Zippleback..." said Gobber as he made his way to the next cage, weather he didn't cared or didn't notice Fishlegs ranting was unknown.

"Plus Eleven Stealth, times Two..." Fishlegs said again his voice getting higher and faster.

"The Monstrous Nightmare..." Gobber continued Gesturing to a much larger cage but it still wasn't the biggest there, he gave Fishlegs a look as he walked along.

"Firepower Fifteen..." Fishlegs continued the excitement growing greater in the boys voice.

"The Terrible Terror..." said Gobber the annoyance was clear in his voice and his movement as he made his way past one of the smallest cages.

"Attack Eight, Venom Twelve!" Said Fishlegs his excitement seemed to be bubbling over the edge of what he could handle..

"CAN YE STOP THAT?" Gobber yelled causing everyone in the general

area to flinch in surprise.

"And... the Gronckle!" Gobber continued as if nothing even happened leaving all of us to stare at him questionably.

"Jaw Strength Eight." I hear Fishlegs whisper to me, I was still a little to confused as to what the larger boy was even talking about in the first place.

Something in Gobbers right arm caught my attention, it was small and box like and oddly familiar. Wait a minute. Oh Gods don't tell me that is what I think it is. I honestly didn't expect Gobber to take that idea seriously. A few months ago I showed Gobber an idea I had for the Arena, it was a remote control that was in theory meant to allow the user to open the doors to the dragon cells without having to stand in the control room. It was meant to give the teacher a little more control over the class and allow them to intervene if necessary. At the time Gobber didn't seem interested in the idea in fact he simply blowed it off calling it daft at the time.

I should have suspected he was behind the disappearance of the schematics for the remote control, but how did he make it in the first place? He wasn't exactly what one would call gifted with machines.

Gobber waved the small remote in his hand staring at us all with a big smile and giving me a small wink. At that moment I realized as to what he was doing, he was giving me an advantage over the rest of my class mates even if it was just a few minutes it was still an advantage. I quickly made my way to the back of the arena hopefully getting out of sight of the dragon that would (if the remote worked correctly that is) be released. By the time I got into position did another person realise what the remote was going to do, surprisingly it was Snotlout. "Wait aren't you meant to teach us something first?" he said the confidence now drained from his voice.

Gobber gave the boy an evil grin "I believe in learning on the job." Gobber said, the rest of the teens have no idea how truthful that statement was. Gobber pressed on of the buttons on the remote causing the two miniature alarm lights beside the Gronckle cell to begin flashing a bright red. The large metal bars blocking the cage to slowly open, as soon as the metal bars where out of the way the door flung open with what appeared to be a giant flying boulder breaking free into the arena. The flying boulder flew around frantically eying everyone in the arena until its beady slit like eyes fell upon me, rage was clear in its pupils and the beast radiated the will to kill.

My mouth was dry in fear as I whisper the dragons name. "The Gronckle.."

****All right guys next Chapter Hiccup vs the Gronckle. ****

****By the way guys the fires around my home have been hitting real hard. No damage to my property as of yet. I also got to witness Elvis pick up water a damn across the road and that was very impressive.****
****And the smoke is as thick of pea soup right now. Not good for my health. As of my dog I will miss Buddy. But he was old boy and he had a good death whilst he slept I will see him in Valhalla.**

****Oh yeah i have decided to amp up the chapters to about 5,000 words a chapter, if you see any with less thats just because the story calls for it.****

****We all have are strength and weakness, be they big or small, clear or unseen they are always there we just need to learn how to live with them instead of against them. ****

****Thor-Born signing out until next time. ****

14. Hiccup Vs the Gronkle

****Wow two hours after posting a chapter and I already have some interesting reviews from you guys. Thank-you by the way it's helping me out a lot with building confidence in this story which I must say was knid of dwindling. ****

****AlexJD2: **I must say it's always pleasing to see another person click the follow button. Well that process will take a while you must understand, and he still has no idea what is actually happening with the 'Tattoo' which is honestly how I want to keep it. I have seen to many FanFictions that lose my interest because they try to explain things to early and quickly.**

****Centh: **Thankyou for clearing that up, I got real confused when I first read your review. And I must say that it is an honour to be your 3rd or 2nd favourite writer and that I will strive to keep that title.**

****StorSpeaker: **They have something planned don't you worry. As for Jem (Thanks for the nickname by the way) well I just needed a character to provide 'help' for are young hero (whilst being a friendly jerk about it) and I couldn't really be bothered coming up with a new character. And yes the Tattoo will start to reveal its some of its nature in this chapter. As for the campfire wellâ€¦ Things will get interesting.**

Thanks for the support by the way mate, Everyone I know is safe and sound, a little rattled up but there ok and I gave old bud a good send off as well.

****Guest: **No need to be sorry it was just nature being nature; I have grown to accept it.**

****Guest: **How long have you been holding all that in? OK on to answering your many questions. First of The significance of the Tattoo is wellâ€¦ it's too early to explain it right now as to why the big J fears the Tattoo wellâ€¦ let's just say this isn't the first time he has seen a Tattoo like that before and the last time he didâ€¦ it didn't end well. Hiccups destiny is very specialâ€¦. For many reasons which is why the mist and the tree spoke to him In the first place. The mess and the couchâ€¦ well that will be cleared later.**

How is a talking tree hilarious?

Nice idea with the eyes by the way.

****Klatuveratanectul701: ****First of that is an amazing name how did you come up with it? Second of, Yeah it's hard but like I said before he was an old boyâ€¦. And it was just nature being nature. I will miss him vety much howeverâ€¦.

******Ok so here go Hiccup vs The Gronkle round 1â€¦. Fight!

****Hiccups POV. ****

For what most people around here call a flying ball of fat the Gronkle sure can move fast when it wanted too. The battle had barely even started and the Dragon had used its body weight to slam itself into the twins knocking them a good few feet away from where they were standing. The twins where stunned for a bit before quickly jumping to their feet and running of into two separate directions (not before bumping into each other of course). If I had been none the wiser I could have sworn the Gronkle appeared to beâ€¦. Satisfied with the results of its attack.

The satisfied looked soon disappeared as it turned its gaze upon me; its eyes began to scan me up and down. At that moment I recognized the look in its eyes, it was planning out its attack. That's interesting, I wasn't even aware that a dragon could show this much intelligence until I meet the Night Fury. _Do not underestimate any dragon, there is a lot more to them than meets the eyeâ€¦ look out! _I barely had time to process what the voice was saying before the blur form of the Gronkle that was charging towards me caught my attention. My muscles acted without my thought guiding my actions, unknowingly my body had somehow without me doing anything ducked and rolled itself out of the way of the Gronkles path. I could feel the rush of wind fly past me as the Gronkle zoomed past, one of is paws barely missing my head. Soon after I heard a good sturdy thud which if I had to guess was the sound of the Gronkle colliding into the wall behind me.

Some of my class members looked at me questionably for a moment before their attention once again turned towards the Gronkle who had managed to get to its feet and once again rose up into the air. Gobber gave me a sceptic look before bring his attention towards the Gronkle. "Today is all about survival, you get hit your dead." Gobber said bluntly as he made his way around the arena, most likely trying to get a better view of the carnage. The gronkle once again charged at the group missing a few of us by only a few centimetres, the gronkle once again collided into the wall. Strange one would think if it was smart enough to plan it wouldn't make the same mistake twiceâ€¦. _Unless it meant to do that_. My or the voices suspicions where proven correct when the dragon seemed to consume several rocks that fell of the side of the wall. _Careful now if it didn't before the Gronkle now has access to its shot. _Wait what? I look around, no one else not even Fishlegs or Gobber have noticed the fact that the gronkle had managed to eat some rocks.

"It's got shots!" I cry earning a confused look from everyone else in the arena. "Not to burst your bubble Hiccup but a Gronkle needs to eat rocks before it can- AHHHH." Fishlegs never got to finish his sentence for the Gronkle to prove my point fired a shot at the group the explosive fire ball barely missing Fishlegs by a few centimetres. Gobber expression changed from a passive exception to that of a mix of surprise and shock. "This changes thingsâ€¦. Quickly what is the

first thing you need when combating a dragon?" he ask quickly turning this drastic situation into another lessons. I've been Gobber assistant long enough to know that they don't put the students up against dragons with live fire until the start of weak 2, that's why they start off with the Gronkle and the Nadder who both need a certain substance for the fires to be accessible.

I was about to make a comment about needing a doctor when the voice returned into my skull _Don't bother yourself with thatâ€¦ quickly grab a shield. _Whatever this voice was it seemed to know what it was doing and I didn't and that alone was enough to convince me that my best choice of action was to follow its orders. As I ran towards the shield rack, as I ran I listened in on the groups attempt to answer Goobers question. "A weapon!" Snotlout yelled above the group, he sounds pleased with himself. "Plus 5 speed." Fishlegs said his voice sounded almost frantic. "A shield." I heard Astrid say out loud the confidence clear as daylight.** ***Yes! When it comes to fighting dragons a good defence is needed over a good offence. If you have a choice over a sword or a shield take the shield." Gobber said gesturing towards the shield rack. The rest of my group snapped into action charging towards the shield rack trying to be the first to grab a shield they liked all of them well aware that the shield they choose will be the one they were stuck with for the rest of dragon training.

Astrid led the mad rush a look of determination to be the first was clear on her face, that look of raw determination was replaced with one of shock at the sight of me already strapping a shield to my right arm. There was nothing special about the shield it was a simple a design with a red and grey four corner wave pattern over a light metal surface. I choose the shield because it was light and because I guess pride of work plays a part in it two. but something about that shield just feltâ€¦ right, it wasn't like the other shields with complex warlike designs, it was just a shield, nothing more nothing less. I ran past the group of stunned teens keeping one eye on the gronkle and the other of Gobber and my fellow classmate, Gobber was giving me a rather impressed look.

A commotion from the shield rack caught both mine and the Gronkles attention. Most of my class had already picked their shields and where making they were making their way towards different areas of the Arena, all but two of them. The Twins where busy arguing again and this time it was over a shield. Those two will find the slightest thing for the strangest reason, this was no acceptance. I glimpsed over at the Gronkle who seemed to be just plain old confused and like me was just watching the argument as it took place, wow even The Dragons see their arguing as strange. Due to the fact that I have witness my fair share of twin arguments and if today was a normal day I would have just ignored them but something was of about thisâ€¦. I was at least a good 15 meters away from the two, I should be able to hear them as clearly as I was at the moment, they should be muffled or like whispers with all the communication going on around me.

Well as long as the Dragon was preoccupied it couldn't _hurt _to listen inâ€¦ "It's mine!", "No its mine!", "OH come on there like a million shields, pick another one because this one is MINE!" "Hey look that one has a flower on it, girls like flowers right?" at that moment Ruff ripped the Shield from Tuffs grasp and used the shield to smack him over the head. "Ohh look now this one has blood on it." Said Ruffnut as she waved the shield in Tuffnuts face. If he felt it

at all or just didn't care was unknown for as soon as her sister did it he lunged for the shield once again beginning the sibling tug of war over the shield, Until the Gronkle got board of it that is.

With one well-aimed shot the shield was launched out of the twins grasp and at the same time launching the two a good meter away from where they were standing. "Reiana, Tristan you're both out." said Gobber to the still dazed twins his voice thick with seriousness. "Whoa What?" Was all Tuff could mutter as he rubbed the back of his head. Everyone's attention once again returned to the hovering dragon that was now in the centre of the arena. "Your shield aren't just for protection, you can use them to make noise to mess with a dragon hearing which in turn will throw of its aim." Said Gobber as he open the front gate so the twins can watch from the side lines. Armed with this new knowledge we formed a small circle around the gronkle smacking are weapons against are shields, to make it even more difficult for the dragon we began to move around the circle counter clockwise. _This will only keep it distracted for a while, eventually the affect will wear off _said the voice which I have decided to dub my instinct. Everything this voice has said was in a way instinct, everything it has said and everything I have done under its orders are warrior instinct.

And like before Instinct got it right again.

It did not take long for the shield bashing to become a minor ignorance for the boulder class dragon, it was however becoming a problem for me (It was giving me a major headache). The dragon charged out of our circle nearly taking of Snotlouts head with its foot. "Every Dragon has a limited amount of shots, How many does a Gronkle have?" asked Gobber, oh great he is in test mode now. "5?" I heard Snotlout shout in fear, his near decapitation by Gronkle foot must have affective him harder then I first thought. "No SIX!" cried FISHlegs his voice surprising wasn't as bad as one would expect.

"That's right, one for each of you!" said Gobber his normal cheery demeanour which in many ways was worse than his test mode. I watched silently as the Gronkle hovered over the battlefield eyeing fishlegs who was too busy spurting out dragon facts to notice the dragon was forming a lava ball in its mouth. "FISHLEGS LOOK OUT!" I cry breaking him from his existed trance, he turned around barely managing to raise his shield in his defence before being blown away by the Gronkles molten cannonball. Fishlegs was knocked over by the force of the blast his armour and shield absorbing most of the damage, he quickly jumped to his feet and ran as fast as his stubby legs could carry him towards the gate before Gobber could even tell him that he was out. Ok so now where down to half our original number and the dragon was down to half its shots, still trying to figure out if it's a good thing or a bad thing.

The dragon silently watched Fishlegs as he made a run for it, the Gronkle had an amused look on its face as it watched the boy try to squeeze under the gate. Whilst it was distracted I quickly made my way to the other side of the arena where Astrid and Snotlout where standing, you know safety in numbers and all thatâ€¦ It's not like I was trying to hide behind the more Viking-like teens or anythingâ€¦.Sigh, I can't lie if my life depended on it.

I stood nearby but not close enough for them to notice me, we may be

in a life or death situation but right now I couldn't trust either of them as far as I could toss a Gronkle. making my way around the side I couldn't help but listen in on the almost one sided conversation they were having, and what I heard made me want to puke. "Soâ€| Astridâ€| I just moved in to my parents basement, it was real easy moving all my workout gear and all because you know I'm meâ€|. but anyway, I was wondering if you and I can meet up at my place and workoutâ€|amongst other things if you know what I meanâ€| Did I mention the place was sound proof? So we can make all the sound we want when weâ€|." Said Snotlout making me want to hurl. Seriously it was bad enough he talked about doing 'it' while in class and free time but now of all times really? That is kind of an all-time low even for him. But the worse part of it all had to be the fact that I couldn't tune out of their conversation. _Perverted child isn't he? _My Instinct said within my skull and I couldn't help but agree.

Astrid was easily ignoring the large musclier teen, all her attention was upon the Gronkle who was now hovering overhead sizing up the two of them. Suddenly and without warning the Gronkle realised a shot at the two of them, Astrid who had been watching the Dragon was prepared and managed to dive out of the wayâ€|. Snotlout on the other handâ€| not so lucky. He like Fishlegs was only able to raise his shield just in time to block the incoming blast and like Fishlegs was knocked over for his troubles. I couldn't help but smirk as I watched Snotlout fall flat on his ass his face wide with shock. "Scott your out!" I heard Gobber cry a little bit of joy in his voice, he must have enjoyed Snotlouts wipe-out nearly as much as I did.

Wait Snotlout was outâ€| that means only me and Astrid was leftâ€|. Wow I got this farâ€|. I honestly thought I would be the first to be knocked out of the competition. Good work me, well now that I think about it the only reason I got this far was because of my instinct talking to me and telling me what to do. I wonder if that counts as cheatingâ€|

My thoughts where cut short by a sudden familiar pain taking a hold of me. it happened so fast I dropped my axe in utter shock, before I could pick it up again my left arm suddenly felt as if it had caught a flame, my skin felt as if it was on fire. I couldn't believe it know of all times did the Tattoo decided to spread. I lost control over my left arm, watching in horror as it fell limp at my side as the skin burning feeling climbed up my arm and onto my cheeks. That's when the pain got worse. The Tattoo burnt its way across previously untouched flesh; I could feel the burning climbs its way up my neck, down my left side and across my cheeks and back. The worst part was that the pain wasn't the only thing the Tattoo was affecting. My Vision was constantly changing conditions, at one point it was as clear as crystal the next it looked as if I was looking at the world from underwater at other times it felt like I was looking at the sun and then it would become as dark as night. The rapid change hurt my eyes greatly and I could feel salty tears forming under my eyes due to the combined pain of my body and my eyes. My ears where not spared either, they were bombarded with sounds my eardrums hissing in pain from all the sounds, a ringing sound eventually blocked out all sounds even my Instinct was muffled by the sound. I closed my eyes to try and stop the pain coming from them but it did not work even in total darkness my eyes still felt in pain.

All of this painâ€|. Itâ€|. It Hurt so much. I could taste

bloodâ€¦.my own blood it was making its way up my throatâ€¦ I used whatever will I could muster to keep the blood downâ€¦. The pain. My legs were like Jelly shaking viciously unable to keep supporting my weight, I would have fallen over then and there but something bet me to the punch. A sudden powerful force knocked me of my feet flinging my body through the air; I landed with a loud smack into something made of wood and metal. The blood I tried so hard to keep within my mouth spilled out. I opened my eyes to find myself laying in the ruined remains of the shield rack, blood dripping from my mouth and a Angry Gronkle speeding straight towards me.

****Astrid POV. ****

I must admit it was quite shocking to see how well Hiccup was doing in the ring, In fact throughout the whole lesson he had shown to be somehow one step of everyone in the ring, evenâ€¦ me. As a warrior I was taught never to underestimate my opponents and so I never did, that was until Hiccup. I had thought he would be the first to be knocked out to be the weakest link but from what I have seen so far he has proven far moreâ€¦ skilful then I first thought he would be. Has he been training in secret? Was this why he did not fear us anymore? Thoughts like this ran through my head until I had a good look at him, he looked lost, confused and scared. He didn't look like he had any idea what he was doing and when he did do something he had a look of scepticism like he was questioning his own actions; he was guessing.

The realisation calmed me nerves a bit, he was simply guessing what to do and so far he was doing rather well, that was until Snotlout got blasted. Only a few minutes after Scott got out of the ring Hiccup Dropped his axe. I didn't think much of it first; the boy looked like he could barely carry it let alone use it but then something else happened. He began to cry out and release sounds of great pain, his head swayed as if it was getting light and his muscles appeared to have tightened up locking him in a statue like position. His legs shock violently and was that tears? The Gronkle eyed the boy suspiciously for a while before releasing a shot knocking the boy away and into the shield rack causing the structure to shatter under the force. "HENRY!" I heard Gobber yell his voice shocked and full of concern which was rare for the crippled manâ€¦ wait why did he like Hiccup so much?

The thought was soon pushed aside when the Gronkle charged towards the ruined shield rack using its body weight to pin the boy it blasted into it. I was shocked, I had thought the dragon would come after me and ignore the defeated boy but know it went after himâ€¦. Why? He was defeated no longer a threat, did the dragon not see that? Suddenly The Gronkles mouth opened wide revealing a faint familiar glowâ€¦. The dragon was going to blast himâ€¦Point blank range.

My feet began to move by themselves towards the shield rack my axe ready to strike down the Gronkle if necessary. I willed myself to go faster, if Hiccup was to dieâ€¦ the last time someone died in dragon training it was cancelled for 5 years straight. I do not want to wait 5 years to finish Dragon Training. I was almost there when the Gronkle released the shot, I stopped in mid step gasping waiting in horror for the horrible sounds of a boy screamingâ€¦. But it never came.

Nothing not even a screamâ€¦ was his death that quick that he did not

even get to make a sound? Then I saw the Gronkles faceâ€¦ it was in utter shock. I took a moment to see what it was staring at only to find my jaw drop in surprise.

Hiccup was still alive.

He had somehow managed to move a shield in between him and the Gronkle in an attempt to protect himself, it was pointless even trying to in the first place. But he tried and it worked, there wasn't even a single scratch on him â€¦. But that's â€¦.impossible. I have seen firsthand what a long range shot could easily blast a shield right off its owner, yet Hiccup was at point-blank range and he still managed to keep the shield not just on his arm but from breaking in his faceâ€¦. that's just not possible. Before the Gronkle or I could react, Gobber using his Hook hand grabbed the Dragon by the jaw and yanked it off Hiccup with easy. "Of him ye over Grown Sausage, ye'll get another crack at it don't ye worry." He said pulling the Gronkle back to its cage tossing it inside before closing the door large metal doors with the remote that he used to open the doors in the first place. If the whole point of that remote was to catch us of surprise I must admit it worked rather well.

As soon as he was done with the dragon Gobber quickly made his way over to the ruined remains of the shield rack where the heavily breathing Hiccup sat still who appeared to in be in as much if not more shock then the rest of us. In truth I couldn't blame him either. Gobber was about a meter away when Hiccup finally removed the now broken shield from his right arm hissing in pain the whole time; he then tried to lift himself from the Debarry of the shield rack only for him to fall back down into it after trying to put some weight on his right arm.

That's when I realized that he wasn't totally unscratched. The blasts force must have done something to his arm, something that would give him a weakness that if needed could be exploitedâ€¦.No. I was not that type of person, maybe Scott was but I wasn't. When I wanted to fight someone I want to fight them at their best when they are most skilled, I was not the type of warrior who exploited weakness I was the type that would attack their strengths. Besides it's not like I would be combating that boy anytime soon, he may have proven himself a threat in Dragon trainingâ€¦ but after the plan we came up with for how to teach him a lessonâ€¦ well I doubt he will want to go anywhere near this class ever again.

I have to say I'm having mixed feelings about tomorrow.

****Hiccup POV. ****

My body ached all over especially in my arms the worse of which was the right, but I guess that's normal considering what just happened. My left arm felt like it was on fire and from what I could tell it probably was, but I couldn't care less about it at the moment. All I wanted to do was lay down in the ruins of the shield rack and go to sleep, I didn't care if it was uncomfortable or if pieces of wood were sticking into my back I just couldn't care less. The combined might of the pain and a sudden wave of exhaustion was enough for me to want to go to sleep then and there.

But of course I could not have such a luxury.

Gobber lifted me clear from the ruined remains of the shield rack dropping me upon my still jelly like legs. I winced in pain but I was able to keep my balance barely managing to stop myself from falling over. Gobber placed his right arm upon my left shoulder, pain much like the type one would get from someone touching a very bad case of sunburn (Only 10 time's worse) swelled through my body making me release a sudden gasp out of Pain. Gobber immediately took his hand of my shoulder his face was apologetic but at the moment I didn't really care. All I wanted to do was get away from this placeâ€¦|.

"You alright Henry? No broken bones? No cuts? What am I asking! Come on will take you to the Hospital.." "I'm fine." I said my voice full of bitterness snapping Gobber out of his concerned blabbering. I let lose a small sigh, "I'm fine Gobberâ€¦|I just need to-" "It ok Hiccupâ€¦| Take the rest of the day offâ€¦| ye're going to need it after what you have been throughâ€¦|" said Gobber giving me a small reassuring look. Was he serious? Gobber never did that for anyoneâ€¦| but then again it's not every day a student gets shot by a Gronkle at point blank and lives to tell the tale. I gave Gobber a silent thankyou before making my way towards the exit. "As for the rest of ye, after witnessin' that little performance I have to say I'mâ€¦| not impressed. All of you down and give me Twenty Double time!" Gobber yelled blowing his whistle, everyone let lose a moan. Some of the members of the class stared daggers at me as I walked past them and out of the arena, I could here there muttered insults and their complaints as clear as day but I didn't care. I noticed Jemiskneir was still sitting in the same spot he was when I first saw him on the bleachers, he gave me a slight nod before his eyes drifted back to the group of people in the arena.

I proceeded to make my way towards the changing room in hope to get out of the battle scarred armour and into something a lot more comfortable, and something a lot more suited for what I had in mind for the rest of my day. I stopped just at the edge of the arena for a moment to see how the rest of the class was going, even with the way they treated me I couldn't help but feel pity for them as I watched them do one of Gobbers Infamous drills. Well from the look of things at least Gobber had them doing one of his 'Easy' drills so I guess they were lucky for that oneâ€¦|

I was about to leave when Gobber said something that caught my attention. "-And let what Happened to Hiccup Remind ye, Dragons always, ALWAYS, go for the Killâ€¦|". The sentence repeated itself over and over again in my head. I have never heard him say that beforeâ€¦|. Yet I can't help but feel the strangest sense of DÃ©jÃ vu whenever the sentence repeats itself in my head.

He is wrong you knowâ€¦|said my instinct startling me, It had not uttered a word to me ever since getting knocked into the shield rack by the gronkle, to be truthful I nearly forgotten about it with all the commotion about the Gronkle nearly killing me. I took a moment to process what it had just told me, He is wrong you knowâ€¦|. Why would my instinct tell me that? Wouldn't it agree with Gobber on it instead of disagree with him? But the think that got me really confused was the fact that I wanted to agree with my Instinct, Me, the guy who nearly just died by the firepower on the Gronkle wanted to agree with a voice in my head that not all dragons wanted to kill you on sight! Maybe I am going crazyâ€¦|.

Now that I think about it I probably am, talking trees, voice in my head, weird Tattoos and 'Friendly' Dragons maybe these are just all illusions conjured up by my broken mind. No they couldn't be. They all seemed so real. Was this what really drives people crazy? The inability to determine what is reality and what is in their head? If so how could I tell whether or not it was happening without involving anyone that did not already know. I have one idea but I don't think I will like it very much.

I guess it's about time I visit an old friend.

****Gobbers POV sometime later. ****

I did not let a single one of my new 'recruits' leave until the last one of them finished one of my lighter drills, unlucky for them Fishlegs wasn't exactly built for long endurance workout sessions. The boy sure had a lot of bulk behind him but he lacked the ability to use such muscle. He was unable to finish the workout until about halfway through their lunch time much to the groups annoyance. I myself only dreaded the fact that I might have just dug Hiccup's hole a little deeper. I may be old but I am not death, I could hear what the other kids said of my young apprentice, how they bullied him and mistreated him and blamed him for everything that went wrong in their lives.

It made me sick.

But those kids were only following by example, the example we the adults set for them. True we might have done it unknowingly but we still caused this, and I wanted to end it. But now that I think about it may be giving Hiccup the rest of the day off was a bad idea, all I did was just give the kids a reason to hate him more. But then again the boy just had a near death experience.

I let loose a sigh, how come nothing worked out the way I wanted it to when I tried to do something nice for that boy?

As the last of the teens left the arena I began my usual rounds checking to make sure everything was in order. No damaged wires or security, good. Dragons were all accounted for nicely locked up and secure, that's good. Only a few new scorch marks and blood stains, better than last year. The only thing that really needed fixing was the shield rack, Sigh more work for poor old Gobber.

"Well that was interesting." I heard a familiar voice utter from somewhere above me. I looked up to find myself staring at the silhouette of a familiar glowing eyed man. I gave him a small smile. "What part? 'The random unnecessary acts of Violence' Against the Dragon or the teens." I said mocking my old friend. Jemiskneir was a sort of what did he call himself? A conscientious objector? Whatever he was he has refused to fight against the Dragon menace ever since that argument with Stoick about a decade back. Some people called him weak for that, those who were brave enough to say it to his face often woke up with a large bruise on their face and missing half a dozen teeth. I personally didn't care about it, he was a good person at times and only wanted what he considered best for others.

"Both." He mutters. "Strange really, how such things like violence can reveal one's true nature, their true intentions, their true

purpose." Jemiskneir Said to no one in particular. He did this often and it was something I have long since grown use too. I chuckled for a bit turning away to look at the broken shield rack my thought once again returning to Hiccup. Was he talking about him? I turned my head back round to face the other adult ready to question him about whether or not we were on the same wave length.

My eyes only found empty space where Jemiskneir had once stood, sigh, there is another annoying treat about him. His constant habit of disappearing like a puff of smoke could really get on an old mans nerves.

****YAWNNNNN. ****

****Gezz I've been having some late nights recently, well no matter at least I'm doing something I enjoy. The fires have cooled down to a maximum of one a day again and I'm also not suffocating from the smoke that has flooded the little Valley I live in, so I'm good. But I have to say I have had little to read over the last month, not many updates and some of my favourite stories have been put on hold for quite some time. I wonderâ€¦. Maybe I could as you lot if you know any good stories out thereâ€¦ NAHHH. ****

****Sometimes you can't choose what you are given to work with, you just have to make do with what you got. ****

****Thor-Born ****

15. Phlegma's cafe

****I don't have anything to say, literally. My mouth has been duck tapped shut by the trolls under my bed after I tried to eat one of themâ€¦. What? Don't look at me like that! It Happened! ****

****REVIEWS ****

****StorSpeaker: **You are actually right about the Tattoo but it will take time for the whole Blood puking to really kick in. The Hoffersons are a highly traditional family; I will be diving into that later on in the story which will hopefully spark some drama later on. And thanks for telling me you know a storyâ€¦ but not the name of the story itself. Also thanks for the hint.**

****Thesingingowl: **All right first of I'm sorry about the whole 'putting me on some sort of wall of shame for my short and general comment' I was in a bad mood and the circumstances at the time weren't helping my good mood at all. I shouldn't have snapped at you or anyone else and I'm sorry for that.**

As for your thoughts wellâ€¦ I can't confirm or deny if it was Jemiskneir who was speaking in Hiccups mind or not but I can tell you that he was paying attention to the fight but he wasn't paying attention to the actual combatâ€¦. Gobber is very caring towards Hiccup and is often trying to keep him safe if not for the boy's sake but the fathers as well, and Hiccup nearly dying will serve as a point later onâ€¦.

****Guest: **Huh, I nearly forgot about the Trees of Fangorn. And I guess I can understand how you'll be in my heart could workâ€¦..**

Might be interesting to add in laterâ€¦. Don't know about singing thou, Hiccup never struck me as the singing type and even if he was I don't think he would have the voice of an angelâ€¦ To be fair the Tattoo is not really sentient so it wouldn't know if it was killing him or not. And what Gobber did was what he considered best in the situation, he was also kind of hoping that Hiccup would go to the hospital before doing anything stupidâ€¦.the key word there being hoping.

As for the eyes wellâ€¦ it will take a while for them to kick in and even then like the Tattoo it will not be something he will be able to control at will, I was already pondering if they should glow or not and for the sounding like a dragon part well will have to seeâ€¦

****All right here we go new chapter. Phlegma's cafe. ****

****Hiccup POV. ****

Everything I have done since the arena today has been a blur, dragging myself to the change rooms, pulling off with great distress the Beaten Combat armour, changing into my normal clothes, picking up a few things from my locker and finally how I entered and found my way into the woods. The only thing that caught

examining the new lengths of the Tattoo which has now nearly covered my entire chest and upper back in its bluish purple (it took me awhile to realise it had change colour even so slightly) glowing lines and curves, the strange writing that had covered parts of the skin that the Lines and curved missed became more abundant and has too started to glow slightly. Along with taking up most of my upper back it had also managed to work its way down the left side of my stomach and neck. The worse part of the Tattoo was whenever I touched any area the Tattoo has spread it burned that area of the skin, and getting dressed in THAT condition was not something to laugh about especially when you have to wear two layers of clothes just to stop the glowing from being visible to the naked eye.

And now here I was bag over my shoulder, in the middle of nowhere searching for a cove with one of the most dangerous Dragons to roam the planet. Why? I would like to say because I was brave, because I wanted to kill it, because I wanted to challenge it. But the truth was I simply wanted to know one thingâ€¦

Why?

If dragons were meant to always go for the kill then why didn't this one? It has had plenty of chances to kill me before and so far the only hostile action it has taken against me was a few growls and that bite which for some strange reason felt more like an accident than a sign of aggression. Wait was I just trying to protect a Dragon? Maybe I should go see a doctorâ€¦.

No, that will only give you more problems, there is not telling what will happen if you go to the doctors _said my Instinct once again reminding me that the voice was in fact real and in my head. Strange it soundedâ€¦ fainter like it was far awayâ€¦ maybe it was because I was no longer in a combat situation and it was simply wearing off like a drug. Sigh... why do I have the sinking feeling that it is not that simply? Oh rightâ€¦ my life.

As silence once again fell upon the forest my mind began to do a fast recap of what has happened so far, as it did so one moment kept coming back to me over and over again. I should have died in the ring but here I am, alive and well, searching for the only dragon I knew of that wasn't locked up in a cage. Still I should be dead, someone of my build should not be able to survive a blast like that at point blank range and even if they did they should at least be horribly scarred and unable to use a limb or two.

Maybe I was just really lucky?

I shook my thoughts aside when I came across the dead willow tree atop of the sloop leading to the Cove. I took a moment to look at the dead willow tree; I remember when that tree use to be healthy and strongâ€¦ But that was a long time ago back when my mother use to go on walks with me in the woods, back when she was alive that is. She planted that tree, if she was still alive it would pain her to see it like this, old, dying, not a leaf to be found. I forced myself to look away from the old tree and focus on the task at hand, I needed to reach the Cove and find that dragon.

A thought crossed my mind as I made me way down the slope to the cove, what if the Night Fury wasn't there? So what if it has been there the last three times I was at the Cove it was a dragon! It could fly! And there was nothing stoping it from escaping the sinkhole paradise, except for perhaps and injuries or two from when it fell into the Hole in the ground. And I highly doubt some small bruises and cuts will keep the fearsome night fury in that hole for long. What was it my Grandpa use to say? Oh yeah, make use of an opportunity while you can, otherwise when comes the time you really need it, it will be gone.

I don't really know how I could use a downed Night Fury, but well it was something I guess and my Grandpa would probably complain for hours on end about me not listening to his advice, and when my Grandpa complains well... not even someone as patient as Mus Ulchy or Mulch as everyone calls him can stand the old man when he begins one of his rants.

The worst part is he knows when you don't take his advice, he ALWAYS knows.

As I approached the entrance of the cove I pushed all thoughts of my grandfather aside so I could focus on the task at hand. The entrance to the cove was all but invisible to the naked eye; in fact the cove would have most likely gone unnoticed for years if their wasn't people like me and my mom who notice the small things just as much as we notice the big things. In truth the entrance to the cove was more of what one would call a large crack in the wall that lead out to a large stone platform which overlooked the entire cove. I took a deep breath before slowly making my way across said platform; I let the breath out in a heavy sigh at the sight of an empty cove. The dragon wasâ€¦ gone? The dragon was Gone! That's like nearly half my problems gone in a puff of smoke, I should be happy glad that this happened and I no longer had to worry about some Night Fury in the middle of the woodsâ€¦. Then why did my heart feel as heavy as lead? Why did it feel like I had just lost someone close to my heart? That Dragon and I were anything but close in fact the kindest thing we have ever done for each other is not killing the other one on sight.

I was about to leave the area when I heard a faint familiar roar from within the cove. Without thinking twice I reapproached the stone platform scanning the cove once again for signs of the Night Fury. With no signs of the black dragon in sight I again I was about to leave again when it happened, Like a black bullet it shot up the side of the Cove in a fury of wing flaps and claws. My heart skipped a beat as the dragon released several roars and wails as it tried to climb up the side of the cove. Without even thinking I ducked down laying my body across the stone platform in an attempt to stay hidden from the large bat like beast. I was breathless as I lay on my stomach watching the dragon try to climb its way up the side of the wall, the dragons continued to try and climb the wall but only seemed to gain a few loose rocks and pebbles for its efforts. The dragon let loose a frustrated snort before kicking of the rock wall and clumsily gliding to the floor of the cove. It continued to snort in frustration as it made its way to a group of rocks, when the dragon arrived at said rocks it scrapped one of its claws against the stone leaving a small cut on the surface of the rock. As I looked closer at the rock I was shocked to find it along with at least 3 other medium sized stones where covered in similar sized cuts.

Could the dragon be doing what I think it's doing? My head snapped up to examine the sides of the cove; I could feel my jaw open wide at what I saw. I could see claw marks all along the side of the cove's walls, they were faint and I had to squint to see them in the early afternoon sun but they were there, they were everywhere, I could also see that some reached a much greater high then others whilst some the dragon seemed to only get a few feet of the ground. Why would a dragon with the ability of flight try and climb its way out? Better yet why was it actually recording the amount of time it has failed? This is I well to be truthful it was completely unexpected.

Wait a second I Damn it I nearly forgot. Within seconds I had pulled out my new sketch book and a sharp pencil, I risked slapping my hand against my forehead only once for being so stupid. There was a reason I was here and that was to study the beast. No other reason whatsoever ok, maybe I had a few more but that was beside the point right now I had work to be done. Opening my sketch book to a new blank page I took a moment to look down at the Night Fury, said dragon was lying perfectly still not too far away from what appeared to be smoking remains of the rocks pile. Interesting not only are Night Fury capable of recording numbers but they are also capable of throwing hissy fits, don't know how that will be any use to anyone but hey it's something.

This observation of the dragon also served as a good time to examine the Dragons Tattoo. It has spread much further than the last time I saw it. The Had spread over the same areas mine has, the upper left part of its body was nearly covered in the marking along with a part of its left wing and neck. It still dominated The dragons left front leg like it did last time but it seemed to have grown much more powerful than before. The colour of the Tattoo has also changed to that of a somewhat darker Bluish-Purple that blending much better with the Dark scales that covered its body. If the Tattoo was even bugging the dragon at all, well the Night Fury didn't show it.

I quickly began to sketch the basic look of the Night Fury, from my position I was able to make out the basic length and scale of the dragons body along with the complete appearance of it. True I have

been able to sketch the dragon before but that was simply because the image was stuck to my mind with fear, besides looking at the older image and the quick sketch I had drawn now I could make out several differences between my first full body sketch of the dragon and the real thing. Take for example the one I drawn 2 days ago had two tailfins whilst the real thing had only one. Still something felt off about this.

Once the sketch was complete I went about recording side notes about the dragon. I was just about done writing down notes about its body when the rocks that my left elbow was resting on slipped away. Surprised by this new change in alignment my pencil managed to slip from my grasp. I watched in horror as the small pencil fell from my grasp, time seemed to slow down as I watch the small pieces of wood and lead fall to the bottom of the cove. The world goes silent and the light thud of wood hitting stone echoes through the woods. My eyes suddenly flung upward toward where the dragon was laying down mopping in the grass. It took less than a second for the Dragons head to be of the ground and for all its senses seemed to just lock on the source of the sound. Both the Dragon and I watched in silence as the pencil bounced off the rock and rolled into the grass.

It took the dragon nearly a second for its large acidic green eyes to lock onto my own. I expected the dragon to start hissing and growling at me, to give me a death glare which simply meant leave me alone or else. I got neither.

Instead of seeing anger or disgust in the dragon's eyes I saw something I never thought I would see in a dragon. I saw shame, desperation, sadness; weakness; fear, everything a dragon like it should not be. But this was the Night Fury for God's sake! This was the dragons that made my entire town run and hide like children with the mere mention of its name. Why would something like that be looking at me with such emotion in its eyes? In fact I didn't even know that Dragons were capable of having said emotions.

A feeling began to stir in the bottom of my gut. It was Guilt. Whatever had happened to this dragon to make it act this way was my fault, and the guilt of my actions was eating me inside out. I wanted to fix this, No, I NEEDED to fix this.

"I swear that I will find a way to fix this" I muttered under my breath. The Dragons ears twitched for a moment before its expression changed from that of great sadness to that of curiosity. I stared back with an evenly curious look. I tilted my head slightly to the left only for the dragon to mimic my action. Well this is a strange change of events. Staring into the eyes of the dragon another emotion became clear to me. it was Hope. it was Hope.

BRING, BRING.

For a split moment I was caught off guard by the new sound that invaded the peaceful silence that had formed around the Cove. The dragon and I broke eye contact as I frantically began to search for the source of the sound. My phone, of all the times someone decided to call me they had to choose now. After a few seconds of frantic searching I finally found my phone ringing away in my back right pocket. I yanked the small device out flipping the lid open to see a Picture of Gobber giving me a thumbs up. Before I answered my Phone I quickly looked up to see if the Night Fury was still staring at

me.

There was no sign of the black dragon anywhere.

I let lose a sigh before answering the Call. "Hello Gobber." I said my voice dry, I turned around and began to make my way back into the woods. "Hey Hiccup, I need ye to meet me and the rest of ye Trainin' group at Phlegma's cafe. I know ye aren't on good terms with them but I-", "Sighâ€| What time?" I ask, my somewhat good mood had been broken by the Phone call but whatever Gobber wanted to talk about had to be something important otherwise he wouldn't even bother to ask me. Gobber was lost for words on the other end; I don't think he was prepared for my answer. "S-Six, Be there at Six." Gobber finally spat out after about a minute of silence. "See you there." I reply before hanging up my phone and placing it back into my pocket. Taking a look around me noticed that I had reached the Dead willow tree at the top of the slope.

For a moment I stared at the dead Willow tree. Nothing had changed since I had last seen the tree on my way to the cove, but for some strange reason the tree felt more alive than before. It still had that feel of sadness but know it had something more to it, something that I could not quite figure out. I kept staring at the old tree trying to figure out what had change about it. Then it struck me.

The tree had Hope.

****Five hours and 20 minutes later. ****

They say you should never stand outside in a thunderstorm. Well, I was never the best at following instructions.

I slowly walked down the side path towards Phlegma's cafe the sound of thunder warning me that a storm was on its way, I was in no rush. So what if I was 10 minutes late? I already know that Gobber was doing one of his team building exercises, frankly I don't think any amount of team building exercises are going to help this group. We were a ticking time bomb prepped and ready for disaster. The twins couldn't stop fighting to save their life, Fishlegs was easily distracted, Snots ego is too big and Astrid was her own time bomb of anger ready to blow at any second. This left me, a clumsy awkward teen stuck in the middle of them who could be killed by anyone of them in less than a minute.

Yeah I have a wonderful life don't I?

Approaching Phlegma's front entrance I couldn't help but dread the fact I agreed to join Gobber and the rest of my 'team' here for dinner but I didn't have many options in the way of food for tonight. My options for tonight where as follows 1: last night's cold leftovers, 2: Spend the little money I have on fast food or 3: Go to Phlegma's and let Gobber buy me free food, like I said not much to choose from. Closing in on the entrance of the familiar red brick building I began to look over the cafÃ©/ pub/ dinner. The cafÃ© was a two story tall buildingâ€| well sort of. The first floor which served as the main dinner was 80% underground (something about protecting it from dragons) the rest was above ground and provided natural light for that area of the dinner. The top floor of the building was more for celebrations and parties and was designed for such occasions. The

entrance to the building was built into the side and lead to the bottom floor through stone staircase.

The building itself was much older than the building around it (In fact some say it's the oldest building in Berk and one of the few not to be rebuilt.) which is probably why Gobber loves the place so much, that or it's because he gets 50% of everything (Don't ask me why, even I don't know the story behind that). I had to questions Gobbers choice of locations thou, true me and him like the food here but would the others? I mean they serve actual food here, not fast food stuffed with preservatives.

I made my way down the stairs of the building and opened the door the ring of the doorbell alerting everyone I had arrived. I took a look around the dinner. The Left side of the building *(From Hiccups Perspective) **was lined with medium side half circled booths for eating which was populated only by 2 or 3 groups of people and a few lone eaters. Along the right side was where the Bar sat and the food was made for the costumer, the sound of the Chiefs (Phlegma and her husband) working hard could be heard quite clearly from the Kitchen, But the mix of people talking and the radio in the background managed to drown out the loud Kitchen sounds. The bar was quite empty tonight but then again it was early and most of the town was on that nest hunt so it wasn't that surprising.

I spotted Gobber and the rest of the group on the far side of the Building taking up an entire booth to themselves. I walked over to the group tuning in on their conversation. "Ok so what did Astrid do wrong in the ring today?" asked Gobber as he ate his usual meal (A burger with a side of chips and a beer). "I miss timed my summersault dive, it threw of my reverse tumble." Said Astrid bluntly as she chewed at what appeared to be a salad. Whoa wait when did that happen? In fact what is a reverse tumble in the first place? "Yeah we noticed." Said Ruff her voice dry and sarcastic, she was obviously not that pleased with Gobbers choice of eating locations. "No, No. you were perfect, so Astridâ€|" said Snotlout, who surprisingly was digging in to some drumsticks, I rolled my eyes at the beefed up jock as he stared at Astrid.

"That's where ye're wrong Lad, Astrid's right to be hard on herselfâ€| does anyone know where Hiccup went wrong today?" said Gobber gesturing towards me. I looked at him with an eyebrow raised, was he serious? He already knew that all he was going to get was as bunch of teen mocking me. "Umm he showed up?" said Tuff who like his sister had not touched any of his food. "He didn't get eaten." Ruff chipped in. I rolled my eyes at the two twins as I made my way over to one of the pub stools nearby. There was enough space for me in the booth but knowing them they'll probably push me off the seat as soon as I sat down. So instead I chose the solitary of the pub seat and lay my head upon the counter.

"He is never where he should be." Astrid said trying to hide the bitterness under her breath. I let lose a sign tuning out of the conversation listening in to the old radio as it played a slow blue song. I allowed my thoughts to drift as I listened to the soft words melt their way into my ear. Today hasn't gone all that well for me even by school day standards. Waking up under a couch was weird but something I have experienced before, nearly dying at school: not as uncommon as one would think, nearly dying at the hands of a Gronkle: Again not an uncommon as one would think but still not something that

would happen often. Having an almost spiritual moment with a dragon however is an all new level of strange even for me.

"I wouldn't be doing that if I was you." Said a male voice pulling me away from my thoughts, I jumped a bit in my seat before straitening myself up so I was no longer half asleep on the counter. "That's better, you have no idea where this counter has beenâ€¦ or what has been on It." said a medium sized 19 year old male who was cleaning a glass in front of me. One look at the older teen and you could mistake him for a male model. The young adult had a muscular built and a lean body both signs he has spent a lot of time working out and training. The boy had Short golden blond hair which was neat and tidy (Well compared to most people around here.) his eyes where a light sky blue and had a slight sparkle to them. The grin he was giving me was that of a supermodel, all of his teeth pearly whites and no misshapes like buck teeth or holes. His skin looked as smooth as a baby's bottom and had a slight tan to it which was a rare sight amongst the people of Berk.

The young adult smiled at me. "How are you doing Henry?" he asked with a natural friendly tone. "Well my dad is of on some crazy suicidal mission. Just started Dragon class and nearly died in the first lesson and the rest of the school is trying to finish of what the Gronkle startedâ€¦ You know the usual. What about you Gunnar? Still saving up for collage?" I asked The Bartender giving him a half friendly half tired smile.

Gunnar chuckled a bit before nodding his head slightly. "You want the usual?" He asked me already knowing my answer would be yes. Putting down the glass and flinging his towel onto his shoulder Gunnar quickly made his way towards the small window that connected the Kitchen to the front dinner shouting out 'Henry's usual' Loud and clear for the chiefs working in the Kitchen. He slowly walked back towards where I was sitting his trade mark smile on his face. I watched as he walked over and leaned himself against the cupboard on the other side of the counter opposite to me. "Let me guessâ€¦ Snotface giving you trouble again? Or is it DogBrain?" he asked me picking up on my upset mood.

"Nah, your sister." I said tiredly, his expression changed from that of relaxed to that of slightly worried, slightly amused. "I'm guessing your behind the Slushy in the hair thing." He said, he looked like he was remembering a pleasant memory. "Geez, you should have seen her when she came home with green Slushy in her hair. I'm surprised you're not dead yet." He said in all bluntness. "You're not the only one." I replied in all honesty. The only reason I have survived this long was because of my intelligence and pure unexplainable luck, but even with the combination of the two I have barely managed to scrape by today unharmed (Well by humans at least).

At that moment a small group of Middle age men made their way into the bar chatting to each other loudly disturbing whatever peace and quiet Phlegma's cafe had left. Gunnar let lose a sigh. "Well it was fun while it lasted Henry, but I have to get back to work. Talk to you later." Gunnar said as he walked off to go take the new group of customers' orders. I smiled as he approached the group that had settled in a booth near the door, within minutes a barrel of laughter could be heard from the group curtsey of Gunnar. I will dread the day when Gunnar left Berk to go to College. The day he leaves is the day

Berk will lose one of the few rays of happiness it has.

With my only form of friendly conversation gone and the noise level too high for me to think straight I decided it was best for me to listen in on Gobbers conversation with the rest of the Teens. I turned around on my seat so I could get a better view of said booth. From what I could see Gobber, Snotlout and Fishlegs had finished their meals. Astrid was not far off from finishing her meal. The twins on the other hand haven't even touched their meals, oh well there loss.

"The best weapon ye can have in the ring is not what ye can carry in ye arms, but the one that is built into ye head. My advice? Ye need to learn all you can learn about Dragons. That why for ye first bit of HOMEWORK I want ye to read ye to start reading ye copy of the Dragon Manual. The dragon manual has everything ye need to know about every dragon we know off plus more." Gobber said waving his hook hand around to get everyone's attention.

THUMPTHHH

Everyone and everything in the bar went silent, even the radio seemed to have gone eerily quiet. Gobber listened to the silence for about a minute obviously disturbed by the sudden loud sound. No one dared make a sound as Gobber listened for sounds knowing that the retired Veteran had more experience than anyone else in the bar. Gobber expression relaxed "Just thunder, No attacks tonight." His words calmed everyone in the Dinner. Dragon attacks during a thunderstorm where a once in a blue moon occasion and even then it was normally just a lone Skrill in a very destructive mood. But it was always good to have someone with a lot experience under their belt confirm there would be no attack, and when it came to experience not many had more the Gobber.

"All right class study up, there will be a test tomorrow." Gobber said as he went to go pay the bill for the meal. A collective moan came from the booth full of teens. "Read! Why where still alive!" I heard Tuff moan being the first to voice his displeasure about the situation. "Why read when you can kill the stuff the word tells you about!" said Snot causing several of my brain cells to die because of his stupidity. "OH, oh I've read it about seven times! There is this one dragon which squirts boiling water at your face and then there's this other one that buries itself for a week." Fishlegs said, he was the only one in the booth that seemed excited by the thought of reading. Both of the twins stared at him as with unimpressed expressions. "Yeah, well here was a chance I was going to read itâ€|" started Tuff, "But nowâ€|" ended Ruff as they made their way out of the booth. "You guys can read I'll go kill stuff." Said Tuffnut as he made his way towards the exit followed by His sister and Snotlout. "Wait guys!" Fishlegs yelled nearly falling out of the booth as he tried to catch up to them.

I'm pretty sure Fishlegs is more than capable of figuring out that what he was trying to do was pointless, Snotlout would very likely read the book in secretâ€|. But the twin's well that was a whole different story, getting the Twins to read was a nearly impossible task and has driven any English teacher they have ever had nuts. The fact that what he was trying to do was pointless didn't seem to hinder him thou as he tried to convince the twins and Snotlout to at least open the book.

Watching the four leave the building I became aware that I was being watched coldly when the hairs on the back of my neck began to stand up. I turned around only to come into eye contact with the cold emotionless stare of Astrid's sky blue eyes, she stared at me with such bitterness and hate the mere harsh look would have normally caused me to flinch. This time however I did not feel the same fear that would consume me whenever she stared at me that way, the hope and love (which I had grown rather skilled at hiding from her thanks to years of practice.) was still there but not the fear. For a split second a look of confusion formed over her face before she hid it under a stoic expression.

She broke the eye contact when she got up to leave giving me one last death glare before turning her attention to the door. I let loss a sigh of relief, if she stared at me for any longer I would have feared I would have cracked under her gaze.

"So Gobber's placing the test on you lot already huh?" said Gunnar who had somehow managed to sneak up behind me. I turn around on the stool to see Gunnar standing behind the counter a plate with a small burger and a side of chips and salad on it a glass of coke in the other hand. "One unseal for a Mr Haddock." Said Gunnar grinning as he placed the food and drink in front of me.

In truth I was not that worried about the test. I knew a fair bit about dragons, not as much as Fishlegs did but more than most the members in my class. A quick revision of the manual andâ€¦. I left my copy of the manual in my locker at schoolâ€¦.

"Hey Gunnarâ€¦" I said trying to get the older boys attention. "Yeah?" he asked, from the smirk on his face I could already tell he figure out what I was about to ask him. "Do you think the library still open?".

**I'm not going to lie I'm looking forward to writing the next chapter. **

**I have to say this has not been my best work; I have been in a mood ever since the fires that I have been unable to shake and it has been badly effecting my writing. Let's see if I can fix that next chapter. **

**Out of all emotions hope is the strongest. As long as you have Hope you can never be defeated. **

16. The dragon Manual

**Wow, you guys should have seen my face when I opened my emails the day after I posted the last chapter. I should possible explain why I was existed to write this chapter wellâ€¦ I get to Play with the Dragon Manual. I know, I know not exactly all that existing but it is one of the many things I have been looking forward to playing around with in this story. I have also had a few of my own ideas for new dragon that I was thinking of putting into this storyâ€¦ might be a good time to introduce them. **

**REVIEWS. **

****StorSpeaker:** ****Quite true my friend, quite true. Say I have been meaning to ask you this for some time but is there some sort of Story behind your Name? Or did you just pull it from out of the blue. Hiccup is still in pain but it has died down to a slight burning feeling like when you have a sunburn or accidentally burn yourself with the Toaster.**

****Telron:** ****Me too.**

****Guest:** ****Just because I'm looking forward to something doesn't mean it will come fasterâ€| but I will try.**

****Me:** ****Well M. Norbekov has a very interesting view on Hope, one that I do not share with him. As for Astrid's revenge, it will be happening very soon. If thinks go my way it will possible be on chapter 19.**

****huntergol23:** ****Would you have any suggestions would you?**

****Guest:**** first of Gunnar does know about Hiccups crush and he will tease him about it later on, his thoughts on the crush however is something he prefers to keep to himself.. For now. Hiccup is not going to turn into a dragonâ€| but something is happening to him and Toothlessâ€|..

****Wow that has to be the first time people have commented on the little thing I leave at the end of my chapters. ****

****Hiccup POV. ****

A thunderstorm was putting what I had to walk to get to the library lightly. By the time I had finished my meal it was pouring outside; deafening thunder muted all other sounds and lightning Illuminated the Night sky. So yeah, it wasn't exactly the best conditions to be taking a casual stroll down to the local library but I didn't have much in the way of choices. _Look on the bright side it could be much worse_ said my instinctâ€| just before it started to hail, and it wasn't your normal sized hail either this was Berk, the hail here could put holes in windows.

"You just had to say it didn't you?" I mutter as I began to pick up the pace. I was nowhere as near tough enough to survive long outside during a hailstorm, even my father sometimes struggled with the hail of Berk and this was a guy who could fight Thunderdrums without using a weapon. I ran as fast as I could through the streets of Berk nearly slipping several times thanks to the wet concert.

Snows nine months of the year and hails the other three, you will never understand that unless you spent time on Berk.

I continued to run as fast as I dared go in the wet weather until the old stone building that was the library came into view. Never before have I been happier to climb its cracked stone stairs and open the large wooden doors thanking the gods that the Library was still open. The library was a medium sized building constructed of white stone and wood for the roof. It use to hold the title for the oldest building in Berk until a stray fire ball from A Monstrous Nightmare nearly burnt the place down, lucky there was no major damage to the information inside but the building itself had to be largely rebuilt

and repaired. The library was rarely used by the people of Berk, literature was not exactlyâ€¦. Respected by most people around here save a few like me, Fishlegs and Old wrinkly no one really used the old building unless it was for business.

The enter the library to find it much warmer then outside and lot more dryer, it was dark too but I guess that was either to save power or the power was out to the buildingâ€¦ again. It was then that I realized I was dripping wet in my two layers of clothing. Looking over at a small coat stand in the corner near the door, the temptation was high to take of my soaked second jumper but if I did so I run the risk of showing of the fact that I was somewhat glowing. On the other if I got any of the books just a little bit wetâ€¦ well the last person to do such a thing had to clean the entire Library with their own toothbrush until it was spotlessâ€¦.

Without even a second thought I removed my soaking wet jumper and placed it on the stand. Water dripped from my jumper as it hung in the air. I was still dripping slightly but it wasn't as bad as it was when I was wearing both jumpers. The faint glow of my tattoo was now just visible under the one layer of clothing I was wearing; as long as no one looked at me closely I should be safe from any questions like 'Why are you glowing?' or 'are you glowing?'. I felt surprisingly warm and dry for someone who had just run through berk in both rain and hail, I would blame the warmth of the building but that wouldn't make much sense.

I slowly approached the front desk where an old wrinkled man sat who seemed engrossed in a large story book. The old man looked more like a skeleton with skin then a man, he was tall, nearly the height of my father but he lacked any form of muscles or fat. Wrinkles seemed to have consumed every part of the old man's body making what was very likely a once young and proud face look like a bag of wrinkles but if that bothered him he didn't show. A beard made up of what appeared to be nearly 99% grey hairs (the 1% that wasn't grey or fallen out was a dark reddish-brown) was nearly touching the floor. Tied old blue eyes hidden behind reading glasses seemed to be observing everything that was going on in the room at once. A pipe lies lazily in his lips smoke rings forming at the end of the pipe and floated into the air.

Upon seeing the man behind the counter my entire body froze up. I took my time to steady my breath until it was a somewhat normal breathing pattern. Taking one big breath I slowly began to tip toe past the old man reading the book, every step I made was followed by a small creek courtesy of the old floor boards, I should possible convince Gobber to let me fix that one dayâ€¦.

"And too what do I owe the pleasure of your presences lad?" I heard an old voice mutter making me jump slightly. I turn around to see the old man looking down at me from his counter, his wrinkly bony finger saving the page he was up to. The old man looked at me with a calm stoic expression. I hesitated to answer his question right away until I noticed the faint sparkle of Joy in the old man's eyes. My muscles instantly relaxed upon seeing the joy in the old man's eyes, he was glad to see me. "Hey Grandpa, what brings you here today?" I ask awkwardly rubbing the back of my neck. "Have you forgotten I work here Lad? Sigh, you were never one for small talkâ€¦ no matter. Well what can I do for you today?" Old wrinkly asked, his voice was calm and patient similar to the way one would speak to a 3 year old.

"You wouldn't happen to have a copy of the Dragon Manual would you? I kind of left mine at school" I said awkwardly earning a small smirk from my Grandpa. "Apparently there is some truth to the saying 'Like father, like son' your dad made the exact same mistake when he was your age. And sadly like him your too late, the Hofferson Girl made off with the last copy I had available only a few minutes ago." Old wrinkly said. Depression swelled through me upon hearing his words, just my luck I missed the last book by minutes and to Astrid of all people!

Old wrinkly looked at me for a minute deep in thoughts before I saw a slight twinkle in his old tired eyes. "Come with me lad, I think I have an idea." My Grandpa said as he placed the book in his hands down and exited his small office/counter a walking stick in hand. He slowly trotted away from me waving his hand silently signalling me to follow him. I stared at him for a moment as he slowly walked off pondering as to what was going on in my grandfather's mind. With a slight shrug I began to follow my grandfather through the dark halls of the library.

For an elder who used a walking stick Old wrinkly moved surprisingly fast, it took quite a bit of effort to keep up with the old man and his walking stick as he quickly made his way past bookshelves and desks. A few stray dim lights illuminated some of the desks and shelves giving the library a sort of mysterious look that would send shivers down Fishlegs spine. Lightning eliminated the sky deafening thunder following soon after; old wrinkly didn't seem bothered by the weather outside even muttering to himself that the weather use to be worse in his day.

He guided towards the back of the building: the hall of records. A place most people would rarely go unless they wanted to look at old records or newspapers. I have never been down in this part of the library before; in fact judging by the thick layer of dust, hardly anyone ever visited this place and those who have haven't been here in a long time. Old wrinkly grumbled on a bit about having to sort and clean the files, from the sound of things he didn't enjoy doing so. I couldn't blame him either; the place was more messy then my study, and that's saying something.

Eventually we arrived at the end of the hall of records where what appeared to be a display case sat. it was somewhat old but appeared to be in a better condition than the rest of the furniture in the room. Four oak legs supported a rectangular glass case. Two lamps stood either side of the case illuminating it with a faint orange glow. I have never seen this display case or its content before but I had a faint idea of what the container held. Old wrinkly walked over to the glass case pulling out a small set of keys from his back pocket, a small shadow of a smile forming over his face. He placed one of the keys into a keyhole that was located at the base of the case. With a slight flick of his wrist the case's roof suddenly clicked open.

With little effort Old wrinkly lifted the lid up so he could get a good look at the item inside. The smile widen as he picked up what appeared to be a worn leather covered book that was located within. The book was covered with a thick layer of dust, "Damn, thought the damn case was meant to stop this from happening" Old wrinkly muttered before blowing off the dust with a powerful gust of air from

his mouth.

As the dust flew off the leather covered book a symbol of a dragon curling up on itself within a circle of Nordic art became clear to both my eyes and that of Old Wrinkly. I couldn't help but gasp at the sight of the symbol, "Is that the Dragon Manual?" I asked in utter shock. "The one and only." Replied my grandpa confirming that the book was in fact the one I thought it was. "Butâ€¦ How? I thought the original Dragon Manual is on display at the Meathead Museumâ€¦" I said, I clearly remember seeing the Dragon Manual on display there when my school took a field trip to the Meathead Museum last year.

"The one they have there is just a replica; you can't trust a Meathead to look after anything you knowâ€¦. but that's beside the point all you have to know that this book is the real one." Said Old Wrinkly holding the manual out for me to see. I looked at him sceptically 'You can't trust a Meathead' was he serious? I admit I had one 'friend' over at Meatown and I knew for a fact that he could be trusted. Then again my grandpa had a hard time trusting others... especially after what happened to my dad's father.

"Lad, put out your hands." I heard my Grandpa order snapping me from my thoughts of my grandfather I never met. I did as he asked keeping my questions to myself, until he placed the leather bound book into my hand. "Wait. You're intrusting me of all people with the Dragon Manual?" I said in utter shock. I know my grandpa liked me alot and trusted me greatly but this, this, was a whole new level of shock. "Strange, that's the exact same thing your father said the exact same thing when I first handed him the Dragon Manual all those years agoâ€¦. Well human kind has a habit of repeating its history if it's smallâ€¦ or great." Said Old Wrinkly as he slowly began to walk away from the open case.

"You still remember how to read Norse runes?" my grandpa asked me. I gave him a silent nod. Old Wrinkly had insisted that I should learn how to read the language of our ancestors at a very early age. My father was a little sceptical about teaching me a dead writing but my mother had agreed with her father. I was a little rusty but I think I could read a book like the dragon manual without much in the way of problems. The only reason I have yet deciphered any of the glowing runes in my tattoo was because I have never seen Runes like them before. I could tell they were Runes by the shape of them but I could not read any of them.

"The Library is closing in an Hour lad. I suggest you find somewhere comfortable and start studying, you got some big days ahead of you and I have a feeling you're going to need all the help you can get from that book." Old Wrinkly said not even looking back at me as he slowly walked away, but I did not need to see the old man's face to know that his eyes had that recognizable shine to them.

****Sometime later. ****

Finding a quiet spot to sit and read was easy; the entire building was virtually empty of life. I found a small desk with a reading light next to it and sat down; it was not too far away from the entrance so I could hear my grandfather call out the library was closed but far enough so he wouldn't be disturbed by my nasty habit of reading out loud.

I sat down in a small wooden chair that creaked slight as I shifted my weight; yeah I REALLY need to convince Gobber to let me take a look at this place. My hands shook slightly as I placed the leather bound book onto the desk in front of me. I was about to read THE Dragon manual, Berks single greatest weapon against the Dragon menace. This one book and the knowledge it holds within its leather covers has created generations after generations of dragon slayers that have effectively protected Berk from dragon invasion for centuries. And it was in my hands.

Without another thought I opened the front cover of the book and flicked past a few papers talking about Bork the Bold and how the Dragon manual came to be until I landed upon the first page with a picture of an actual dragon on it.

**From this point on these will be the words in the Dragon manual if you do not want to read the dragon Manual just skip the following words until you see this XXXXXXXX. **

_The page showed a picture of a blue aquatic sting ray like dragon with a large tooth full mouth open wide forming the shape of an O. the dragon had two sets of wings, one set up near its shoulders and the other where its long whip like tail met its body. If you looked closely you could just make out two sets of tiny feet on it's under belly which seemed misshaped for such a large dragon. Backwards facing spikes ran all along its skinny back. _

ThunderDrums. Tidal class

_This Powerful sea dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide pools. With the help of powerful vocal cords and its O shaped mouth this dragon can release a concussive roar powerful enough to knock back enemies and has even been known to kill a man at close range. The size of a ThunderDrum often varies between locations, some shallow water ThunderDrums have been known to be about the size of a small fishing boat while other open water ThunderDrums have been known to reach tremendous sizes. _

_Threat level: extremely high, if capable kill on sight. _

_The next page showed a dragon with a humongous wingspan and with wings that looked shaper then blades. It had a long serpent like body with a head that looked similar to that of a Nightmare but with less teeth and thicker horns upon its head. _

_TimberJacks. Sharp class _

_Theses forest lurking dragons have wings sharp enough to cut through fully grown trees with easy. They are extremely territorial and have been known to attack other dragons if they get to close to their nests even if said Dragon is much larger on stronger than that of the TimberJack. This dragon prefers to attack from the skies using its wings like giant guillotines to slice up pray, it this is not the case it will attack pray with its explosive ember like breath.

_

_Threat level: high, kill on sight. _

_The next page showed a large rock looking dragon with two muscular

looking legs and one set of wings similar to that of a Nadder. Its entire body was covered in armour like plating that ran from the top of its head all the way down to the mace like tail. The head was similar to that of a Gronkle but was lacked a neck and the warts. One large Rhinoceros like horn stuck out of its Nose and two long curved ram horns curled outwards towards the front of its face.

—

_Hornpedes. Boulder class. _

Theses extremely social dragons are only found in large 'herds' which is led by a matriarch whose sole purpose is to protect its 'herd'. Bull Hornpedes are often much larger and more aggressive then the female of the species and because of this are often found by themselves or nesting further away from the rest of the 'herd'. Due to their pour flying capabilities 'herds' of Hornpedes have been known to island hop during migrations. It is highly suggested to NOT start a Hornpede Stampede, it is nearly impossible to stop a charging Hornpede due to is strong armour and tremendous strength _A unique ability of the Hornpede it that its capable of setting the large ram like horns on fire making it much more destructive during its infamous stampedes. Entire Herds of Hornpedes have been known to destroy entire towns during stampedes._

_Threat level: High to extremely high, if possible kill on sight.

—

_The next page showed a much more familiar two headed dragon. _

_The Hideous Zippleback. Fear class. _

_The Hideous Zippleback is one of the most unusual and dangerous dragons you will most likely have to face during a dragon raid. There two separate heads are both sentinel and both have their own thoughts making this dragon especially tricky to fight. Instead of breathing fire, a Zippleback makes explosions. One head breathes gas, and the other head lights it allowing this dragon to cause a massive amount of damage. In prefers solitary in nature and prefers to hunt and work alone unlike the other more common dragons. _

_Threat level: medium depending on situation, Kill on sight. _

_The next dragon looked more like a giant walking skeleton then an actual Dragon. it was covered head to toe in the bones of other dragons making its base details hard to make out but it looked a lot like a T-Rex with wings covered in bones. A large spiky mace like tail was at the end of the giant's tail making it even more fearsome.

—

_The BoneKnapper. Mystery class. _

_More of a legend then a Dragon, the BoneKnapper is a fearsome beast that covers itself in the bones of the dead to hide its soft skin. Its bone armour is extremely durable allowing the beast to easily shrug of any attack delivered to it. BoneKnappers are extremely rare and one would be lucky to see one and live to tell the tale, due to their aggressive nature and scarcity there is very little information about this flying skeleton of a dragon. _

_Threat level: Extreme, Unknown, kill on sight. _

The next dragon made the TimberJacks wings look tiny in comparison. 3 sets of wing, one was utterly huge taking up most of the page while the other two were much smaller and could be found where the body becomes the tail. Its Body was shaped similar to that of a Nightmare but it had a much thicker and shorter neck and the tail was at least as long as its body and covered in small spines. The tip of the tail was shaped similar to that of the Night Fury but was much longer. The head was very short and small compared to the neck and had a large crests sticking out of the back of his skull. It's under belly was covered in massive kite shaped scales that looked more like giant feathers rather than scales.

_StormWings. Strike class. _

_This dragon has the largest body to wing ratio of the dragon world giving it great aerial capability. A StormWings wing muscles are so strong that they make a thunder like sound whenever it beats its wings. The Stormwing can use its strong wings to create powerful shockwaves that can knock over even the most studios of buildings. The flaps on the underside of its belly grant the Stormwing great aerial manoeuvrability and control during flight. Due to its powerful wings it can fly for what seems to be a nearly unlimited amount of time only coming down to earth to eat, drink, sleep and strike fear into the hearts of humans. _

_Threat level: Extreme, if you have the advantage and numbers Kill on sight. _

_The next dragon looked like something you would see in a Chinese New Year play. It had a long serpent like body that was covered in bright scales and curled up in weird positions. Four somewhat stubby legs supported the weight of the large dragon and its ripped demon like wings. The head resembled that of a Zippleback but without the horns or large teeth. The tail curled in on itself with a small arrow tip at the end. Several spikes running up its spine. _

_Grapple Grounder. Stoker class. _

_The Grapple Grounder spends most of its time lurking within deep underground cave networks. Like all Stoker class dragons the Grapple Grounder is extremely aggressive and has amazing firepower the likes of which few dragons can match. But even with such amazing fire power this dragon prefers to slowly crush its victims with its powerful muscular body. The dragon will not stop squeezing however until it can turn the victims is turned inside out. it is supposed that a Grapple Grounder can heat their skin up (similar to that of a Nightmare) until their scales begin to glow in a faint orange. The size of a Grapple Grounder can vary but most are the size of a Nadder, but there are some reports of Grapple Grounders the size of Scauldron lurking deeper underground. _

_Threat level: Extremely High, if capable Kill on sight. _

_The next dragon looked more like a silhouette of a dragon than the actual thing. The dragon was shrouded in a thick layer of what appeared to be a purple fog. The base shape of the dragon was snake like with one set of large bat like wings spreading out from the side that were covered in tear. The head looked like some sort of batlike creature with large ears and a small snout. The tail ended in a

similar way to that of the Night fury but had much more tears and seemed to be rather bony. _

_FearMonger. Fear class. _

_The FearMonger earned its name by possessing the ability to breath a hallucinogenic gas that make said Dragon appear as the victims worse Nightmare. After the Victim is parallelized by fear the dragon proceeds to drink the warm still flowing blood of its prey, but surprisingly it will leave enough blood with in the prey to keep it alive. The FearMonger has never been spotted without being within its Purple gas cloud of fear suggesting a great amount of stealth skills. Other than that little is known about the FearMonger and its true nature. _

_Threat Level: Extreme, Do not engage unless you are prepare to face the consequences, kill on sight. _

_The next dragon was much less horrifying. A familiar looking brightly coloured bird like dragon covered the page. _

_The deadly Nadder. Sharp class. _

_The deadly Nadder is as fast as it is Deadly. These birdlike dragons focus on making highly fast and prosiest attacks. The Nadder is as quick and agile in the air as it is on the ground making it a difficult opponent to combat. Luckily a Nadder lacks little in the way of armour of any kind making it extremely vulnerable to most weapons. The Nadder is rather vain animal that would spend hours on end grooming itself and perfecting its scales. The Nadders fire is one of the hottest fires in the dragon world and can easily burn through most metals with ease, luckily the Nadder can only hold the flame for only a few seconds. The spines of the Nadders tail can be launched with pinpoint accuracy and will regenerate within a matter of minutes. _

_Threat level: medium depending on numbers, kill on sight. _

_The next dragon was clearly an aquatic species. It had a large body with a small scrawny neck supporting what appeared to be a cauldron like head. A large beefy tail came with a large fin was at the end of the giant dragon. Two giant wings spread out from the side of its large body. Surprisingly the dragon only had four small legs supporting its massive size. _

_The Scauldron, Tidal class. _

_The massive sea Dragon known as the Scauldron is a dragon of tremendous size and power. Like most Tidal class dragons the Scauldron spends most of its time in the open ocean where it can grow to tremendous sizes. The Scauldron unlike most dragons does not possess a fire of its own, instead the massive beast will swallow gallons and use its cauldron like body to heat it up to boiling levels, it will then use this boiling water as a long range weapon that is capable of killing a man with ease. _

_Threat level: high, kill on sight. _

_The next dragon was one that would send chills down anyone's spine. It had a small long snake like body that was covered in spines. A

large head similar to a Nadders but with bulging eyes and a huge gaping mouth O shaped mouth that was filled to the brim with different sized teeth all of which looked perfect for ripping through flesh. _

Whispering Death. Boulder class.

_The Whispering Death only knows one thing, and that is killing. With its seven rows of rotating teeth the Whispering death can easily borrow its way through stone and dirt. The Whispering death prefers to launch surprise attack upon its prey by tunnelling under the earth waiting for the right moment to strike its unsuspecting prey. In Battle the Whispering Death is a formidable foe, capable of withstanding any number of Attacks and possesses the ability to Attack in multiple forms from nearly any point of its body. Many brave warriors that have survived battles with Whispering Deaths have often been traumatized by the event. _

_Threat level: extreme, only engage if absolutely necessary, kill on sight. _

The next dragon looked somewhat similar to a nightmare in shape but had a few distinct features. Its body was a lot thicker than a nightmare; the neck was shorter and much thicker, almost unnoticeable when it was attached to the giant Alligator like head with a jaw big enough to hide a man in. Also unlike the nightmare this dragon had large muscular front legs with claws the size of hunting knives. A huge spike covered tail came from the rear of the dragon which seemed to balance out the large head. What appeared to be several gaps and holes in the dragon covered its scale armour in strange patterns, the strangest of all was of course a several gaps making a star shape on its under belly.

_Cannonmaws, Stoker Class. _

_Even tho this dragon lacks much in the way of aerial capability it more than makes up for it by having the most powerful fire blast known to dragon kind. Once a day this dragon is capable of preforming an explosive shot of such power that it can turn an entire street of houses into a smoking pile of charred earth in the blink of an eye. To use such a powerful shot The Cannonmaw must first drink several gallons of water; it does this presumably to keep its body heat down. The Cannonmaw must also dig its claws into the earth the stable itself and keep it from feeling to full force of the blast backlash. The blast itself takes about a minute to charge which during that time steam is vented through the several holes and cracks in its scales. During this time the dragon itself is not completely defenceless, its long powerful spike covered tail makes an excellent defence against any Viking who try to attack it during its preparation. _

_Threat level: extremely high, do not allow this dragon time to prepare, KILL ON SIGHT. _

**I could go on and on about Movie dragons and my own ideas but I think I will spare you that. **

**XXXXXX **

Page after page, dragon after dragon I absorbed every piece of

information that was in the book. I was in utter shock as to how many dragons there were in this book. Some dragons like the Monstrous Nightmares, Deadly Nadders, Hideous Zippleback and Gronkle I had already known fairly well and have had a fair few up close encounters with. Then there were dragons like ThunderDrums, Changewings, Scaudrons and Whispering Deaths which I managed to learn a few new things about. I learned a fair bit about some Dragons like BoneKnappers, Skrills, Snaptrappers, Speed stingers and Grapple Grounders which I knew little about. And then there were Dragons like Fearmongers, Shipwreckers, Cannonmaws, Venom Serpents and Stormwings which I hardly even knew existed until now.

Some dragons Like the Whispering Death, The Fearmonger and something called an Exterminator (I skipped the page after taking a brief glance at the picture.) Sent shivers down my spine and made my hair stand up on end. Others like the BoneKnapper, The Snaptrapper and the Flashfang made me question the reliability of the Dragon Manual. Then there were some dragons like the Skrill, Stormwings, Typhoomerangs and a monster of a dragon called a Leviathan that I couldn't help but pause and look on in amazement.

Every page had a different effect on me then the last, but all of them had the same words that burned its way into my brain: Kill on sight.

Even innocent little dragons Like Terrors or Fireworms who only barred a threat level of low still bared the dreaded words. Every dragon on every page of this book told the reader to kill the dragon on sight. Every dragon had a unique trait, a unique look but to anyone who read those three words they would all be one thing:

A Monster that needs to be killed.

Every dragon shared this one trait, all of them but one.

I flipped to the last page of the book. Unlike the rest of the pages in the book which were all filled with illustrations and notes of dragon this one was virtually empty other than a few small notes and the title, A title that send a chill down even my dad's spine.

_Night Fury. _

_Speed: unknown, Size: unknown. The unholy offspring of Lightning and Death itself and raised in the pits of Muspelheim. Never engage this Dragon. Your only chance, hide and prey that it does not find __you.

—

I sat back for a moment taken aback at what I had just read. I sat there in utter silence thinking to myself about the words I had just read. Silently I pulled my sketch book from coat and slightly threw it at the dragon manual the full body sketch of the night fury open wide for the world to see.

As I did so a small piece of folded paper seemed to become dislodged from the back of the book and silently began to float to the floor. I watched in silence as it did so, I was about to leave it but my curiosity got the better of me. I picked up the note and unfolded it revealing rune writing.

_Out of every dragon I have ever met The Night Fury is by far the most unique by far. Their extreme intelligence and great power makes them dangerous foe to their enemies and a great allies to their friends. But in the end it is not its speed, power or intelligence that makes them dangerous but their Uniqueness and it is through that uniqueness that I was able to discover that everything we knew about Dragonsâ€¦ was wrong. _

I dropped the note in shock, not because of its content or because of what the note was suggesting but because of who had signed the note.

_Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third. _

**Long wasn't it? So what did you think of my new dragon ideas? Do you want to hear more of them? Or would you rather I leave them alone? **

Apparently because of something called SOPA This may be my last chapter in this story depending on how things go in the nextâ€¦ let's say 48 hours.

**So just in case I would like to say adios Fanfiction, I will miss you. **

**Thor-Born signing of. **

17. Spine in my side

**Well congratulations everyone, Fanfiction managed to barely survive another SOPA attack. Let's hope it stays dead shall we? **

Sorry this took a while guys I gotâ€¦ distractedâ€¦. Ok I recently got back into some of my old PlayStation 2 games recently and I was wondering if I still have my old touch. I also had to rewatch the Nadder maze seen a few times to get an understanding of what I wanted to do with it, plus theirs this whole other story I wanted to get finished.

**Anyway I should clear this up first before I get to the story itself. There is a small time skip between this chapter and the last one (I'm skipping Thursday because I need to move this along a bit.) also I can't think of anything to put in for Thursday. **

**REVIEWS. **

**ChibiFelicia: **yeah well I did hint it a bit that this was based in the same universe (or a very similar one) to the one in the movie. There is also a reason why Hiccup was never able to make changes to the dragon manualâ€¦ but I will explain that later.

**StorSpeaker: **Thanks for clearing that up, and lucky you (and me) we got about another year of free writing.

**Telron: **well glad to know I achieved what I was going for.

**Thesingingowl: **Like I said before it is basically the same universeâ€¦ with some slight changes here and there but whether or

not the original Hiccup fate was the same as the one in the movie is knowledge I cannot share yet. But like you said time will tell.

****Bec (Guest): ****And that's the funny thing about history, you would think that the human race would learn from its past mistakes but alasâ€¦|

****Lilith Jae: ****Nice to see a new face On this story. I am actually quite pleased about that cliff-hanger.

****JuneTooth: ****Well it's nice to see someone so supportive of this story, it warms my heart. I should probably get that checked out by a doctorâ€¦|

****Guest: ****Hiccup didn't right the note (Well not this Hiccup at least). I'm glad you liked my dragons by the way. And Stoicks dadâ€¦|.well let's just say he never got the chance to retire from office 20 years agoâ€¦|.

****Guest: ****Fist of the big guy being a dragonâ€¦|. maybe, maybe not. Second of yeah love on the battle field is next.

****Guest: ****Interesting ideaâ€¦|. Very interesting idea.

****Guest: ****I have been talking to the same guest for the last few reviews haven't I? Well I have been trying to update both of my stories all in the span of two days hopefully with this story the words fly of the paper, the other one, not so much.

****Guest: ****Yeah I'll keep working on the story.

****The night Fury POV. ****

5 days, I have been stuck in this hole for 5 days now all because of the human. I was being slowly engulfed by strange glowing marks because of the human. I have only had one good meal since I became stuck in this hole and that meal was because of the human. I gave up trying to escape the sinkhole on the third day because of the human. And now worst of all I am having some very weird dreams about the human.

I am starting to notice a recurring similarity between all these bad events and it's not the fact that I'm stuck in a hole.

Sighâ€¦| Of all the places I could have wound up in to slowly die of starvation it had to be in a cove as beautiful as this one. Sigh, at least I won't die at the hands of a human or worse become a meal for HER, but to be truthful I was kind of hoping to die of old age or pass away peacefully in my sleep when I was old. Well I can kiss that fantasy good bye.

Or maybe I don't have toâ€¦|.

That human, the one that has done so much in the way of making my life a living misery may be my last and only hope to fixing all of my problems, but the question is how? How can such a small scrawny human help me when all it has done for me so far is cause me trouble? To be truthful I don't really know.

I lazily lay in an open area of the cove allowing my scales to absorb what heat the sun was generating in this rare cloudless day. I have no idea why our dragon ancestors thought that setting up a nest here would be a good idea. The water surrounding the nest literally freeze over during the winter, And don't even get me started on the hail. I have lost track of how many times I have been forced to fly through storms and hail just to get to a suitable form of cover from the harsh elements. I know that being a dragon gave me a stronger resistance against the cold and elements than a human and their furs, but I had my limits and this place pushed them to the brink.

It did not help that not only just a few moons ago a Flashfang who was visiting his northern brethren (Us) had told me of a place he had come from called the great southern island. In this great southern island the weather was always warm and the food was plentiful, it had a habitat suitable for all if not most dragons. I had so badly wanted to go with the Flashfang to his home on the great southern island and escape this frozen death trap but some invisible made me stay. I hated myself for not going with the Flashfang when I had the chance, for years I had been searching for a way to leave this frozen nest of mindless slaves behind, and then when my chance at freedom is literally in my paws I push it away like an idiot. At the time I blamed my unwillingness to leave the nest on HER. What else could explain my 'sudden change of heart' other than HER and HER little ability to mess with other Dragons minds?

For ages I had myself believe that it was because of HER that I did not leave, out of fear and anger I became more solitary and rebellious in nature which I guess only made the problems I have with the rest of the nest worse. Come to think of it maybe the human was a blessing in disguise; I never had the guts to outright leave the nest for too long even with the threat of several dragons amongst the nest wishing me dead. The human just gave me the push I needed. Come to think of itâ€¦ what if there was a reason behind my unwillingness to leave the nest until the human managed to shot me downâ€¦ what if the life debt and these glowingâ€¦ marks had something greater behind it then being a simple annoyanceâ€¦. Maybe, just maybeâ€¦ this is all part of my destinyâ€¦.

Or maybe being stuck in this hole with nothing to do is finally starting to drive me crazy.

****Hiccup POV. ****

"Today is all about thinking on your feet. The Deadly Nadder is quick and light on its feet, your job is to be quicker and lighter but most importantly of allâ€¦ smarter." I heard Gobber say over the loud speaker as he watched us from the tower control room that over looked the entire arena.

Today Gobber had told us that we would be having are class in Maze mode just to give us some extra experienceâ€¦. In other words he needed something to laugh at.

The Maze was an easy to set up obstacle that could be set up in the arena to provide an extra challenge for the Students. The maze itself could be rearranged in many different ways so no to experiences in the maze was the same; I guess they did that so no one could memorize the maze or something like that. But whatever the reason the maze was one of the most difficult challenges and one of Gobbers personal

favourites, and those two things together was a bad mix.

So after a bit of 'rearrangement' of our original schedule made by Gobber very likely behind everyone else's back here we were looked in a maze with an angry Nadder whilst being watched by a crippled man in a bunker who was very likely having the time of his life.

"I am really starting to question your teaching methods!" I heard Fishlegs yell from the other side of the arena. "And ye wouldn't be the first." Replied Gobber over the loudspeaker, I couldn't see him but I could tell he was smiling. A sudden girlish scream suddenly fell upon the arena; well it looked like the Nadder decided Fishlegs would be a fun person to pick on.

For some reason I could tell that this Nadder was not taking any of this seriously. Personally I think it was too busy in joying its small slice of freedom rather than fighting us, we were just fun little toys for its amusement. Personally I'm just glad the Nadder hasn't decided to pick on me yet, if that dragon found out about my natural clumsiness, well, I don't think it would ever leave me alone.

But instead of running around the maze trying to avoid the Nadder I did the exact opposite of what Gobber wanted me to do, I stood perfectly still in clear view of anyone who would stumble across me be it human or dragon. The purpose of my actions: I needed to ask Gobber some questions, and for some mind boggling reason I decided now was the best time to do it.

Gobber spent the majority of his time on the loudspeaker telling me to stop asking him pointless questions and start focusing on the lesson at hand. I don't blame him; his job is to teach us about how to be quick and nimble, what I was doing was the exact opposite of what he wanted. Right now he was either pissed off at me or he was worried for my safety, judging by his voice over the loudspeaker it was a combination of both.

What was really bugging me however was the fact that my Instinct hasn't said a single word ever since I stepped into the arena which by itself worrying. It was thanks to my instincts I survived the last dragon training class and even with its assistant I barely managed to survive, I have no idea how well I'll do without its assistance. It was also because of its help that I managed to survive an entire school day without running off into the woods.

So yeah, the Voice in my head has turned out to be pretty useful. The Tattoo on the other hand, well, I still have no idea what to think about when it crosses my mind. It hasn't done any spreading ever since The Gronkle incident, But hey, the less time I spend in excruciating pain the better so I'm not complaining.

"SO Gobber! How would one deal with a Dragon. in like a non-combat situation?" I ask up to my mentor trying to be as discreet as possible. I had originally planned to ask Gobber about the Night Fury pacifically, but I had realised that the combination of the type of questions I was asking and the type of dragon I was asking about might raise a few questions. Everyone knew I was somewhat obsessed (There I said it I was obsessed) with killing the Night Fury but I don't think that would help much in this situation.

"There is no such thing as a non-combat situation with a Dagon. They are violent animals that wouldn't think twice about attackin' a human. It's either ye, kill them or they kill ye." Gobber said, the tone of his voice was stern and serious. "But surly not all dragons have to be engaged. What about if your attacking a Venom Serpent or a FearMonger or worse an Exterminator? Surly it would be better to leave them alone." I said back, I had already asked him what to do with dragons that weren't considered much of a threat and he simply replied kill on sight.

"First of Lad Exterminators are extinct. Second of even tho it is considered suicide to engage dragons like that it is still best to kill them on sight, if those beast got their wayâ€¦ well, there would be a lot more deaths caused if ye leave them alone then if ye engage them." Said Gobber in a matter of fact way that sends shivers down my spine.

"Soâ€¦ umm what if you come in contactâ€¦ with eh ah Night Fury?" I said picking my words carefully; if I made what I wanted to really know clear Gobber would get suspicious and a suspicious Gobber is something you do not want on your back. Gobber was silent for a moment before replying. "Well that's an exception, If ye are ever unlucky enough to come across _that _monster the best thing ye can do is to run and pray it does not come after ye and if it does pray it gives ye a quick death." Gobber said His dead serious tone send shivers down my spine.

The way he said it with such confidence, Gobber believed this with every fibber of his being. This was something he knew for a fact.

But the question is how much truth was actually behind it?

Ok so maybe I'm only speaking from my experience with the Night Fury and not the other few hundred times I have nearly died at the claws of dragons, but for some reason I feel like there is more to the picture then what I can seeâ€¦ then anyone can seeâ€¦

Or maybe that note is still getting to meâ€¦ I had already lost to much sleep due because of it; In fact I'm surprised I can get any sleep at all. The whole thing was kind of mind-blowing for me. There was someone in the past named Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third, He had a name so similar to mine it was kind of freaky. And then there was the way he wrote about the Night fury; it wasn't full of fear or hate like what was written in the dragon manual. He wrote of the Night fury with awe and respect. He didn't consider the night fury as a foe that needs to be slain he saw the Night fury as an equal. And then there was the way he chose his words: _A_ _dangerous foe to their enemies and a great allies to their friends. _The way he wrote thatâ€¦ He didn't see the Night fury as an equal enemy; no he saw it as an allyâ€¦..

He saw it as a friend.

****The Nadder POV. ****

Well at least these humans aren't fighting amongst each other so I guess it's an improvement on the last group I had to deal with. Boy where some of them violent little creatures especially that large brutish one that gave me a nasty cut on my wingâ€¦ I'll have to pay

that ugly son of a troll back for that little attack. It was bad enough that it took me hours to make myself look somewhat presentable in that dark cold cave without having to continually deal with new scars and bruises because of the humans and their weapons.

Well that was when they were lucky enough to lay a blow on me that is.

Out of all the dragons in this 'prison' I have been here the longest so I had the most experience with dealing with the small humans. I have been here for about four years I believe the only one he came near my time was the Zippleback who has been here for about 2 years (Due to his trickiness he was barely used so he did not have to do much in the way of fighting.) the Gronkle was next with about eleven months then there was the Nightmare who has only been here for two months and has no idea of the terrible fate that awaits him (No one has had the heart to tell him what they did to the Nightmares they catch.) and then there was the Terror who has only been here for a few days.

But in truth it didn't matter how long we have spent in this prison, sooner or later were all going to die by the hands on the young humans be it by mistake or by purpose one of these days we will all be dead. It's just a matter of time.

Human yelling from behind me caught my attention I turned around on the small perch I had on top of one of the wooden walls. Two humans ran around the maze yelling at each other trying to take the lead from one of each other. They looked the same as each other almost identical, almost.

They hadn't spotted me yet; in fact I doubt they would be able to notice a Thunderdrum coming at them if they kept arguing like that. But they do look like some fun new victims, picking on the chubby one was getting old fast maybe some new blood will make things more interesting.

I stealthy jumped from one wall to another. Even tho the Humans would not notice me over there bickering I still tried to make my movements as swift and silent as possible. If it was my Perfectionist Nadder nature acting up or simply because I didn't like taking chance I would not know for the life of me. Still it never hurt to be on the safe side when it came to fighting Humans, especially the ones with something to prove, which at the moment seemed to be all of them.

The human's movement were unpredictable in nature; they would make wild left and right turns, turn around and run in the opposite direction. They spent the entire time arguing between themselves. I found it strange that two humans could not get along well even in a combat saturation would not separate from each other's side, yet they did not. Strange, it almost seemed as if they enjoyed arguing with each other maybe they are like the Zippleback who in encaged next to me the two head seem to enjoy having late heated arguments in the middle of the night much to most of the other dragons frustration.

The human veteran (The one with the claw for a hand) began to speak once again using that strange tool that made its voice louder. The veteran has been doing a lot of that since the humans had first

stepped into the arena much to my annoyance. The extremeness of the sound was a nightmare on my ears, it wasn't bad enough to make me confused or overbalanced but it was enough to give me a horrible headache. But there was no point complaining about it, it's not like the humans could understand me and even if they could I doubt they would stop.

The two humans I was stalking eventually made a wrong turn which I was able to take full advantage of. I jumped and landed in front on them scaring them both into invisibility? I was shocked, confused, where had the two gone? They were right in front of me only a minute ago and now they were gone. It was if they had transformed into the air itself. I moved my head around trying to see if I could find the humans if I moved my heads position. I sniffed trying to catch the scent of the humans only for me to instantly regret it. I managed to pick up two scents, both of them smelled so horrible I wouldn't be surprised if they had been washing themselves in their own sweat. My eyes began to water under the horrid smell. How could Humans live like that?

Pushing their stench away (it was difficult when it felt like it was literally burning itself into your brain) I was surprised to find that the smell came from right in front of my very nose, but that impossible, unless

My suspicions were confirmed when I heard the two humans beginning another argument. Their argument eventually transformed into a yelling match between the two. I tilted my head slightly so I had one eye facing forward, and sure enough there they were, arguing with each other while butting heads. I rolled my eyes and the stupid humans antics.

"_Hello" _I said to the humans causing both of them to stop their arguments and stare at me in shock. I gave them about two seconds to get out of the way before letting loose my fire in their direction. I had learned over the years that the best way to survive a long period of time with the humans is to not to try and kill any of them. If you try to end a human's life to many times the veteran human will put you down, so to speak. The only dragon that didn't have to worry about said rule was the Nightmare due to obvious reasons.

Luckily the humans were fast enough to move out of the way before they got any serious burns. I let loose a small sight as I watched the humans flee of around the corner. Even tho at first it was funny to watch those argue and push each other around, it got boring fast.

Guess it's time to find a new human to 'play' with.

****Astrid's POV. ****

I had watched the Twins little adventure with the Nadder with mild interest. Their argument about who smelled worse was pointless really but it did help me figure out where the Nadders blind spot it. That could be helpful for latter fights against said dragon.

I watched silently as the Nadder jumped back up onto the wall that made up this maze in search for its next victim. I must admit that Nadder sure knows what it's doing.

But then again so do I.

I tried to follow the dragon as best I could without being spotted by the creature but It proved to be more of a challenge then I first thought. The dragons little ability to jump from wall to wall made following it all but impossible for any average Joe, luckily I'm not one of them.

I followed the dragon as quickly and as quietly as I could until the dragon suddenly stopped. I was taken by surprise by the dragons sudden change in pace but I recovered quickly enough to jump behind cover. I poked my head out slightly to see what the dragon was doing only to find it was glaring in my direction with its yellow and black slit eyes. I dared not move fearing that if I did the dragon would be able to spot me (Ok so maybe I was getting my Dragons mixed up with That Jurassic park movie but hey what we were dealing with here is basically a flying, fire breathing Velocitator).

The dragon seemed to keep glaring in my direction. I was tempted to move, to get up and start running but I could not move my body. The Dragon jumped down from its perch atop of the maze wall landing with a muffled thud that slightly shook the earth. The Nadder made slow muffled strides in my direction squawking and hissing as it approached. I held my axe high ready to strike the beast if the need be necessary. I knew plenty well that I could not take on a Nadder with the minimum training I had, but I was a Hofferson and Hoffersons never back down from a fight.

The dragons snout was now in striking distance now, I could hear and smell the gas forming within the dragons throat. There was no turning back now, if I was to run I would be handing the dragon a free shot at me, attacking would be suicide.

Come on Astrid think what would Uncle Finn do?

I was still busy thinking what my late uncle would do when the dragon suddenly came to a halt. It lifted its head into the air the gases escaping the dragons Mouth evaporating into the air. I watched silently as the dragon began to sniff the air and what I can only guess were ears beginning to twitch. Had the dragon lost me? Had I found another blind spot? No the Nadder was staring right at me with its lizard like eyes. So why was it ignoring me?

Without even giving me a second look the dragon was off, silently stomping its way down one of the pathways. I watched It run off squawking and hissing into the air, to say I was confused was an understatement. I rose up leaning around the corner to get a better look of the dragon. "What are you up to?" I mutter under my breath.

"What is who up to?" A voice from behind me said scaring the living day lights out of me. I turned around preparing to strike the new presence that dared sneak up on me, and of course I ended up nearly decapitating Snotlout. Lucky the boy isn't just all bark and no bite, he was able to dodge my strike by the skin of his teeth. "What the hell, you nearly took my head off!" Snotlout yelled in fear and shock. I rolled my eyes at the larger teens antics, It's not like I didn't have a good reason to be on edge, were in a war zone for Pete sake. Snotlout of course being the wiener he is kept going on and on about how unsafe and dangerous I was being.

"Shut up Scot." I told the larger boy, if he heard me or just chose to ignore me I wasn't sure but what I was sure about was that he needed to shut up.

"Shut up Snotlout." I said again this time with a lot less patience in my tone. And again the boy continued to go on and on, blubbering away about how I could have damage his priceless face.

"SHUT UP!" I practically yell at him and this time he did as I asked. His lips closed as tight as a bear trap as he looked at me like wide eyed.

"I saw it." I deadpanned. He looked at me for a moment confused by my straightforwardness. "Saw what? Hiccup? Oh are we going to get payback now?" He asked me a sick smile forming over his face as he spoke. I stared at him for a moment in utter confusion, what was he on about? Why would he think that now would be a good time to get payback? "What are you talking about Scot?" I asked the boy that was crouching next to me. He shot me a look of confusion, "You know the plan for payback you came up with on Tuesday, The one that can only be competed after a Dragon training class." The large boy said.

I wanted to punish the boy in his smug face their and then. I can't believe it he took that little joke seriously? No wait of course he did, he's Snotlout. "Snotlout I was joking when I said thatâ€¦ how serious did you take that little idea?" I asked him trying to get an idea as to how far my little joke had gotten. He gestured his head in the direction of a small group of kids watching us run around the maze like rats. I didn't think much of the group at first, I thought they were just a bunch of teens with nothing better to do then watch us and laugh but now that I had a better look at the group I began to recognize the members of the small group.

I easily made out the bulky form of Dogbreath who seemed to tower over the other members of the group, he was watching the carnage in the ring with a large sick grin. A small pudgy red head boy with a large amount of acne and acne scars stood next to him, my guess best had to be that it was Wallie or Wartihog a kid that has a serious Oder problem. I also spotted another medium size boy (About the same size as Tuffnut) wearing a grey Beanie that nearly covered his eyes and wild black hair that did cover his eyes. He was none other than Carl or Clueless a boy who would forget nearly anything important. Possible the most surprising member of are observers had to be the new girl Heather, she unlike the rest of the group was watching from the breaches, she didn't look as interested as the rest of them but she was still watching the show. The only other person I could see that was watching us was that strange man from the bus with the glowing eyes but he seemed to have little interest in what was going on.

I turned around to face Snotlout once more. "What are they doing here? Did youâ€¦ invite them?" I asked the boy curious as to why they were here. "Relax Astrid Gobber told them to stay, something about watching and learningâ€¦ They were the group before us." Snotlout explained. Oh yeah that's right they (along with Steven, no idea where he was) made up the other team Gobber was in charge of (The remaining two class were given to the other Dragon training teacher, Mr Ingerman Fishlegs father.)

"Goodâ€¦" Snotlout might not be a total idiot after all, "But I did invite them to join me in the plan." Alright scratch that. The again why did I care? It's not like that Hiccup boy is my problemâ€¦. I don't have to be his safe keeper or anythingâ€¦.

"Sigh, come on." I said waving my hand gesturing for Snotlout to follow me as I got up. "Where are we going?" he asked me also getting up from his crouching position. I gave him a small smile, "Dragon hunting."

****Gobber POV. ****

When I told my previous group to stay and watch how real warriors run away from a dragon I was honestly expecting something better from this group. I mean these were apparently the best this year had to offer but most of them so far have shown me some of the worse dragon fighting I have seen in my entire year. Sigh, and I thought the first group was bad.

Well at least this group remembers the objection of the lesson.

I watched as everyone but Hiccup ran around trying to avoid being attacked by the Nadder, and everyone but Hiccup has had an encounter with the beast. Strange how one of the most unluckiest people I know can be the only one to avoid a dragon just by standing still. But it didn't appear that way for long, The Nadder was making a beeline for the unsuspecting child. I was tempted to warn him, to yell at him to get moving, true he managed to outlast the rest of the group which automatically one him a point but that pint was worth nothing if he was dead.

The Nadder sneaked along Hiccup left flank watching him from a distance closing the gap between them with stealth normally unseen in an animal that big. I was about to tell him to run when something unexpected happen, Both Astrid and Snotlout came crawling around Hiccups right flank. I watched as the two more warrior like teens began to call out Hiccups name as quietly as they could without gaining the dragons attention, which of course was pointless. Hiccup stared at them for a moment confused by their actions. Astrid slapped herself in the forehead before pointing behind Hiccup frantically. Hiccup slowly turned around confusion was quickly transformed into fear upon seeing the Nadder.

The boy froze and so did the dragon much to my shock. They both stood there, staring into each other's eyes frozen as if they were attacked by Frightmares. I was angry yet curious at the same time. Why didn't Hiccup run? Why didn't the Nadder attack? Why is today becoming one of those days? And was Hiccup Glowing?

Al of my questions went unanswered when the lock between the two broke as soon as Astrid Pushed Hiccup aside like a ragdoll. She prepared herself to throw her Axe at the beast when she two was knocked aside but this time by Snotlout. Snotlout spoke quickly before tossing his mace at the dragon only for it to bounce harmlessly of one of the maze wall. The Nadder stared at Snotlout probably wondering the same thing I was, how could one boy be stupid enough to throw his mace away?

Gezz is Spiteson going to be disappointed when he gets backâ€¦|

I watched as Snotlout and Astrid ran off from the angry dragon Snotlout blabbering on about blocking out the sun or something like that. Hiccup surprisingly just stood there and watched as the two kids and the dragon ran off back into the maze, he looked as dumbfounded as I was.

"Well, better go intervene before this gets messy." I muttered under my breath as I exited the control room to go and handle the dragon back into its cage. Sure there was probably a button for it in the control room but I personally preferred the up close in person old fashioned way. What can I say; I'm just a man who never left the old days.

Trotting towards the entrance of the arena it became aware to me that Hiccup was doing much better at Dragon training than I thought. He came second in his group for the last class and he came first for this one. Sadly these were only the warm ups, the real challenge was during the actual combat exercises and that was where I think Hiccup's little good luck streak will end.

I was where the teens that were watching the show fold out before them when the Maze walls began to collapse. I watched over the heads of cheering teens as the entire maze began to fall over, the walls that made up the maze began to shatter into pieces. "What in the name of-! Who did this?" I yelled at the teens that I was standing over. "Don't know, and I don't care, Just glad to see that death trap go." Wallie said his eyes being glued to the destruction. I let loose a sigh, Why did I have to be assigned to this group?

I walked off towards the entrance of the arena muttering several colourful words under my breath. Its going to be one of those years isn't it?

****Hiccup POV. ****

I don't really know what happened. One minute I was asking Gobber some questions in the middle of a maze the next I am pinned under Astrid surrounded by derby, her axe is stuck in my shield and an angry Nadder was charging straight at us. What I did know was that I had had nothing to do with it.

"Oooh, Love of the battlefield." Tuffnut said upon emerging from a small pile of broken wood and metal. I could feel the blood run to my cheeks. Why thank you Tuff for making this all that much more embarrassing. Ruffnut emerged from the pile right next to her brother, "She can do way better." She said to her brother earning a nod from the other twin. I looked up at Astrid who was trying so desperately to yank her axe from my shield. She looked distressed, annoyed, frustrated andâ€¦. Was that Embarrassed?

I shook the thought from my head, no time to think about that now Hiccup right now you need to worry about the angry Nadder that is making its way towards you right now. I quickly began to assist Astrid in removing her axe from my shield as best I could from my position. I went to work unbuckling my shield from my arm in hope that it would give Astrid better mobility to remove her axe. As soon as I finished unbuckling my shield Astrid pulled it along with her Axe from out of my grasp and swung it in an upward motion. The sound of metal and wood breaking against something extremely dense could be heard along with the alarmed squawk of a stunned Nadder.

I watched silently As the Nadder wondered of in a daze probably pondering to itself as to what exactly hit it. I slow rose to my feet making sure to give Astrid a lot of space as I did so. "Thanks for the ahâ€¦ save." I said to her in a mere mutter. She glared at me with such anger I was surprised that she had not decapitated me. "Is this some sort of game to you? Were about to go to war, are parents war and what are you doing? Asking stupid pointless questions! You need to figure out where you are standing, otherwise something or someone is going to knock you down, and no one will be there to help you get back up." She said Just before storming of towards the exit kicking derby out of her way.

I stood there in silence watching her as she stormed off. For a moment I was oblivious to everything but her words, her deep, meaningful, hurtful words.

She was right, I needed to find my place in this conflictâ€¦
â€¦or __build__ my own_â€¦.

****Alright guys this one is a little longer just to say sorry for being gone for a while.****

****I decided to change Astrids little tantrum a bit because It felt a littleâ€¦ of. I honestly think it would work latter on in the Movie when Hiccup is learning hat Dragons are not what they appeared to be, where DreamWorks put the sentenceâ€¦ it just doesn't make sense as to why they would put it there and more importantly why Astrid would say that in the first place. ****

****Build your own placeâ€¦. In your own timeâ€¦ in your own world.

****Thor-Born Saying stay cool till next we meet.****

18. Meet the Pirates

****Well Easters come and gone so I thought to myself while I was stuffed with chocolate: what should I do now? While I am still thinking about that answer here is a new chapter. ****

****Oh yeah and before I forget I finally got around to making my own Deviantart account, by the time you have read this I have probably already put up some of my older work. If you want to check it out just Look for my account Thor-Born. But I warn you, don't try and read the writing on my pictures, trust me you will struggle.

****RVEIWS: ****

****Thesingingowl: **Well that was what I was trying to get to with the dragons, that they aren't stupid animal, they are smart. And yeah Gobber isn't happy with either of his classes.**

****Guest: **That was an old idea I had early on when I couldn't figure out how to make this story interesting and not generic, I scratched that idea in favour of the Bond Mark which hopefully will make this story a lot more interesting. I think I might try something latter on**

in involving a quick body swap that only last one chapter.

****StorSpeaker:** ****Yeah well like I said Astrid's speech in the movie didn't really make sense at the time. Also Snotlout is being a complete idiot.**

****Guest:** ****I will try, but I work slow and I'm easily distracted especially by new ideas I have.**

****faisyah865:** ****I'll need to get back to you on that one.**

****Winer123:** ****I'm working on it.**

****Gobber POV. ****

Getting the Nadder into its cage was the easy part, it always easy putting the beasty back in its cage not because the dragon was easy to work with; it was because this dragon made it easy for me. Maybe cause the creature had a broken spirit or because it was smart enough to realise that struggling against me was only going to get it into a lot more trouble. No, the hard part was not trying to keep myself from losing it in front of the children. Hundreds if not thousands of dollars in property damage caused in only what? Five to ten minutes of me not paying attention. And guess who's going to have to their pay ducked to cover the damage.

I can tell you know its defiantly not going to be the performing arts teacher that's for sure.

I instructed all students present of my two teams (Which was basically all of them but Astrid and Steven) to begin clean-up of the arena and see if they could salvage anything from the wreck of the maze. I got a few moans and complaints but I made it clear that I was not in the mood to be arguing with anyone.

I walked around the rim of the arena watching as the teens broke off into little groups but all of them stuck around the sides where the less of the derby was located, we'll all of them except Hiccup, he just stood there in the middle of the arena staring at the exit. He seemed to be in some sort of trance where he would just stand there and look at the front gate of the arena. I couldn't blame him. I heard what Astrid said to the boy earlier and I knew how it would affect him. The boy was already struggling with finding his place in the world and depression, and that speech from his crush, not exactly what one would call helpful for someone like him.

I'm just glad she didn't do something worse.

Eventually Hiccup snaps from his trance and began to work like the others slowing working in the centre of the arena. Hiccup was working much more efficiently than the rest of the teens, I guess spending most of your free time working in a workshop helps. But even while he worked the boy still looked distracted. "The boy's body is here yet his mind is far away. It walks a path that is long and widening. The path is alien to him yet somehow familiar. Where it leads, no one knows, only time will tell for sure." Said a familiar voice to my left. I looked over to see the towering form of Jemiskneir looking over the side of the arena, for someone nearly a foot taller than

Stoick the man is an awful quite walker.

"You say the weirdest things sometimes, you know that?" I told my tall friend. He let lose a small chuckle but I could tell it was only half-hearted. "Sigh, I just don't know anymoreâ€¦ what if Hiccup isn't cut out for dragon training? What if Stoick is right about the boy not being ready?" I ask my friend trying to make eye contact. "The Stoick is a fool, the boy can make it." Jemiskneir said his normally calm face becoming slightly agitated upon mentioning Stoick's name. Ok so Stoick isn't the only one who is still keeping up the feud, and here I thought Jemiskneir had gotten over that little argument. "You know you shouldn't let your feud with Stoick cloud you-", "This has nothing to do with The Argument between Stoick and I, I can't change what happened that night but I won't let it cloud my judgementâ€¦" Jemiskneir said His calm demeanour returning after a quick burst of anger. The giant man next to me let lose a sigh, "Just, Just call it a hunch but I think the boy can make it." He said, I was never good at figuring out what Jemiskneir was feeling at the moment but I could tell he was hiding something. I could see his left hand loosen up from one of the bars that held up the chain over the arena, what was once a straight slightly rusted pole was now a crushed bent in a weird position pole.

Oh right I nearly forgot, he has that whole super strength going for him. Maybe pissing him of is not the best thing to do right now.

I stared down at the arena for the moment watching the kids work, they were doing ok for a bunch of unorganized lazy teenagers. I looked at my watch, there were only a few minutes left of the school day I wouldn't be able to hold them here for long after school unless I gave them after school detentionsâ€¦ No I'm not that type of teacher, well at least not most of the time.

"Sigh, do you think you can keep an eye on the kids while I go get some help to clean up this mess, you think you can manage a few Rowdy teens until the end of the day?" I asked the tall man, he turned to me raising his right eyebrow up. "Me, in charge of children? Do you remember what happen last time someone in trusted me with some kids?" Jemiskneir said giving me a sceptic look. "Of Couse I bloody remember, I was the one who had to rebuild the house that was burnt down. Look Jemiskneir I'm not asking for much I just want you to keep an eye of the kids for what? Five minutes? I'm pretty sure you can handle that." I said trying to convince my friend to cover for me. He let lose a slight sigh, "It better only be a few minutes, I haveâ€¦ business_ I need to do over the weekend and I don't want to be delayed." Jemiskneir said the tone of his voice made it clear that he does not one this trip of his to become the new subject.

I gave my appetite one last glance before I walked off to go see if I could find anyone who could help me clean up the mess after school hours.

I really hope leaving Jemiskneir in charge of the kids is a good idea.

****Hiccup POV. ****

Finding salvageable parts of the maze wasn't the most difficult job I have ever been given, in fact it was a lot like searching for scraps for my latest invention in the scrap box in Gobbers workshop, only on

a much larger and heavier scale. The maze wasn't really that broken to begin with. Most of it seemed repairable after a few days of repair work at the Forge (The name of Gobbers workshop), oh waitâ€¦. well there goes my weekend, oh well, it's not like I had much planned for it anywayâ€¦|.

"Hey Fishbone!" I heard an obnoxious voice cry out to my right. I turned to face the source of the voice only to find the bulky forms of Snotlout walking over to me a smirk covering his face as he stared at me with his cold unfriendly eyes. Following my bulky cousin was the much smaller form of Wartihog he too was giving me an evil grin as he walked over, his small pudgy legs barely keeping up with my cousin's stride.

Wartihog was the only kid my age smaller than me by nearly a head. But what he lacked in the size the little terror made it up for by being down right horrible. The kid was an utter jerk and he seemed to enjoy making everyone's lives a living Hel. Even tho he was smaller than me he was easily one of the tougher kids and is easily able to hold his own against foes much bigger than he is. Wartihog also has a horrible Oder problem and acne problem that would disgust even a pig.

A booming unhealthy chuckle that sound more like someone with lung diseases was coughing out their own heart came from my left. I turned around to see where the horrid sound originated, much to my dread the sound came from that of Dogbreath. The huge boy lumbered over to me chuckling as he cracked his large knuckles. Dogbreath was about the same height as Fishlegs but was a lot more muscular and a lot more mean than the quiet giant. Dogbreath wasn't a member of any of the sport team, he used to be a part of the wrestling team until he 'accidentally' broke some guys back. Dogbreath is by far not one of the brightest minds on Berk, heck having a pile of rocks for a brain would be an improvement on his current state. But I don't think he really needs brains to do what he loves, beating up those smaller than him.

A much scrawnier boy followed the beeper boy, unlike the others he did not have a grin on his face but a confused, dumb expression. The boy was about the same height and bulk as the twins but lacked the same pointed face or long blonde hair, instead the boy's face was more of an oval shape with black hair that covered his eyes and a beany that covered most of his hair. The boy's name was Carl or as everyone liked to call him Clueless a name he adapted with pride. Clueless was famous for being the most forgetful kid in school, he would forget assignments, homework, what he was meant to be doing in class and he even once forget the question the teacher was asking him 10 seconds after the teacher asked him. Personally I think it's all just ruses.

All four boys were slowly approaching me blocking any route of escape. I had nowhere to back off to, nowhere to hide and nowhere to run. So in short I was trapped. Yeah this isn't going to end well on my part.

"Ummâ€¦. hey guysâ€¦| how've you been? Iâ€¦| myself have beenâ€¦| Goo-" My awkward ramblings was cut short by Snotlout punching me in the gut. I Staggered back a bit from the power of the blow holding my gut as I stumbled. The Combat armour I was wearing managed to absorb some of the damage but the recent blows from the Gronkle and the fact that

this armour was heavily stripped down (plus the fact that the gut lacked hardly any armour) the punch still made me want to hurl out my insides.

"Whatâ€¦" was tha-"My sentence was cut short when someone punched me in the left side of the face, I couldn't tell who did it but what I did know was that it hurt like Hel. Someone kicked me in the knee; I fell to the floor in a small heap of armour and limbs. "Owww.." I mutter under my breath as I laid down on the hard concrete floor. Personally I just wanted to stay there but apparently my tormentor had other ideas. Two pairs of hands yanked me off the ground and took my feet. Snotlout stared down smugly at me; I stared up at him through the few strands of hair that covered my own eyes.

"You know what Hiccup? I'm actually surprised by how much of a screw up you actually are. First day back at school and you already managed to piss off Astrid. That has to be a new time record." Snotlout said smugly getting into what appeared to be one of his infamous speeches; I should know I have been a victim of a few of them. I blanked out of Snotlout's speech for a minute observing my surroundings in search of any form of help. The twins who were previously hitting each other with various sized planks of wood had all but stopped to watch me get beaten up stupid grins pasted over their faces. Fishlegs seemed to be all too interested in the small pile of wood he was working at, occasionally taken quick nervous looks back at me. The new girl, Heather just stared at the group of teens with a slight frown and an eye roll before turning back to the small pile of wood she was at.

"And do you want to know what happens when you mess with Astrid?" Snotlout said lifting the tone of his voice. I looked up at him waiting for the boy to continue. "I SAID do you know what happens when you mess with Astrid?" Snotlout said again punching me in the gut. "What happens?" I let loose in a moan of pain. "When you mess with Astrid, you mess with me. And when you mess with me you mess with the PIRATES!" Snotlout said, once again punching me in the gut.

My heart missed a beat upon him mentioning the Pirates. The Pirates were a small gang Snotlout assembled during the first year of High school, Snotlout created it for the sole purpose was tormenting kids like me. When the gang started out it was made up of Snotlout, Tuffnut and Ruffnut but the gang grew quickly. Eventually the Twins left but by then Snotlout had a small squad of bullies under his command. What really filled me with dread was the fact that Snotlout had managed to assemble a small group of the Pirates to assist him and when that happens, trouble is assured to follow.

Snotlout punched me once again in the gut and then to switch things up gave me a solid punch to the right side of my face. My vision blurred for a moment and I was unable to focus on anything other than the slightly rotating room. When my vision finally cleared I turned my head around to face Snotlout who appeared to be staring at me questionably. "You know when I was saving your ass in the ring something kept bothering me." Snotlout said like he was speaking to himself out loud. "How come out of everyone in the ring the dragon found you last and when it did find you it just left you alone and went after me and Astrid." Snotlout said getting down to my eye level.

"Maybe I'm just luckyâ€¦" I mutter under my breath not daring to look into my cousin in the eye. "Yeah right, like anyone would believe you're that lucky." Snotlout growled in my face. "You know originally I was planning on doing this to impress Astrid, but now, now I'm just curious." Snotlout said to me opening up a box of questions most of which I was too afraid to ask. "Dogbreath, hold the runt while we get things ready." Snotlout said to the hulking teen. Dogbreath let lose a moan of displeasure, "can't I break it a little bit?" Dogbreath asked once again ignoring the fact that I was an actual human being. Snotlout paused for a moment staring of into space before turning back to his huge 'friend' with a somewhat evil smile, "Only a little bit, I don't want anything to spoil what I have planned." Snotlout said before jogging of towards the exit of the arena. Wraithog and clueless pushed me to the hard ground so they could follow there 'boss', for what reason I don't know and I wish I don't have to find out.

I got to my feet only to be pushed back to the ground by Dogbreath. The towering teen giggled like a Baboon that had just been given a mountain of Bananas as he casually strolled towards me. I scrambled to my feet slowly backing of from the mountain of bully moving towards me. "Umm h-heyâ€¦ D-Darren, or Dogbreath can I call you D-Dogbreath?" Dogbreath ignored my awkward stumbling in favour of getting closer to me. "I think we kind of got off on the wrong foot, how about you tell me what I did to wrong you and I can fix it!" I said backing up even further. "Oh you did nothing wrong to me, I just do this for kicks." Dogbreath said cracking his knuckles as he approached me chuckling sickly. "Ok so why can't weâ€¦ I don't know be friends?" I said to nervous to even care what I was saying anymore.

"Ha, and people call me the stupid one." Dogbreath said picking up a large plank of wood from one of the pile. The wooden plank looked way to large and heavy for any normal kid to lift, Dogbreath being Dogbreath was holding it as easily as a normal kid held a baseball bat. He smiled at me like a maniac, swinging his new weapon around like it was the easiest thing in the world. I had managed to back myself up into a lesser damaged area of the maze were a few pieces that made up the maze still stood, well sort of. I patted the wall behind searching for a way to escape, but to no avail. My back slowly slid down the back of the wall as my legs began to give way. Eventually I was sitting on the floor my back against a wall and Dogbreath staring down at me like I was a chunk of meat.

Dogbreath chuckled evilly as he cornered me. "Just imagine, Bullies and nerds as friends? I would rather get my ass kicked then hang out with the likes of you." Dogbreath said getting dangerously close to me lifting his makeshift club high over our heads. I closed my eyes bracing myself for the upcoming pile of pain I was about to receive.

"Wish granted Mutthead." Another voice said out of the blue, the voice was vaguely familiar but I could not tell from where. I opened my eyes just in time to see another figure bat Dogbreath away from me with a makeshift bat a little smaller than Dogbreaths.

The figure was a boy around the same height as Snotlout but had a much more leaner build then my bulky cousin. His skin was a slightly darker shade then most people around Berk, it was not quite black yet still not quite white, it was more of a mix between the two different

colours giving him an interesting shade. The boy had nearly pitch black (With a tint of dark brown) wild hair with a few dreadlocks scattered here and there. The boy seemed to be blessed with a face that looked relatively normal compared to most around here. His eyes colour was a dark brown colour and had a glint of wildness to them.

The boy got in between me and Dogbreath not taking his eyes off the larger teen for even a minute. Dogbreath staggers for a moment taking a few steps back to regain his balance, When he finally does he shakes his head like a dog before staring down his new opponent. "You just made a big mistake, kid." Dogbreath growled at the new kid as he prepared his bat for another attack. "The only mistake I have ever made was not doing this sooner." The boy replied giving me a slight grin.

And with that the two boys clashed. They swung there two makeshift bat around as if they were fighting with swords, they swung them around with easy both of them taking turns to block, dodge and parry the others attack. Dogbreath being Dogbreath simply tried to beat his opponent into submission; it was after all the only way he knew how to fight. Most of the time his attack strategy worked, not many of his opponents can actually withstand his brutal onslaught for long and those who could rarely had reason to get into a fight with the giant teen.

And for some reason one of those few people was helping me out.

The teen in front of me used his makeshift bat to block several of Dogbreaths blows, but he seemed to dodge and parry most of them. The boy soon started circling Dogbreath taking quick powerful blows at unprotected (Well as unprotected as you can get when dealing with someone in Combat armour) areas of Dogbreath. Even tho Dogbreath was no pushover and the combat armour seemed to help cushion the strikes I could see the larger teen was struggling at fighting this opponent. The boy on the other hand was showing no sign of struggling in fact the kid was _taunting _Dogbreath, something that few would dare do.

"Stop squirming worm so I can crush you!" Dogbreath yelled in frustration as he once again tried to smash the other kids head in, The teen that was defending me simply moved out of Dogbreaths range, "You didn't say the magic word Pebbles for brains, maybe I should teach you some manners!" the boy cried out moving back into range to swing his own stick. Dogbreath lacking the agility or grace that the other boy had was unable to get out of the way or block the makeshift bat as it smacked into the right side of his head. Dogbreath was knocked off his feet; the large boy fell with a heavy thud onto his back.

I could hear the twins let lose a cheer of triumph from where they were standing. "That was the BEST STICK FIGHT EVER!" yelled Tuffnut; "Yeah, do the part again where you beat the crap out of him!" yelled Ruffnut. "Hey! I wanted to see that part!" Tuffnut said turning to face his sister. "Well I said it first, so I get to see it first." Ruffnut said looking rather smug about herself. "No fair I thought it first!" Tuffnut yelled at his sister.

"No I did."

"No I did."

"I thought about it before it happened."

"That doesn't even make sense."

"I'll show you what makes sense." And with that the twins once again got into one of their trademarked twin fights.

I turned my attention back to the fight that was taking place in front of my eyes. Dogbreath who had managed to get to his knees as he spat out a bloodied rotten tooth from his mouth. "You're going to regret doing that you little punk, after I'm done with you-" Dogbreath stooped in mid-sentence when the boy shoved his makeshift bat in Dogbreath's face. "I know you're stupid Mutthead so I'll make this nice and simple just for you, You better be careful what words you say right now because they might be the last ones you say for a _very _long time, ya hear me shit for brains?" The boy said in a very threatening way that made even Dogbreath flinch.

"Uh-huh." Dogbreath muttered refusing to make eye contact with the boy that stood over him, out of fear or anger I couldn't tell but what I could tell was that Dogbreath didn't like this one bit. "Oh yeah and one more thing; if you ever want to mess with Hiccup you're going to have to go through me. Now why don't you be a good Dog and play dead." The boy said just before smashing Dogbreath's head with the makeshift bat he had in his hands, the giant teen fell backwards knocked unconscious by the force of the blow.

"That was more satisfying than I first thought." The boy said tossing his bat away before turning around to face me. The boy gave me a large grin as he walked over to me, "You alright there?" he asked as he approached me. "Here let me help you up." The boy said offering me a hand. I sat there for a moment staring at the teen that had just saved me from Dogbreath. Was this actually happening? Had Dogbreath beaten me up so badly I fell unconscious and I'm just dreaming this? Or was this all part of Snotlout's plan to lead me into a false sense of security?

What was it that Jemiskneir always said when he took a chance? Oh yeah, Roll the dice.

I reached up and grabbed a hold of his hand. With one motion the boy pulled me up to my feet with ease. As soon as I was balanced I let go of his hand, "Uhhh, thanks for the helping handâ€¦I didn't catch your nameâ€¦" I said trying my hardest not to piss off the guy who just beat up Dogbreath, true he kind of saved my life but there was nothing stopping him from attacking me now. He gave me a friendly smile, "The name's Steven but you can call me Speedifist." The boy said in a friendly way. I froze upon hearing the nickname, "Wait Speedifist, such as the Pirates member Speedifist?" I asked the taller teen.

Speedifist was the name of the first person to join the Pirates that wasn't an original founder of the gang. Speedifist quickly became Snotlout's number 2 guy, not long after Speedifist got a fearful reputation that nearly rivalled his bossâ€¦ nearlyâ€¦

"If you mean the Ex-pirates member Speedifist? Then yeah, that's me." Speedifist replied giving me a somewhat soft pat on the back.

"Ex-member?" I asked Speedifist, he simply gave me a nod. "Yeah, you see I had a lot of time to think over the holidays. And while I thought I asked myself one simple question 'Speedifist, do you really want to keep being a bully?' it wasn't until I began to look back at my life did I realise that being a bully wasn't what I wanted. I didn't want to be remembered as one of the worse kids in school, so I decided that this year I am turning over a new leaf." Speedifist said in a layback way that was much unlike the previous Speedifist I have encountered before (Most of which was of him standing by Snotlout.)

"And what better way to start by saving my newest mate from getting eaten by a dragon!" Speedifist said calmly. "Eaten by what now?" I asked my brain finally processing what Speedifist had said. "Oh Snotlout was just planning on dumping you in the Nightmare cage so he can impress Astrid or something like that, I wasn't really paying attention to the whole plan." Speedifist said in a calm matter of fact way. I stared at him for a moment, "And how would you know this?... you wouldn't be in on this would you?" I asked Speedifist backing up from him slightly.

Speedifist expression changed from relaxed to a hurt one. "No way man, I would never do something like that to a mate of mine, and even if I wasn't your friend now I still wouldn't help him. What he was planning on doing was low man, real low. I refused to help him flat out when he told me his little plan." Speedifist said becoming as serious as one that speaks with a stereotypical surfer accents can get.

"Listen I won't blame you if you don't trust me but here me out here. I have been trying to warn you about Snotlouts plan ever since I refused to take a part in it, but every time I try to get close enough to warn you you would make a run for it. So I change my tactics, I tried to contact you through Facebook, Skype, Twitter heck I even tried Myspace for crying out loud, but no matter what I tried I couldn't reach you." Speedifist explained. I thought for a moment about what he had said, He sounded Honest but I was not sure. It is true he would have struggled to contact me through social networking due to the fact that I had no accounts. It was bad enough I got bullied at schoolâ€¦ I don't need or want to deal with cyber-bullying to.

"WHAT THE HEL IS GOING ON HERE!" a familiar voice roared. Both me and Speedifist turned to face the source of the shout and I was greeted with a very horrifying sight. Snotlout stood at the entrance of the arena his face red with rage as he stared daggers at me. There was a large crude looking bludgeon in his right hand that I have only seen a few times before all of which ended with me getting knocked unconscious. I flinched in fear as my cousin followed closely by his two lackeys Clueless and Wraithog began to close in on me. I stared at Snotlout for a moment, the more I looked at my fuming cousin the more I became convinced that Speedifist was actually speaking the truth about Snotlouts plans to throw me into the Nightmares cage.

But Snotlout wouldn't do that would he? Sure he can be a prick at times but this was a little extreme even for him.

Snotlout was quickly closing the gap between me and him swinging his bludgeon around with ease while shouting out some very colourful

words. I admit I am no stranger to seeing my cousin blow his top but this was by far the worst I have ever seen him get and that was including last year's Christmas dinner, boy did that not end wellâ€|

I began to back up trying my best to get further and further away from the angry bull that was my cousin, an uncontrollable fear began to wipe away all rational thought in my brain. Snotlout's going to kill me right here and now, The Night fury would be stuck in the cove until it dies, My dad's going to fall into depression, again. And possibly worst of all I could feel a familiar burning feeling swell in my left hand.

The tattooâ€| of all the lousy timing in the worldâ€|

Suddenly I was pushed back by an unfamiliar force, I snapped back into reality to find That Speedifist had pushed me back and had gotten in between me and Snotlout. He gave me a wink before turning to face my angry cousin. The fear of my cousin and surprisingly the pain in my arm suddenly fled my body and was replaced with confusion. What is he doing?

"Get out of my way Speedifist." Snotlout growled towards the slightly taller teen, I waited for the moment where Speedifist would step aside and let my raging cousin past but instead he just stood there blocking my Cousins path. "You gone deaf or something? I SAID MOVE!" Snotlout yelled once again but Speedifist refused to back down. "I'm not deaf, I'm just sick of listening to you Pig-nose." Speedifist said, a collective gasp came from nearly everyone around the arena. Both Wraithog and Clueless backed away from the now fuming Snotlout who looked like he was almost at breaking point. "WHAT, did you just call me?" Snotlout snarled cracking his knuckles, if Speedifist was scared he didn't show it.

"Geez Snotface, I knew you were stupid before but this is really lowering the bar." Speedifist said mockingly. "Alright how about we make a deal, you get out of my way and I will only smash your face in servilely." Snotlout said shaking his fist threateningly at Speedifist. Speedifist stood there for a moment putting on a (Fake) deep in thought expression. "Nice dealâ€|. But how about this one: You leave me and my new pal Hiccup alone and I'll let you leave with your dignity." Speedifist said back to the raging teen.

The twitching in Snotlouts eyes told me he had snapped. I was about to warn Speedifist of the upcoming attack but I was too late, Snotlouts fist was already flying through the air towards Speedifist face. The attack would be too fast For Speedifist to block or dodge in time; he might be able to move the attack aside so it would not hit its mark dead on but it would still make contact no matter what.

"ENOUGH!" roared a voice muting everything in the surrounding area, the twins stopped there yelling and bickering, Dogbreath stopped mumbling to himself, Snotlout froze in the spot even the waves and the wind dared not make a sound. All eyes turned towards the source of the voice, a towering man who stood atop of the arena with eyes burning more ferocious then the Flames of a Nightmare. Jemiskneir was staring at us all his blazing fire-like eyes made everyone freeze in place as if they were turned to stone.

"I don't care for whatever feud or quarrels you have with each other but I want you to drop it right NOW!" Jemiskneir roared as he glared down at us. "The battlefield is no place for this sort of behaviour, Gobber may tolerate this sort of behaviour but I won't." Jemiskneir growled, I could feel the Goss bumps forming under my combat armour. I have only seen Jemiskneir this dangerously serious once before and that was when he got into an argument with my father aboutâ€| somethingâ€|. Strange, the rest is fuzzyâ€|.

"Drop it, now. Otherwise I all of you will be eating through a straw for the rest of your lives, Have I made myself clear?" Jemiskneir questioned the tone of his voice already giving away the answer he wanted. I nodded slightly, he may have not been talking to me directly but I was not going to take any chances. Slowly everyone followed my lead, nodding nervously none of them daring to speak against the very large and angry man.

Jemiskneir harsh expression soften slightly upon seeing the collective of teens nodding in agreement. "Goodâ€| now class you are dismissed." Jemiskneir said only seconds before the end of day bell sounding signalling to all that it was the end of the school day.

Everyone in the arena made a run for the exit, well almost everyone. I stood still trying to gather my thoughts. I was clawing at my brain trying to remember the last time Jemiskneir had used that much aggression in his voice, but the deeper I searched for the memory the further away it driftedâ€|

I was snapped from my thoughts by someone putting a hand on my shoulder. I turned around to find Speedifist giving me a pat on the shoulder and a friendly smile, "Relax man, schools over and I don't Think Snotlout will want to mess with you for a while after what that guy said. Anyway man you want to go get ic cream or something? I know this really good place, I'll buyâ€|." Speedifist said calmly. I looked at him for a moment, what is his angle? No one is this nice to me without their being a reason and I'm not going to buy into 'that I'm turning over a new leaf' crap just yet.

But the again he did save me from Dogbreathâ€|

Ahh what the Hel? Roll the dice.

****And that concludes this chapter. ****

****So what you guys think of Speedifist? You think his up to something or does he legitimately want to be Hiccups mate? ****

****I'm thinking of posting a chapter about Jemiskneir doing his upcoming 'job' in the near future but I would like to know if you, the readers want that. It will diverse from the main storyline but it will still be connected to the story itself. In fact it may just answer a few questions as wellâ€| but it is up to you lot. ****

****As for my Deviantart so far most of it is just old sketches I had lying around. I put up to of my dragon ideas in the mix so if you lot are interestedâ€| just look for Thor-Born on Deviantart. ****

****You are who you chose to be. ****

****Thor-Born saying good night for now.****

19. Forbidden Friendship

****I am writing this apology in advanced but this chapter did take a while for a reason. And I am guessing that if you have read the title you would understand, this is after all the most crucial point in the movieâ€|and I don't want to mess it up. ****

****For those of you who are interested I have posted my sketches of four of my own dragons Shipwreakers, Hornapedes, Stormwings and Quillbacks on my Deviantart page. I have also posted a picture of the Modern Speedifsit, Wraithdog and Clueless on the page as well. ****

****Reviews ****

****Winer123: **Ummmâ€| sureâ€|.**

****StorSpeaker: **To be truthful Speedifist isn't actually an OC, he is an actual character in the original HTTYD book series. He plays a very minor role as just another class member of the Viking training program, but from all I can gather not much is known about him soooooâ€|. I decided to use that to my advantage and make him into a new character. It was Snotlout who came up with the plan; Astrid just unintentionally placed the idea in the boys mind. Astrid will very likely not be all to happy when she hears that Snotlout nearly blew everyone's chances at Dragon training.**

****faisyah865: **Sometimes even the smallest things can make someone's day, and your review helped make mine.**

****Sweet Tsubaki: **Ok so where do I start with this oneâ€|. Alright, well first of I will try to work on improving my spelling capabilities. As for a Bata readerâ€| might be a little more difficult than simply asking someoneâ€|. Toothless will start becoming more of a focus from this chapter onwards, I have chosen to neglected him up in to this point because I have either lacked the proper motivation to get him involved (He is after all stuck in a hole right now not much to work with) also at this point he really doesn't want anything to do with Hiccup. You are right about Speedifist not knowing how to change his way and it is half the reason he befriended Hiccup in the first place. Astrid didn't know about Speedifist turning over a new leaf in the first place so she couldn't have warned him on purpose (Maybe by accident thou) plus at that moment in time Astrid was too angry at basically everything to be thinking straight.**

****Storyholder: **No, not time travel and second off there will be more.**

****Guest: **I must admit the Nadders point of view was an interesting one to write. Also who did you expect to come to Hiccup rescue? I do admit I had originally planned that Snotlout succussed in his plan and it wasn't until about half an hour later did Gobber discover what happened and let him out. but I am interested as to who you thought would save him.**

****All right let the magic happen. Oh yeah guys and if you really want**

to set the mood I suggest you go find Forbidden friendship by John Powell and listen to it as you read this chapter. **

**Hiccup POV. **

"Did you draw all of these?" Was Speedifist first reaction upon seeing the inside of my locker. I looked at him for a moment, was he serious? Did he seriously just ask me if the pictures I have cramming my locker are mine? "Of course I did, why would I hang stuff that isn't my work on my locker?" I ask the taller teen as I began to pack my bag with my gear. I was generally offended by his remark like most artist would be, having someone disrespect there work and question if the work was actually theirs was something that all artistes hated. "Wow man, I had no idea you were actually good at something." Speedifist said as he peered into my locker inspecting some of my drawings. "Yeah, because it isn't like The 'Hiccup' can do anything right without messing things up." I mutter as I gather the stuff I needed to complete Homework and that other thing I have planned. "That's not what I. It's just. I stepped into that one didn't I?" Speedifist asked me sheepishly. I took one last check of my bag to make sure everything I needed for the weekend before shutting my locker making the iconic slam of lightweight metal hitting lightweight metal. "Yeah, you kind of did." I said back to the taller teen as I swung the strap of my bag over my shoulder.

Speedifist chuckled for a moment, I could tell by the tone of his voice he was unsure if I was joking or not. I slowly began to stroll towards the exit of the school, Speedifist walked beside me a sports duffel bag slung over his right shoulder. By the time I had finally managed to reach my locker the only people left in the school where a few stragglers like me and Speedifist and the teachers who were packing up there gear for home, but apart from that the school was vertically empty of people, truth be told it was kind of freaking me out. I was use to arriving and leaving school during the rush hour when the halls where full of talking teens all rushing to get home in their own way. Being it the quiet empty halls after the mad rush of teens was not something I am use to.

"So you made your mind up about the ice-cream offer yet?" Speedifist said finally breaking the eerie silence of the hall as we approached the front door of the school. I paused for a moment upon rehearing his offer. The idea of eating ice cream in Berk was a weird one, Berk was not exactly the warmest place on earth and even thou today were unusually warm for this time of year it was not exactly the type of whether for cold snacks. The question that also really bothered me about his request is where exactly we would be going to get the ice cream. As far as I know only the local super market had ice cream for sale and I doubt that either of us will be able to scoff down a bucket or box of the frozen treats. It might just be my paranoia acting up but something just felt off about Speedifist offer.

"I would. ahh. love to go Speedifist, it's just. I have. you know. Homework! Yeah, I have homework to get done." I said to the taller teen. Thou it was not completely lying I couldn't help but feel guilty upon seeing the taller boys expression drop from a small smile into a slight upset frown. "Oh yeah. Well I got. stuff to do anyway." Speedifist said sounding slightly disappointed.

Upon exiting the front door of the school I let lose a sigh of

relief. I can't believe it, after everything that has been tossed at me I had managed to survive the week, and without losing anything important either! Only another few dozen more of this to go and I'll make it to the next year. Yeah, I don't really have high hopes for finishing high school in one piece anymore.

I looked over at the taller teen who was somewhat depressingly staring of into space. I let lose a sigh, here goes nothingâ€|. "Hey Speedifist." I said to the taller teen getting his undivided attention. "I'll guess I will see you on Mondayâ€|Palâ€|" I said somewhat awkwardly. Speedifist gave me a toothy grin upon hearing the word Pal escape my lips, his expression lighting up almost instantly. "Yeah, I guess you willâ€| Pal. See you on Monday Hiccup." Speedifist yelled before beginning an all-out run for the front gate.

I watch silently as he turned the corner, even from here I could see he looked rather pleased with himself as he gave me one last wave of good bye. I slowly waved back trying to gather my thoughts upon the guy I had just called Pal. He seemed nice and all around friendly but something just felt off about him that I could not quiet place. Maybe it was the fact that even tho he was not as bad as Snotlout or Dogbreath he has still done his fair share of bullying me, or maybe it was that wildness to his eyes or the way he got a little too violent when it came to fighting Dogbreath but something just felt off.

Yet I could not help but feel warmness in my heart upon calling him my Pal, or how watching his almost instant change from sad to happy upon hearing me calling him a Pal made me feel the slightest shimmer of joy. I had to wonder, was this what it was like to make a friend?

****Sometime later, Hiccups house. ****

I was not sure whether or not the bus was still on its normal time table or not and frankly I was not going to bother myself with the trouble of checking. I already knew Gobber was preoccupied with soughing out the mess in the Arena and that it would keep him busy for the rest of the afternoon. I also knew that Gobber was the only person on Berk who knew how to start the old school bus without spending about half an hour trying to figure it out. I also knew from experience that Gobber would take the secret of doing so to his grave.

And to be truthful I was actually kind of glad.

Not only did it get me out of having to ride in a cramped bus full of rowdy teens but it also gave me a chance to pick up someâ€| equipment from the local Fishmonger. The recent memory of the fishmongers face when I asked for the biggest fish I could carry was still present in my mind as I entered the front door of the household hauling the large fish in with me.

I walked into the living room dumping the large fish on the dining table and dropping my bag atop of the large couch that had pinned me a few days ago, I still have no idea how that occurred in the first placeâ€| I let lose a sigh, I was getting a lot of that these days. I quickly forged through my bag, searching for the stuff I needed for my newest crazy idea. I pulled the items out of my bag placing them next to the large fish on the table ticking them of in my head as I

did. Notebook and pencil? Check, my knife? Check, good luck charm? Check, dragon manual? Checkâ€¦. Well that looks like everythingâ€¦

It was then I became aware of a small hand written note on the opposite side of the dining table. It did not even take a second for curiosity to get the better of me; I slowly walked over to the note. The first thing I noticed about the note was the fact that the handwriting was messy and full of mistakes that few people would make. I took me a few minutes for my mind to translate the words into actual English that my mind could process.

**(What the note said without the mistakes) **

_Dear Hiccup. _

_By the time you are reading this note I am already gone, if this is the case I have written this note to inform you that I will not be here for the weekend. A Job has come up in Scandinavia that I will be dealing with over the weekend. Do not worry, I will be back by Monday to make sure you go to school and maybe if you behave yourself and don't burn your house down I will bring you back a souvenir.

_

_Sincerely yours Jemiskneir. _

P.s before you try anything stupid make sure you got some protection, alright?

I stared at the not for a moment, my jaw hanging low as I tried to piece the information together. Gobber had told me countless times that Jemiskneir never had the luxury of getting a proper education; Whilst others were busy working on schoolwork and learning Jemiskneir was busy trying to gain enough money to afford food for his supper. Strangely I have never seen any signs of Jemiskneir lacking any education, he could read well and I know from experience he has mastered at least a dozen different languages. It wasâ€¦ weird to imagine that Jemiskneir struggled at writing even the most basic sentences. I had to wonder as to how he has managed to make it in the world with hand writing as bad as this.

It didn't take long for the words to sink in, so I was going to be alone for the whole weekendâ€¦ why did I have a feeling it would come to this? I was about to do something extremely risky and the only person that I could warn beforehand had ran off to the other side of the world.

I did however take one good thing out of the note; Jemiskneir has given me a heads up, whether it was on purpose or not I wasn't exactly sure. But he did bring up a good point. I was about to go into contact with one of the most dangerous dragons known to mankind with nothing but a small knife and a hunch, not exactly odds most people would want to have. Frankly I was not in the mood to be pushing my luck so I decided to take Jemiskneirs advice. I searched the house for anything I could use to help keep me safe if the dragon did try to attack me.

I quickly made my way to the Haddock house armoury. One of the luxuries of having a large house with only two people living in it was the fact that you were guaranteed to have extra rooms that could

be transformed into other things. Over the years the Haddock family has done a lot of renovations to the large house to fit the needs of its residence. Right now some of the more notable changes were My dad's study, my studio and the trophy room. The other rooms have been turned into spare bed rooms that my father would offered people who might have loosed their homes in dragon raid temporary accommodations until the building could be repaired. But one room has stayed generally untouched by renovations was that of the Armoury. Very few people ha the same luxury of having their own personal armoury within their household, but none of them could say they had one as large as that of the Haddock armoury (The Hoffersons might come close thou).

But having a large Armoury was nothing I was proud of, and even if I was it isn't like I can use let alone lift any of the weapons in there to begin with, they did after all belong to my father. I rarely entered the Armoury unless it was under request from my father or Gobber which normally involved me picking up or dropping of one or two weapons, but even then I would try to spend as little time in there as I possibly could. This trip was no acceptance. I slowly opened the door peering inside the poorly lit room. I walked in scanning the room for anything I could use; I couldn't help but feel slightly disturbed upon seeing so many weapons, true I working at the forge means I have to work with a lot of weaponsâ€| but the ones here just made me nervousâ€|

Most of the weapons in the room were swords and axes, I spotted a few bolas, warhammers, spears and a few other weapons that were less common. I spotted a few guns scattered around the room as well with a good supply of ammunition for them. Shotguns, submachine guns, hunting rifles, handguns, assault rifles heck I even spotted a huge machine gun on one of the walls. Even tho most of these weapons would be somewhat useless when you were facing a Monstrous nightmare guns where still kept around to deal with problems that often or not lacked scalesâ€| but even in those few cases the traditional way has always been considered the best way of dealing with things.

There were a few shields and one or two sets of Combat armour scattered around the room. I would have loved to have grabbed a set of combat armour or a shield I was sadly way to small or scrawny to carry the bulk of the armour or hold any of the shields. I was about leave the room when something caught my eye. It was a small busted wooden shield hidden behind a weapon rack in the far corner of the room, I could tell by just looking at it that once upon a time it was beautiful shield and it dreaded me to see it in this state. The shield was heavy scratched and beaten, the paint had nearly worn away completely and the image (I use that word loosely) was now unrecognizable. The metal that surrounded the side of the shield was rusted and broken. The wood was splinted in several areas and the middle metal bump was missing (Well at least I think there used to be a metal bumpâ€|).

I removed the shield from its hiding place blowing of the dust that had built over the surface of the damaged shield. The shield was far lighter then I had expected that and the generally small size made it easy for me to hold. "I guess you are the runt of the litter, huh?" I said to the shield as I examined it closely. I was able to make out a few faint runes carved that I could barely even read.

"Guardian." I said out loud reading the only runes I could make out

that wasn't gibberish. I looked down at the battered, broken old shield. I have never seen this shield before, heck I didn't even know that this one was here but for some reason a shield with the name 'Guardian' did for some reason ring a bell, a good bell.

"Well it doesn't appear anyone really wants you" Then no one will mind if I take you with me" I said as I slowly walked out of the Armoury with the shield in hand. I know the shield wasn't much and I highly doubt it would protect me against a dragon attack but heck it was better than nothing.

****A few minutes later. The night fury POV. ****

I wonder are all Humans as clumsy and noisy as this one? Well at least it scarred of those wolves that have been prowling around the outskirts of the cove. Under normal conditions I would have no fear of wolves, but these were not normal conditions. I was weak, I have only had one good meal in days, I lacked the ability of flight whilst I was trapped in a hole and judging by the many different scents there where at least twenty of them. I would probably take out a few but in the end there superior numbers would best me. Why they had ran away from the human I have no idea, all I did know was a large threat has been replaced with a small annoyance.

I have to wonder, which is worst? Being eaten by wolves or dealing with the human? No, deal with the human first then think about how annoying the human is.

I quickly crawled over to a small pile of rocks that was to one side of the cove. I crawled over the smooth surface of the rock with an unusual amount of ease and balance I have never experienced before when climbing rocks like these. The walls around the rock pile where to high and too steep for me to use the rock pile as a boost for my jump, besides the pile was not that tall to begin with, barely big enough to hide me even when I am trying. I slipped behind one of the larger rocks trying to hide as best as I could behind the rock. The walls of the sinkhole cast a dark looming shadow over the small pile of rocks thanks to the late day sun. I was thankful for this for it made hiding only that much more easier.

From my hiding spot I had a good view of the rest of the cove whilst if anyone were to look at me I would be relatively hard to spot, well that was if they would ignore the glowing markings that now covered my left side. I growled deeply upon thinking about the accursed glowing markings, it has brought me nothing but pain and suffering and I was getting sick of it. I covered as much of the marking as I possibly could with my left wing (even tho the wing had grown some markings on it, it was not as nearly as bad as my left side). My left wing helped keep the glow down but it did not block it completely.

A nearby rustling of the bushes snapped my attention away from my markings. In the time it took for me to complain about the markings the human had managed to close the gap between it and the cove by a significant amount. Either I had been thinking about the accursed markings for longer then I realised or the human was moving much faster than it was a moment ago. I wonder why the sudden urgency? Had the little human came in contact with wolves? I hope not, whatever chance I had with fighting the pack of wolves was massive compared to the humans. Besides if the wolves did managed to eat the human and they came back for me they would very likely find me to be dead or

far too weak to even fight back.

Stupid life debt, Stupid glowing markingsâ€¦

I almost let lose a sigh of relief upon picking up the human scentâ€¦. Almost. From the human scent I could tell that the Human had not come into contact with the wolves for it lacked a overwhelming smell of fear, it was however still afraid of something. I wonder what it isâ€¦

****Hiccups POV. ****

I was afraidâ€¦ there I admit it.

I was afraid of how horribly this plan can back fire; I was afraid of how many ways this plan could back fire on me, I was afraid of the amount of unknown variables of this plan. I was afraid that I was going crazy. I was afraid of what the Tattoo would do; I was Afraid of the Night Fury and what it would do to me. I was afraid that the shield would not be able to hold out if things did go south. I was afraid of how people would react if they ever found out about what I am about to do. I was afraid of what would happen if my Dad ever found out.

Who knew trying to gain the trust of one of the most dangerous dragons alive could be soâ€¦. Scaryâ€¦

I approached the entrance of the cove; Guardian was strapped so tightly to my right arm I didn't think blood was even flowing properly through the limb. I held the large fish close to my chest awkwardly trying to stop it from slipping out of my grip. I did not find holding a fish this size awkward. Gobber had often signed me up to help the Fish Monger out with his larger hauls so it could help me 'build' mass, but all it ever achieves is making me extremely tired and cover me in slime.

I shuffled my way into the entrance of the cove scanning as much as I could of the bowl shaped hole. The Cove appeared empty, the key word being appeared. The Night Fury had a habit of hiding from me whenever I came close to the Cove, if the last few times I was here where anything to go by. Roaring at me, Biting me, Hiding from me and scarring me, I wonder what the dragon will do next, spit on me? Blast me?

I really hope not.

Holding the fish tighter I walked through the entrance. Guardian's sides scrapped against the sides of the entrance but luckily the entrance was just wide enough for the shield to make it through with nothing more than a few scratches on the edges. Nothing I couldn't fixâ€¦.

I slowly made my way towards the centre of the cove, where hopefully I could have a better shot at finding the Night Fury. I Kept Guardian close to my chests hiding as much as my exposed body (And large fish) as I could behind the battered wooden shield just in case the dragon decided blasting me was a good idea. I doubt it could hold against a blast as powerful as a Night Furies, heck, not even are more modern shields can stand even one shoot from the legendary Night Fury blast (My dad has tested it out on the field multiple times), But at least

it might muffle the blast and give me a chance to escape.

I couldn't help but feel warmer under the collar then before. Maybe it was just me being nervous. No, Me being nervous is my explanation for my body feeling over heated for the last few days, it was either that or I'm getting a fever. But the heat I was experiencing at the moment was something I have experienced before, it wasn't something to old, in fact it was a actually quite a recent feelingâ€¦ the last time I had felt it was when Iâ€¦. was searching for the Night Furyâ€¦.And my Tattoo started glowing greenâ€¦

I looked down at the my left arm (Which was right now holding the fish), Shore enough the Strike class mark was glowing a bright florescent green under my sleeve. The bright green light was almost blinding to my eyes, if I was able to I would have put a hand in the way to block the bright light but right now I had none to spare. Instead I pulled my eyes away from the bright light. I blinked several times trying to clear my vision of the bright blur, with every blink my vision cleared only slightly. When my vision finally returned I found myself in a very familiar experience.

The Night Fury was once again perched atop the very same pile of rocks. Its left paw was once again glowing a bright green much like it did the last time I was here, but this time it was a much brighter than last I remembered. The rest of the Tattoo was nearly invisible against its black scales, the only sign of the Tattoos presence was some faint texture variations. The Night furies large bat like wings where semi open, but even with them not being fully open they still seemed to be colossal in size. The dragon's eyes were still slits but they seemed to be slightly bigger than before, but not much bigger, in fact it was almost unnoticeable compared to the glowing eyes. The Night Furies eyes were glowing a bright acidic green making them all the more offsetting.

"Deja vu," I mutter aloud as the Dragon slowly crawled down from its perch and approached me. The Dragon approached me slowly and cautiously, it kept its body close to the ground and kept most of its limbs loosen, probably so it could move at the drop of a button. Strange, it was acting if I was the dangerous one here. The dragon stopped a few feet away from me and eyed me suspiciously. The Dragon refused to move any closer and just glared at me. I attempted to take a step towards the Night Fury but it just growled at me until I moved my foot back.

I lowered my shield revealing the large fish to the dragon. The Night Fury licked its lips and once again began to approach me this time much more quickly and willingly. I held the fish further out using the fish's gills as a grip to hold on to the large fish. The Night fury was just about to take the fish out of my hand with its mouth when it suddenly pulled back hissing and growling. The dragon pulled back a few feet still growling at me for some unexplained reason. I was confused for a moment but the dragons actions, what had I done wrong? Did I offend it in some way? Maybe it didn't like the fish? Wait, was the dragon even looking at me per say? I followed the Night furies line of vision only to find the dragon was in fact staring at me, to be more pacific it was staring at my lower right sideâ€¦. But that doesn't make sense, the only thing there wasâ€¦. My knifeâ€¦.

I slowly grabbed hold of the large fish with my right hand allowing my left arm free movement. I used my new freedom to slowly, carefully

trying to avoid making any sudden movements. I pushed aside the jacket revealing the small weapon to the dragon's eyes, there was no point in trying to hide the knife from the dragon if it already knew it was there. The dragon began to bare its teeth at me upon seeing the small hidden blade, the dragon moved into an attack stance upon seeing the small knife.

I flinched slightly before stopping myself. The dragon was on edge, any sudden movement and I might end up being the one getting eaten instead of the fish. Using my index finger and my thumb I slowly pulled the knife out of its custom Scabbard I had hidden within my jacket. The Night fury did not stop barring its teeth at me but seem to calm slightly as I moved the weapon further and further away from me. Eventually the I held the knife an entire arm length away from me, hanging there, the only thing keeping the knife up where the my skinny fingers.

I dropped the Knife not taking my eyes of the Night Fury for even a second. The sound of the knife landing on the soft grass was unmistakable in the near silence that had engulfed the Cove. The Night Fury glared at the Knife for a moment, then it looked back at me, and then to the knife again. It was obviously confused that much was clear to me. The Night Fury stopped baring its teeth at me, but that was about as far as the dragon went in trusting me. The Night Fury continued to glare at me before turning its attention back to the knife flicking its head in the process. I don't know how but I knew what the Night Fury was getting at.

'_Get rid of it'. _

Without even a second thought I did as the dragon requested. I somehow managed to, with one foot; kick the knife up so it was balancing on my foot, all in one fluent motion. How did I do that? No time to question it now, have to focus at the bigger, more scaliier problem at hand. With one swift kick I flung the knife far into the pond that took up more than half of the cove. As soon as the knife broke through the surface of the water the Night Fury finally broke its combat stance, but the dragon still didn't dare move closer.

The dragon seemed to be a lot more relaxed after I got rid of the weapon but it was still on edge for some reason. I once again followed its line of vision only to find that it was staring at Guardian. The Night fury once again locked eyes with me, after a while it turned its attention back to the shield, then back to me again before flicking its head slightly to its left (Or my right).

It took less time for me to work out what the dragon wanted this time, but I was a lot less willing to let go of Guardian then I was the knife. Guardian was my only defence if the Night Fury decided attacking me was a good idea. Besides, personally I was a lot more willing to give up a weapon then a Shield; one did after all save my life from a Gronkle, and Astrid's axeâ€ and that was only this weekâ€ I was also really starting to warm up to the Guardian as wellâ€

With a heavy sigh I began to undo the straps that where tied tightly to my right arm. As soon as the straps where loss enough I easily slipped Guardian of my arm. I starred at the worn, nearly unrecognizable picture for a moment before letting lose a long heavy

sigh. I tossed Guardian far off to my right; the round banged up shield flew through the air like a Frisbee much to mine and the dragon surprise. Guardian collided with one of the large rocks the Night fury was perching on earlier with a loud thud. As it fell to the ground I turned my attention back to the Night fury who was watching the shield with great interest. The dragon was sitting up straight; its pupils seem unusually large, much larger than what I am used to seeing. What I can only guess where the Night Furies ears were sticking straight up like a pair of bunny ears. The Night Fury continued to stare at Guardian moving around as if the very action of just sitting there was a difficult task.

Taking in a deep breath I held the fish out once again for the dragon this time using both of my now free hands to hold my peace offering out. In an instant I was suddenly the Night Furies centre of attention, both of the dragons eyes were trained on me (And the fish) alone. The Night Fury's pupils were not slit like but that did not stop the dragon from staring at me with a heavy amount of suspicion. I stretched my arms out holding the fish out even further than before.

The Night Fury sniffed the air around us for a moment before finally moving in for the fish. The dragon kept its body low to the ground much like it did the last time it approached me but this time the movements were much slower. Strange, what was with it now? It's acting like if it made the wrong move I would make a run for it! Oh wait! I'm shacking aren't I? I looked down at my body only to find myself shacking like a twig in the wind.

Damn you body and your constant need to betray me.

The Night furies head was now within touching distance of me, the dragon was stretching its neck and head out trying to keep its body as far away from me as possible. The dragons eyes were wide open as it stared to me revealing more of its acidic green eye colour than I have ever seen before; Its pitch black pupils were more along the line of circles rather than slits giving the Night Fury a very innocent and friendly look.

The Night fury then turned its attention to the large fish. The dragon moved its head so it was levelled with the fish. The night fury opened its mouth wide revealing a full row of sharp shinny!|

Gums? Wait what? That's not right, I knew for a fact that the Night Fury had teeth.

"Toothless? I could've sworn you had!|" then with a sound that could only be described as several dozen tiny knives being pulled from slimy Scabbard the dragons several dozen sharp shinny teeth popped out of its gums. Before I could even react the Night Fury ripped the fish from my grasp using its once hidden teeth to grab a hold of the large slimy fish's body. The dragon pulled its head back and lifted its head high into the air holding its prize up for the world to see. The dragon tilted its head backwards and began trying to swallow the large fish biting it several times in the process. As soon as the tail of the fish disappeared from sight the Night fury tilted its head back down so it was no longer facing the sky. The Night Fury then licked its lips with its forked tongue once again showing off its arrowhead like teeth to me.

I pulled my hands back and looked at my fingers, silently counting them to make sure they were all there and accounted for.

"Teeth" I couldn't help but mutter as I watched the dragon lick its lips again. Once the Night Fury had finished licking its lips it turned its attention back to me, its pupils once again becoming slits. The dragon lowered its body down so it was now at eye level with me. The dragon slowly began to approach me, tilted its head to the side in what I could only describe as suspicion as it came closer and closer to me.

I began to back up trying miserably to keep a few steps away from the dragon. I tried to speak, to tell the Night Fury to stop, but all that would come out of my mouth was nothing but Ahhas and oohhas. I kept walking backwards until something hit the back of my foot causing me to fall over on my rear. I let loose a small cry of shock as I fell, the dragon seem to see this as its chance to close the gap between us and began to move closer and closer to me. I crawled backwards, I didn't want to waste time trying to get back up to my feet knowing that would only give the dragon more time to catch up to me; using my hands and feet to push myself further and further away from the Night Fury but the Night fury was easily catching up with my desperate crawl to escape.

"No, No," I said as I crawled backwards trying to escape the Dragons harsh stare only to find that I had backed myself into the side of a large rock. The Night fury was right on top of me now, staring down at me. Oh how this brought back memories "I don't have any more" I said fearfully as the dragon leaned over me, staring at me with its Acidic green eyes and slit pupils. I leaned down lower wishing the earth would just pull me in now so I could escape the harsh, judgemental stare.

The dragon continued to stare at me, its left eye twitching slightly for some unknown reason. Then a strange sound that seemed to have originated from what I guess was the dragons gut. The sound became louder and louder as the dragons throat and upper chest began to shake violently, its mouth was open wide showing of a bloated fork tongue and a row of gums. I was confused for a moment, was the dragon chocking?

It was then that the Night Fury spat something large and slimy into my lap. I looked down at the unknown item only to find that it was in fact the half eaten remains of the fish's tail. The dragon pulled back and got itself into a sitting position a few feet away from me. Whilst it was sitting the Night Fury wasn't that much bigger than me if I stood up straight, heck it was around the same height as an average sized resident of Berk, but still that was nothing to sneeze at, the People of Berk had a tendency of growing well, Big.

I took a moment to catch my breath as I stared at the Night Fury. What just happened? Was the first clear thought that managed to materialise in my mind. After I mentally pulled myself together I pulled my body up so I was now leaning/ sitting against the rock, the fishes tail had somehow worked its way into my hands. All the while the Night Fury just stared at me, its pupils once again less slit like and more roundish. I decided to stare back at the dragon for I was unsure what to do at this moment of time.

It took a minute for this silent stare to get awkward. Either out of

boredom or final figuring out that I had no idea what to do the dragon looked at the fish for a moment then back to me, licking its lips for as it did so.

â€¦.It wanted me toâ€¦ eat itâ€¦.

I was shocked, to say the least. I stared down at fish's tail and then back at the dragon who simply stared at me calmly. With a heavy sigh and some retaliation I lifted the fish tail up towards my unenthusiastic jaw. When the fish was centimetres away from my lips I opened my mouth up. I stared at the dragon one more time before closing my eyes and closing the gap between my mouth and the fish. And here I was hoping I wouldn't have to do anything stupidâ€¦

With much retaliation I finally took a large bite out of the fish's tail, but I dared not swallow it. I quickly moved most of the meat into my cheeks not wanting to taste the raw fish fist hand. I pulled the fish tail away from my mouth making several of those fake 'I'm enjoying this food' sounds as I did so. I held the fish out in front of me hoping the dragon would take it of my hands. You never know, maybe the Night Fury would fall for it.

The Night Fury stared at me with a look that I could only describe as a mix of 'I'm not impressed' and 'Do you really think I'm _that_ Stupid?', The Night fury then proceeded to make swallowing sounds with the back of its throat. I tried to keep the charade up but the look on the Night furies face told me that it was had already figured out my (Not so clever) ruse. With a heavy moan I dropped the fish and gave in to the dragons demands.

Eating raw fish wasâ€¦. A rather deferent experience then what I thought it would be. It didn't taste bad; in fact it tasted rather nice, a little slimy but nice. It was the swallowing part that was difficult, for some reason it just would go down my throat. Maybe it was the fact that I knew I was trying to swallow regurgitated raw fish orâ€¦ actually come to think of it, it was the fact that I was swallowing regurgitated raw fish that made the task difficult. Eventually I managed to get past the fact that I was eatingâ€¦ well dragon vomit the slimy fish meat slid down my throat with relative.

Once I finally got over the thought of me eating dragon vomit I turned my attention back to the dragon who was staring at me with a look of surprise and interest. I gave the Night Fury a lazy toothy smile; The Night Fury stared at my mouth intensely for a moment which made me kind of nervous.

The Night Fury began to mess around with its lips for a moment before giving me a crude toothless smile. The dragons seem to be unsure with itself about whether or not it was smiling right, and to be truthful the dragons smile was kind of awkward. I knew this was the Night Fury, the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself â€¦. But sitting here, watching the dragon attempting to smileâ€¦.. The creature before me just seem to be soâ€¦ innocentâ€¦

Well better now than neverâ€¦.

I rose to my feet nervously putting my right arm out forward so I could touch the dragon. but as I leaned out further the dragon leaned backwards, its once innocent and awkward toothless smile was quickly

swept away by a aggrieve toothy snarl. I paused slightly, maybe I as moving too fast? Should I slow myself down?

But before I could test my theory out the dragon was gone in a rush of black scales and leathery wings.

****Night Furies POV. ****

What was I thinking? What weird strange thought were running around in my head that I nearly allowed the Human toâ€¦ Touch meâ€¦.

Why did the human want to touch me? Was it so it could boost to its fellow humans? Well sorry to disappoint human but I'm not going to give you the satisfaction. When the human had first tossed its tools aside upon my orders I decided to have a little fun with the small creature, and I have to admit, watching the human make faces whilst trying to swallow the chunk of fish was actually quite amusingâ€¦ but there was something about that last face the human pulled ofâ€¦ I couldn't help but feelâ€¦ pleasantâ€¦ warmthâ€¦. Fondnessâ€¦.

I attempted to mimic the expression to see if the human would experience similar emotions. It was difficult at first for my face to mimic the alien expression, but once I achieved the unusual expression it feltâ€¦ almost naturalâ€¦

But my curiosity must have been mistaken for friendliness, the human reached out trying to touch me with its scrawny human fingers. I quickly let lose a growl before Flying (well attempt to at least) over to the other side of the cove. I didn't bother to look back at the Human; the small creature was none of my concern, so what if we shared a Life debt and the strange colourful markings, if you remove all that we have _nothing _in common.

Stupid Human, stupid cove, stupid markingsâ€¦.Stupidâ€¦ well everything.

I channelled my anger into charring the earth beneath me so I could get some sleep. A few years ago I had found that I slept better under charred earth, maybe it was the extra heat, or maybe I just liked the feeling of charred earth beneath my body as I slept, or maybe it was because it gave me a chance to channel my anger into something before I went to sleep. Whatever the reason it has helped me sleep through some of the worse days in my life, and for that I am grateful.

Once I had finished charring the earth I allowed my body within the charred area smothering any remaining flames that were still burning. I rolled my body up, folding all my limbs in so I could form a nice solid ball shape. Once I had finished I placed my head down in the charred earth. The sensation of burnt ground beneath my body was already taking affect for I could already feel myself falling into the dark void known as sleep.

That was until I heard the chirping, coming from right above me.

I looked up and found myself staring at a small birds nest built within the branches of a dead tree. I looked at the small nest for a moment, I have been living in this cove for 5 days now, How did I not notice this nest until now? I continued to stare at the bird nest in deep thought. I have always found it strange that something as small and fragile as a bird nest could bare the same title as something as

large and as longstanding as the Nest, how does such a thing even occur? I continued to stare at the nest until a small feathered, beaked head appeared over the side of the nest, a birdâ€¦. The bird opened its beak and began to chirp at me. I observed to small bird for a moment, curious as to what the small animal was doing. The bird released a few more chirps before finally flying off. I followed the bird with my eyes snorting slightly as I watched the bird fly gracefully around the cove. The bastard has no idea how lucky he is; to be able to fly freely, to be able to soar through the skies without a care in the worldâ€¦ oh how I missed flightâ€¦. It's as if a very part of my soul has been taken from meâ€¦.

I suddenly became aware of a new presence nearby; I turned my attention towards this new presence only to find the human sitting a few feet away from me. The human tried its best to give me an innocent look. I would not call myself an expert on humans, In fact it wasn't until a few days ago did I learn that there was more to humans then them just being a pack of killing machines. But even I could tell this human was not going to keep sitting a few feet away from me forever.

I snorted at the human in displeasure hoping that it would get the picture that I wanted it to go away. The human still sat there with the goofy grin on its face slightly waving its left paw around. I wonder are all humans as thick as this one or was this one special like that?

I let lose a soft grunt before dropping my head down and flicking my tail around so the remaining tail fin blocked out my vision. I had hardly had a chance to close my eyes before I suddenly sensed movement coming from where the human sat. I lifted my tail so I could get a better at what was accruing. What I found wasâ€¦ something I admit, I kind of saw coming. The humans paw was mere inches away from my face; the human had stretched its front right limb out so its body was as far away from me as the human could possible put it. as soon as the human realised it had been caught red pawed it quickly jumped to its feet and began to awkwardly stroll away from me keeping its body as straight as it possibly could. As the human made its way to the opposite side of the cove I rose to my feet. Even though I was tired I was not going to risk sleeping on the ground with that human in such close proximity. I took a quick glimpse as I slowly walked away from my (Comfortable) patch of burned grass. Said human was standing with its back facing me but the human was looking over its shoulder at me, studying me nervously.

I let lose a short snort. "Stupid Human." I mutter as I made my way towards an old giant root. I stared at the large root with a sense of dread. It has been a long time since I have attempted something like this (Back when I use to live with the rest of the nest on dragon island in fact) and back then I still had the ability of flight on my side.

This is going to be a lot more difficult then I first thoughtâ€¦.

****Hours later. ****

The sun was nearing its slumber stage when I finally awoken from my nap. The nap itself was actually quite pleasant once I got over the almost unfamiliar feeling of sleeping upside down it was actually one

of my better naps I have had since I had entered the cove.

It took a few seconds for my eyes to adapt to the difference in light. Once my eyes did I lazily scanned my surrounding area. Everything seemed normal, I was still stuck in this coveâ€ the human was hereâ€ small fish still swam in the pondâ€ wait, what was the human still doing here? Shouldn't it have gone back to its settlement by now? But here it was sitting on a rock (With that strange round object leaning against said rock) staring at the ground doing something strange, what are you doing little human? I tried to get back to sleep but curiosity kept me awake. My thoughts kept returning to the human and its strange actions. I wanted to know what the human was doingâ€

With a heavy sigh I let go of the tree branch and fell gracefully to the ground. With muffled steps I silently sneaked up on the human. Once I had reached the rock where the human sat, I sat down on my hind quarter keeping my body straight so I towered over the human. I leaned over the human in an attempt to get a better look at what exactly the human was doing.

Much to my confusion the human was using a single stick to create random scratches in the dirt beneath its feet. Why was the human doing this? Was it bored? Did it simply have nothing better to do? Or was there method to this human's madness? The human paused for a moment; I could tell by the human's stillness that it had become aware of my presences. I was half expecting the Human to turn around and attempt to touch me again, that is after all what it has been trying to do so far. Much to my surprise the human did not attempt to touch me, instead the small creature simply returned to its dirt scratching. I was shocked for a moment; was what the human doing with the stick really so engrossing the human is willingly giving up a perfect opportunity to achieve its goal? Or has it simply given up?

Like I have mentioned before, I am not an expert on Humans so I have no clue.

I continued to watch the humans random scratching with great interest. I followed every movement the human made with its stick, making sure to pay extra attention to the human's movement. After a while the random scratches in the dirt began to form a familiar shapeâ€ the shape was not quite finished so I could not tell what it was per say, but I could now tell that there was actual purpose behind the humans movement. This only helped spark my interestâ€

As the soon as the human was done scratching the dirt I wasâ€. Amazed? Shocked? Surprise? I lack the proper word to describe what I was looking at. In the dirt wasâ€. Me, of course it appeared to be a still image and lacked my colour but it was stillâ€ meâ€. How is such a thing even possible? For all my life I had thought the only thing capable of recreating an image was water and/or Iceâ€. But here the human wasâ€ proving me wrongâ€. Yet againâ€.

â€.I wonderâ€ if the human can perform such a feat, what is stopping me from doing it to? But what image should I try to capture in the dirt? I looked around the cove for something to capture in the dirt. My eyes eventually fell upon the human who had first shown me thisâ€ image scratchingâ€ Hmmm, maybe I should try image scratching itâ€ I mean it has done the same thing me it is only fair I return

the favour.

With a short snort I trotted off on my back legs to find myself a stick big enough for me to use for my very own image scratching.

****Hiccups POV. ****

Ok when I had first decided I would draw the Night fury in the dirt I was honestly not expectingâ€¦ this.

When the Night fury had first trotted away (on its hind legs!) I had thought I had done something to offend the Night Fury with my little sketch. I was about to rub out the Night Fury dirt sketch when all of a sudden I heard a loud snapping sound from behind me. I turned around to see the dragon carrying a large tree branch towards me in its mouth. I was confused for a moment when all of a sudden the Night fury rose to its hind feet and began to drag the branch along the ground.

What came next was something I could not even imagine in my wildest dreams. The Night fury dug its large stick into the ground and began to walk along twisting and turning as it went, up turning dirt as it did its dance with the branch. I have to admit, watching the 'fearsome' and 'dreaded' Night Fury dancing around with a large branch in its mouth was actually quite amusing to watch, especially once I saw the Night furies face. The look on the Night furies face reminded me of that one time I saw that five year old finger painting, the Dragon looked to be deep in concentration yet was really enjoying himself.

It was with that look I began to wonder if I had somehow fallen asleep whilst waiting for the Night fury to awaken, it was a high possibility and I was about to pinch myself in the armâ€¦. But before I could complete the small and otherwise painless task the dragon smacked me in the back of the head with the leafy end of the branch. I do admit the blow did hurt, but it wasn't as bad as I felt it should have been. In fact after a short rubbing of the back of the head the pain was gone much to my surprise. Once the pain was gone I decided to return my attention back to the Night Fury who was still happily scratching the dirt with its large branch. I watched the Night Fury in silence as it continued its little dance, eventually the dragon came to a halt a few meters away from me. The Night Fury sat up straight the branch hanging loosely in its mouth like a dog with a bone. The dragon twisted its head around to get a better look at me before twisting its head back around and making a single dot in the ground with the stick.

The night Fury then tossed the branch aside and turned around on the spot to face me. I stared at the dragon for a moment, pondering as to what my next action should be. The dragon turned its attention away from me and back to itsâ€¦ work, pride seem to radiate from the dragon as it looked down at its dirt carving. As the Night Fury stared at the dirt with that sense of pride I finally realised that those 'random' twisting and turning in the dirt was actually not so random at all; it was actually the dragon doing something I had thought far too complex for a dragon to attempt.

The dragon had drawn somethingâ€¦.

I was taken aback by this. I remember hearing on the news once that animals like Orang-utans and elephants have demonstrated the ability to paint; even tho I knew the Night Fury was possible the most intelligent of the dragon species but I had never imagined that one would be capable of something thisâ€¦ amazingâ€¦. Eventually curiosity got the better then me and I decided to see whether or not the dragon actually created something or just began scribbling all over the ground with its tree branch.

I stood up slightly knocking my knee against the side of Guardian as I did so. Guardian rocked slightly on the spot before settling down again. Once the shield had settled down I scanned the surrounding cove floor. From where I stood (Near the centre of the large picture) I could not make head or tail of what the random doodles were meant to be, that is if they were meant to be something at all. I decided to try my luck at figuring out the doodle on the outside of the image where I would hopefully get a better view of the image at hand. But as soon as I took a step the Night Fury began to growl at me. I froze completely; I had my complete attention on the Night Fury fearing that even the slightest movement would cause it to attack. The Night Fury continued to growl at me, baring its teeth in a very unfriendly way.

Slowly I moved my foot backwards, as soon as I did so The Night Fury ceases its growling and returned to a much calmer state. I paused for a moment before slowly returning my foot to the same area I had it before. The Dragon once again began to growl, I looked down at the area I was standing on to find that my foot was over one of the lines drawn in the dirt. I removed my foot again and the dragon returned to a calm state. With a small smile I decided to test something out. I placed and removed my foot several times on the same line and watched with slight amusement at the rapid mood swings in the Night Fury stance and face. it was through watching the Night Furies rapid mood change that my Instinct finally decided to speak up:

_Having someone disrespect there work and question if the work was actually theirs was something that all artistes hated. _

And just as soon as the voice appeared it disappeared without another word. With slight hesitation I stretched my foot over the line. Once my foot was placed solidly in the empty area of ground I looked over at the Night Fury. Its expression was much lighter than it was normally, its pupils where larger and its ear-things where not as floppy as they were before. The Night Fury released a small cone and I couldn't help but smile.

I don't really remember how it began but the next thing I know I was focusing solely on my feet as I tried to navigate the spider web like maze of dirt doodle. It was difficult work but I must admit I was kind of enjoying this. With every step I could feel a tugging sensation in my chest calling me in a certain direction, I being natural curious decided to follow this pulling sensation. With each step I took the pulling became stronger and stronger until eventually it felt as if I was being hauled along by a piece of rope tied to the back of a running Mayor Oswald.

I kept my eyes trained on my feet as I navigated the twist and turns of the dragon's picture, I allowed the pulling sensation to guide me to my destination. And just when I thought the pulling sensation couldn't get any stronger I bumped into something hard, scaly and

incredibly warm. I froze, it was the Night Fury.

Whilst I was busy focusing on my footing I did not realise that I had blindly walked straight into the dragon. All my muscles froze up; I wasn't sure what to do so I just stared at the dragons dirt carvings. As I stood there frozen in fear staring at the dragon's sketch an image began to form in the twists and turns of the dirt. At first I had thought it was just my eyes playing tricks on me but the more I looked the more the image became clearer and clearer.

The dirt scratches were not random at all; in fact it WAS a picture, a picture of meâ€¦

A sudden rush of air rushed through my hair. I looked up to see the Night Fury staring down at me; its eyes seem to just penetrate my own. This was not the first time we have had a stare down, not by far, but this time something was different. Unlike so many times before there was no fear, no bitterness, there was no species hatred between the two of us, there was onlyâ€¦ warmth. I took a few steps away from the Night fury but I still stood within arm's length of the mighty dragon, all the while still keeping eye contact with the dragon. the dragon did not move a muscle as it waited patiently for me to finish.

I let lose a heavy sigh, here goes nothing.

I slowly moved my hand towards the dragon so I could attempt to touch the dragon once more. It seemed like a good idea, the dragon was after all the most relaxed I have ever seen it. But once my hand came within a certain length of the Night Fury the dragon began to growl, it wasn't as bad as before but it was still a very threatening growl. I recalled my hand back until the Night Fury stopped its growling. What was I doing wrong? Why didn't it let me touch it? it's not like I can actually hurt it or anything. What do I need to do to get it to trust me?

The first step is always the hardest. You must trust the dragon if the dragon is to trust youâ€¦. Whispered the voice in the back of my head. I froze for a moment; my instinct had spoken again but this time I wasn't so sure I should follow its orders. I mean this is a dragon for Pete sake! How could I show a dragon trust?

It was then did an idea finally came to me.

****The Night Fury POV. ****

Yeah, this human is really starting to become predictable.

It had once again tried to touch me with its paw, and like before backed off as soon as I started growling at it. How long will it take for the human to realise that it's not going to get what it wants? If it really wanted to touch a dragon it should go play with Fireworms. But I guess the human will never learnâ€¦

â€¦And then the human done something I was not at all expecting.

The human closed its eyes before diverting its head away from me so it was facing the cove floor. Once its muscles seem to relax the human once again raised it left paw up in one steady movement towards my face. I was about to growl but something held me back. I sniffed

the human's outstretched paw in curiosity. Many different smells radiated from the humans paw amongst them where the scent of animal skins, mud, ash, old foodâ€¦ all sorts of different smellsâ€¦. But there was one smell I could not find on the human; fear. There was none of it on the human, even though could have sworn the human was literally sweating it a few moments ago.

This sudden change in the human scentâ€¦ confused me at best. What had change between now and the last time the human had tried to touch me?

He has completed the first step; trust. Now it is your turn.

I guess most normal dragons would be somewhat worried when they hear a faint voice in the back of their mind, I on the other hand was actually surprised the voice finally decided to return after telling me that escaping by myself was impossible. When I had first heard the voice I had thought I was going mad, in fact I probably was at the time, but after a while I had come to the conclusion that it was simply the more logical part of my brain finally getting fed up with me deliberately injuring myself in a loss cause. At the time I listened to it because it was making sense, but nowâ€¦ I wasn't so sure the voice was actually the logical part of my brainâ€¦.

_Just do it already. _

Ignoring the overall weirdness of my brain I decided it would be best to do as it requested. I allowed my mind and body to relax, clearing all thoughts from my head and loosening my stiffen muscles. Once both task were complete I slowly moved my snout towards the human's outstretched paw. But once I came into a certain length of the humans paw I paused for a moment. Something feltâ€¦ off about all this, I just couldn't put my claw on itâ€¦

I stared at the human for a moment wondering what it had done that had helped it complete the 'first step'. In fact why do I want to complete the 'first step' in the first place? I didn't want to touch the human in the first place! Why do I need to do this in the first place?

I was about to turn tail and leave the human standing there with its eyes closed and its paw out, but something halted my movement. Looking at the human stand there with its eyes closed and its paw out I couldn't help but feelâ€¦ something swell through me that anchored my body down in the spot. I stared at the human for a moment, it was still standing there patiently waiting for something, anything to happen.

Sigh, better not keep the human waitingâ€¦.

I once again loosen up my muscles and cleared my mind as I lowered my snout once again. I was faster than last time, but just before I touched my snout against the humans paw I paused for a moment. I had one last deep breath as I slowly closed my eye lids. As my sight around me became as dark as my scales I began to move my snout once again and did not stop until I felt the soft touch of the humans paw.

**No one's POV. **

As soon as the snout came in contact with the hand a surge of energy washed over the cove and the surrounding area. The energy surge was invisible to the naked and for most it would be mistaken as simply a powerful gust of wind but for those few that knew what it actually was could not help but feel a surge of hope swell through there body.

The Marks carved into the skin of the dragon and the human began to glow brightly, illuminating the cove with green and blue lights. As the Markings glowed powerfully they slowly began to grow, but unlike before he markings did not bring pain as it did so. Instead it brought the opposite of pain to both of its bearers. As the Tattoos grew larger and larger the brighter they shined until eventually the Tattoos began to glow as brightly as the northern lights themselves.

But the two beings that stood at the source of the great light and energy were too engrossed with the images they were seeing before there very closed eyes.

In the Humans eyes he saw the life of a young Night fury. He saw how the dragon's father disappeared when the dragon was very young and how the dragon's mother had died of sickness a few years later. The human saw how its fellow dragons mocked it and insulted it for simply being different from the others. There were a few dragons here and there that treated the Night Fury better than others; amongst them was a Nadder, A Gronkle and a Flashfang but they were spread thin and far throughout the images. Most of the images showed the Night Fury trying its hardest to help its fellow dragons out and the only thing it ever got out of helping its fellow dragons was mockery.

The Night Fury on the other hand saw the life a young human boy. He saw how the human's mother had died and how the Human had a father that was never there for it when the human boy need it. The dragon saw how the human was treated as an outcast amongst its people. The dragon also saw how there was a few that treated the Human well one of them being a human that was missing a few limbs and a very tall human with glowing eyes. The Night Fury saw how the Human tried to use its skills to help its fellow humans only to get shunned and laughed at by everyone— even the Dragons!

As both dragon and human stood there examining the images flashing behind there closed eyes. Watching the images flash past before there very eyes they could not help but compare what they saw with their own lives, and the fact that they could so easily do that shocked both human and dragon.

As the Human and Dragon pulled away from each other the lights generating from the tattoos suddenly died down returning the cove back to a normal light level. The strange marking stoped its growing and returned to its normal state. Once the human and dragon had finally gotten there hand/Snout out of harm's way the Human and the dragon opened there eyes. When the dragon and the human had opened there eyes they found themselves staring deep into the others, a faint greenish glow gleamed in both of their eyes.

The Dragon and the human stared at each other for a moment. Both dragon and human stared at each other with a new sense of understanding for the other. There stare was silent but you could see the unspoken emotions as clear as day; respect, trust, pity, joy,

kindness but most importantly of all the two saw each other as equals. They no longer saw the other as an 'it' but as a being on the same level as the other, they were equal now and maybe evenâ€¦ friends.

As the two broke the stare on a good note the earth experience the spark of something it had not seen in a very long time. Something that would soon become stronger and more powerful than anything it had experience before. It was something that would storm through both thick and thin with not even a scratch to show for it. it is the thing that has turned others like the Human boy and The Night Fury into legends. It was something the world had been waiting to return for a long time.

And it was something the world would never get to experience again.

Ok so maybe this chapter a_** little**_** longer then I had first planned, but hey it's my 20****th**** chapter and honestly I'm surprised my story has made it this far. **

**I have always found Hiccups and Toothless friendship to be something quite special and unique, maybe it's just how the movie portrayed it but there personalities and behaviour seem to just click together; there both naturally curious and they think outside the box etc. The same went for all the other dragons and riders Astrid and Stormfly are both Perfectionist and deadly. Snotlout and Hookfang are both hot-headed and thick. The twins and Barf and Belch are both mischievous and dim-witted. Fishlegs and Meatlug are both intelignet and dangerous when angered. **

**If you haven't gotten bored o my ranting and decided to keep reading this then in your favour I will get to the point. Dragons seem to bond well with people that match their overall behaviour. Which brings me to my point: **

**Which dragon do you think you could bond well with? **

**You don't have to answer me if you don't want to and don't just say Night Fury, please. I want you honest answer **

**For those of you who are curious I think I might bond well with a Skrill. Were both prone to being overly aggressive, can be easily tricked (but are not exactly dumb), often strike out by ourselves and have ratherâ€¦ shocking personalities. **

**So yeah, again sorry this took a while. **

**Friendship is not about who stands by your side, its about who has stayed by your side. **

Thor-Born saying I will see you next time, and hopefully that next time is **_real **_**soon.**

or simpiedragons mocked it ad died of sickness a few years latter. oppisite tly, iluminating

**I thinks it's about time we had a little look at how Stoicks doing, don't you guys? I have kind of neglected him for a while now; heck he hasn't been involved in this story since way back in chapter 3. So I think it's about time he has a little spot light. **

**Reviews. **

**Davisnacho: **Alright then I'll take your word for it, from what you have given me I think you might bond well with a Night Fury two.

**johnnylee619: **Well I can't confirm or deny if what you say is true but you are right about those last few words carrying a lot of meaning to them.

**intern dana: **Yeah it was a lot of work trying to get this done.

**Klatuveratanectul701: **I'm glad you liked the last chapter and hopefully you don't have to wait long for this one.

**cas000q1: **Thankyou for the complement.

**StorSpeaker: **Yeah I Think I might have hit that point two. So you also believe you will bond well with a Night Fury hmm? Strange not much in the way of a verity, but then again I only got two answersâ€¦ And If Astrid becomes a rage yetiâ€¦ maybe towards Snotlout, yes but I do not plan on writing THAT out (I don't think I can simulate that much rage).

**The dragon1010: **It kind of depends on what you mean by Understandâ€¦ if you mean by experience and history then they have already gained that. If you mean by they will be able to have a conversation with each otherâ€¦ maybeâ€¦.

**faisyah865: **Well what do you expect? The song was created pacifically for that scene in the movie. And I think I have to agree with you on that one.

**Guest: **I'm glad you love the story, and I don't think I'll be stoping any time soon.

**Guest: **I don't know much about either Thug or Camacazi but yeah if they were in town they would have helped Hiccup, well Camacazi would mock him a bit before doing soâ€¦. Cluelessâ€¦ he is the only one in the group of teens I have no idea what to do with, whilst with everyone else I have an idea on where I want them to goâ€¦ Clueless I'm just kind ofâ€¦ clueless. I did work hard with Forbidden friendship so I'm glad you like it. And those last few wordsâ€¦ I can't really talk about itâ€¦

**Alright let's get to work. **

**The next day sometime around 9am and 10am, Stoicks POV. **

The dragons couldn't have chosen a better location for their nest even if they tried, not that they were trying. They are after all animals, creatures that only rely on primal instinct. Something as specific as finding hard to reach areas for other animal species is probably just something the dragon species as a whole has been doing

for generations.

Buts tis not the dragons I'm stressing about, it's there god's damn nestâ€|

The dragon's nested (Well, where not exactly sure I they are nesting here in the first place. Really it's just an educated guess) in an area of sea located 3 day sailing in a northwest direction form Berk. This certain area of sea had been appropriately named Helheim's gate, in my opinion the name was actually quite suiting. The area of sea was infamous for having unpredictable tide and wind patterns, and that was the least of anyone's problems if they choose to navigate that death trap. Helheim's gate was also home to a large sea stack maze, how such a thing occurred is beyond my understanding but I did know that the area was a mess of sharp fang-like rocks and towering broken stone columns. If that wasn't bad enough the area seem to have some sort of set weather system. Whatever time of the year the weather of Helhiem's gate would always be a raging storm with a heavy thick mist that seem to seeping through the sea stack maze, hiding the dangers that lurked within. I had always found it unsettling at how the mist and the storm seem to just stop once they hit a certain point, as if there was an invisible barrier blocking it from reaching out any further.

I stood atop a large cliff staring out at the almost mystic area of sea. Upon arriving in the general area of Helhiem's gate I had ordered everyone to set up camp upon a small island not even a mile away from the impenetrable barrier that was Helheim's gate. As I stood on the cliff staring deeply into Helhiem's gate mist watching the faint silhouette of dragons flying through the mist and rocky maze I could not help but remember the last time I had been this close to the ocean death trapâ€|.

**Flashback, about 30 years ago. **

_It was a simple fishing trip, my dad and my grandfather had decided to take me and my younger brother Spiteson, along with my two best friends, Alvin and Gobber to a little island in the middle of the ocean. My father had told me that the island was where we would catch all the big ocean dwelling fish, and of course I didn't really bother to question him. My grandfather on the other hand was not exactly happy about my father's choice in fishing much to my confusion.

_

_It was the second day of are little trip and we had spent most of the day fishing over a small ledge, well us kids did at least, the adults went fishing somewhere else and had intrusted me (I was after all the most mature of the group, Gobber was older however) with keeping us out of trouble. By the end of the day me and Alvin both caught about 7 fish each, Spiteson who was still a little too young and impatient had only caught 4 whilst Gobber had somehow managed to catch 15 fish and he was making sure we did not forget that. We hauled are catch back to the campâ€|. well me and Gobber did, Alvin was too busy carrying my sleeping younger brother to help carry the fish, but Alvin being Alvin had offered to help carry some of the catch as well, but I had told him not to worry about it. _

_I was a little bit confused when I had found only my father at base camp. "Dad were is grandpa?" I asked my father once I had safely placed my haul in the camp borders. My father rose to his feet and

turned his attention towards me. My father was a tall man, much taller than the rest of the people in town (save a few exceptions) he had a bright red beard that ran down to his chest; it was neatly brushed and somewhatâ€¦ puffy. He was wearing a black furred jacket and dark brown trousers with big furred boots. His eyes were a light green, the same coloured eyes of all Haddocks as my grandfather says. __** (if you want a better idea, He looks a lot like Stoick but a little taller and a little less bulkier, and a light shade of red hair) ** _

_My father stared at me for a moment his face remaining stoic as he did so, before he let loose a frustrated sigh. "Son, Your grandfather being a stubborn old foolâ€¦." My father paused for a moment before continuing, "Sigh, Son. I think you should try and talk some sense into himâ€¦ he's not listening to me and you have always had better luck at talking to him than I haveâ€¦" my father said. _

_I have never been good with emotions, they have always seemed to elude me but even with that specific problem I could still tell my father felt guilty. I was confused for a moment, my father feeling guilty? My father was not a man of many emotionsâ€¦ what had caused him to act this way? Was it something to do with grandfather? I knew my father and my Grandfather had always had their disagreements but it was never anything too seriousâ€¦ _

"_I will try to talk some sense into him dad," I told my father earning a proud smile from the large man. "I knew you could son." My father said giving me a small wink. "Follow the path that we took to get to your fishing spot, but once you reach the fork in the path, instead of going right turn left and follow the cliff face. You'll eventually run across the old manâ€¦" My father said giving me some somewhat vague instruction on finding my grandfather. _

_I was about to leave the camp when someone called me out "Stoick! Over here!" I turned my attention towards the source of the familiar voice. It was Alvin. He was sitting with Gobber at a makeshift table nearby where we set up our tents. I moved to get a better look at the two of them. They were sitting at opposite ends on the small table and they seem to be playing some sort of card game, go-fish by the looks of it. Gobber was slouched over staring at his cards intensely, occasionally looking up to see what type of cards were on the table. From the look of things Alvin was clearly winning by a long shot. He only had one card left whilst Gobber appeared to still have a complete deck. _

_Gobber was nearly a year older than me and Alvin, but if you ever met him you would not be able to see that. Gobber was much shorter and younger looking than us, that combined with the fact that he was overly immature and you could easily mistake him for a kid a year or two younger than us. Like I said before he was short and had a boyish look to him, he had short unwashed blond hair and bright blue eyes that always seem to have a shimmer of humour to them. He was wearing an oversized ripped no-sleeved jacket over his normal yellow t-shirt and faintly striped pants. Normally I would laugh at him for wearing such a comically oversized piece of clothing, and I would have if I didn't know that it was all he had left of his grandfather a man who had only just passed away two months agoâ€¦. Gobber was and still is trying to hide his grief from me and everyone else around him behind a smile and a few good jokes, but even I could tell it was all a charade to hide his sadness about losing his granddad. Even though

Gobber was most of the time immature he has shown knowledge and skills that are normally unseen for someone of his age. _

_Alvin was looking at me calmly with one arm leaning on the back of his chair and the other holding his cards downwards. Alvin were shockingly similar in appearance, so much so that you would most likely mistake him and me as being related. Alvin was slightly taller than me but he lacked theâ€¦ 'girth' I possessed. Alvin's face was rather rough looking like he had been in to many fights, which is somewhat truthfulâ€¦ he was after all the first to jump to my aid in a brawlâ€¦ and the one who would always take the wraith of the adults when it was overâ€¦. Alvin was the intelligent sort; he was smart got B+ in all his classes which was impressive for someone living in Berk. He was also witty, he always had a few good comebacks hidden up his sleeve and he was always one step ahead of everyone even the parents. I had a strong respect for Alvin, he was a good fighter and a smart kidâ€¦ and a Great best friend. _

"_Pull up a seat Stoick, will deal you in next round. I'm getting bored of beating Gobber over and over again." Alvin said as he gestured to an empty chair. I heard Gobber mutter something along the lines of 'Lossy cheater' before returning his attention to the cards in his hand. Alvin gave Gobber a small grin, "I knew you were a sore loser Gobber, but to accuse me of cheating? That's low Gobber, real low." Alvin said. _

_I was about to walk over and take a seat but then I remembered; I have something else to doâ€¦ _

"_Sorry guys, maybe when I get back," I said to my two friends. Alvin let loss a short sigh, "Well then. The chair will still be here when you're ready." Alvin explained before turning his attention back to the game. I watched silently as Alvin calmly asked "Ya got any two's?". Gobber stared at him for a moment looking absolutely _gobstruck, and then looked back down at his cards. Gobber looked absolutely frustrated as he handed over one of his cards. Alvin calmly placed down the tow cards on the large pile. He gave Gobber a large smile, "what the score now? 7 to 0?" Alvin teased. _

_It was at that point in time I choose to walk away. "YOU'RE only wining because you're CHEATING your ASS OF," Gobber roared at the tall smirking boy. "Me. Cheating? I've never heard such a ridiculous accusation in all me life." Alvin said sound honestly quite hurt by Gobber's wild accusation. _

_I simply rolled my eyes, "here they go againâ€¦". _

**A few minutes later. **

_It took a while for me to find my grandfather even with my father's advice. It took me little over an hour to find my grandfather sitting down on a foldup yard chair with a large fishing rod held loosely in his hands. _

_My Grandfather was a unique person amongst the people of Berk. He lacked the body mass of most of the people that lived in Berk, while he was rather tall he did not have the same muscle mass or size that most people in town seem to have. According to my father, Grandfather was always like that, but that didn't stop him from being one of the greatest Mayors and fighters the town has ever seen. My grandfather

was an excellent leader, He had to be, he was after all the guy who led the first platoon of Combat armoured soldiers during the battle of Normandy. He was a good mayor too, better than my father and my great grandfather as well; some would say even better than both of them combined. Back in his day he was also an expert sword fighter, heck he even went a few rounds withâ€¦. Who was it again? Damn I always forget his nameâ€¦ but I did remember that he had a really weird name and managed to single handily best some of our best fighters without even breaking a sweat. _

Well at least that's what everyone saysâ€¦

If you looked at him now howeverâ€¦. All you would see is a shadow of his former self. I still remember the day when my mother had shown me a black and white photo of my grandfather. Upon seeing the young happy looking man in the photo wearing US military uniform standing around a bunch of other guys much beefier than he was I instantly went into denial, I mean my grandfather is an old man who spent too much time lost in his own thoughts and burying himself under a mountain of regretâ€¦ but I had to admit my grandfather did have a striking resemblance to the man in the photo. From the look of things they were both around the same mass and height. Their faces were nearly identical except for the fact that the young man's face seem to glow with happiness and youth whilst my grandfather had a face that was old and deeply scarred. The Man in the picture was clean and well kept; he had a well-trimmed short beard and his hair though somewhat wild actually seemed somewhat neat. My Grandfather on the other hand had a bushy unkempt beard that was now nearly made up of grey hairs. Then there was the eyes. Both of them had the exact same eyes, the only difference being that the young man's eyes sparkled with joy and happiness. My Grandfather on the other hand only had sorrow and regret.

_And today was no exception; in fact today might just be one of his worse daysâ€¦ _

_He sat there motionless staring at the vast open sea. He sat there in total stillness, unmoving and apparently unaware of what was happening around him, because what appeared to be a small Terror dragging away one of my Grandpa's larger catches. I was tempted to go and kill the little pest; I may not have gone through Dragon training but that hasn't stopped me from killing my fair share of Terrors, heck I even strangled one so hard when I was a kid its head snapped offâ€¦ well that's what my father says at least. But I didn't bother myself with trying, the dragon was too far away and if I did try to go after the small dragon it would bolt for it. So I decided (with great annoyance) to ignore the small dragon. _

_I approached my grandfather wearily. My grandfather was a nice man, a little depressing at times but that wasn't what I was afraid of. What I was afraid of was the aftermath of an argument between my father and my Grandfather. Whenever those two got into an argument one, or both are guaranteed to be in a foul mood. "Grandpaâ€¦" I said somewhat nervously. _

_My grandfather let loose a tired sigh as he tore his attention away from the open sea. "Child, I did not expect to see you hereâ€¦" He said his voice was much moreâ€¦ mellow than I thought it would be. I relaxed, but only slightly. "My dad sent me to get youâ€¦ He wants you to return to campâ€¦" I said trying to choose my words carefully.

Grandfather stared at me for a moment his, old tired face remaining completely Stoic as he did so. "Of course, of courseâ€¦ I'll be there soonâ€¦.. but one more thing before you goâ€¦. What do you think of that?" said my grandfather as he waved his hand out at the open sea.

—

Upon spotting what my grandfather was gesturing too I was quite surprised that I did not notice it before. A massive storm cloud swelled overhead about a mile out from the island we were camping on. Huge waves were crashing into the sides of large rock like towers that rose from the wild untamed sea. A thick Ash like mist engulfed the area, covering it with a thick blanket of darkness. Occasionally Lightning or fire would illuminate the dark cloud, revealing faint silhouette of large shapes moving through the dark mass. _

I paused for a moment, in shock. "Grandpa, that's a Storm! We have to tell the others back at camp! I'll go rig-", "there is no need child, that storm has not moved for as long as I can remember. It is of no threat to us, well not a physical threat at least," My grandfather said whilst remaining deep in thought. I stared at him for a moment carefully constructing my next sentence. "What do you mean grandpa?" I asked my elder. The older man simply stared at the massive storm out in the open sea. "You may not know it child but right now you are staring at the dragon's nest. Helheim's Gate." My grandfather muttered over the sound of the waves hitting the side of the island cliff. _

I could not help but stare at the area of sea my grandfather had pointed out with a new sense of dread and fear. That is the Infamous Helheim's Gate? How in the name of odins beard did are we still alive? Surely being this close to that dreaded area of sea would be something only a mad man would think ofâ€¦ heck, even Mayor Bision (Or Bigjob, whichever one you would prefer) Mayor of Hystratopia would probably eat his own Axe before getting this close to Helheim's Gate. (And boy did he love his Axe). _

"Grandfatherâ€¦. Howâ€¦ how are we still even alive? And what are we doing this close to thatâ€¦ death trap to begin with?" I asked my elder. The elderly man only sighed sadly upon hearing my questions but he still did not turn his attention away from the massive sea storm. "To answer your first question; we were lucky enough to arrive close to the winter season that all dragon activity is at its minimum." My grandfather explained. I paused for a moment; my mind was a blaze with new thoughts. I had known that my grandfather was an expert on Dragons, He knew more about dragons than anyone else alive; but even with that information I still found myself doubting my Grandfathers knowledge. True it was getting close to the winter season but from what I have seen lately in the last raid the dragons where still fairly active. _

"And to answer your second questionâ€¦ it was your father's choice to come hereâ€¦" My grandfather said in a bitter tone. To say I was shocked wasâ€¦. An understatement. "Why would my father do-", "Because he is an Idiot! And I didn't teach him any better.." My grandfather said, regret replacing his anger. "Your father wanted to see that cursed place with his own eyesâ€¦ He hasn't admitted it yet but I know what his thinking. I should know, I was after all thinking the exact same thing when I was his ageâ€¦" my grandfather said before releasing a long sad sigh. "He believes he can conquer Helheims Gate. He thinks he can succussed where his ancestors have

failedâ€¦ He believes he will succussed where I have failedâ€¦ I tried to explain to him that his desire to find the nest is nothing but a disaster waiting to happen, but his pride and stubbornness blinded him from seeing reason." My Grandfather said, his voice sounded very far. "Helheim's gateâ€¦. One would lose count of how many glory seeking fools have lost their lives, and who knows how many survivors have been scarred for life in those accursed watersâ€¦ But I know for a fact that I am amongst themâ€¦. Look at me for Thor's sake! I'm a war hero! I was at Normandy, I saw the faces of the shocked Nazi soldier's faces as me and my team came running at them with Combat armour. I have seen enough blood shed to last most men four life times. Heck, I even fought a monster of a dragon to the death once but even that paled in comparison to what me and my team saw in that accursed placeâ€¦. I do not wish any of it upon even my worst enemyâ€¦ And to think I was the one who convinced my entire team to enter that hellhole in the first placeâ€¦ Now all of them rest in Vadhallaâ€¦" My grandfather said, I could tell by the way his spoke his mind was drifting further and further away._

_My grandfather sat there for a moment in total silent, his eyes never leaving the horizon. I stood there in utter silence thinking about what my grandfather told me. Was Helheims gate really that bad? Or was his senile age simple acting up on him? I could think of a million reasons why my grandfather is acting is such a way, but one of them seem to make more sense than my other ideas. My grandfather really did see something that had made everything he had ever experienced, be it the battle of Normandy or his battle with that monstrous dragon, whatever he saw in Helheim's gateâ€¦ it trumpeted all of it. The thought alone wasâ€¦ jaw dropping. _

"_Butâ€¦ I did take something away from that horrible dayâ€¦" My grandfather said his voice beginning to rise slightly. "Thanks to my horrible experience within that hellhole I had a realisation. I realised that no matter how hard we tried, no matter how many times we tried, or how many different people attempted we would never be able to conquer Helheim's gates. Unless someone does somethingâ€¦ crazy, something that goes against everything we consider sane will something change. And when he or she does bring this changeâ€¦. The impossible will become probableâ€¦." My grandfather said, his voice much louder and clearer the anything I have experienced from him before. _

_My grandfather Stood up from his chair, grabbing his walking stick to help balance himself out as he did so. My grandfather strolled toward me His staff making a loud banging sound when wood came in contact with hard rock. His face remained stoic throughout his slow approach. I stood there still and unmoving, nervously waiting to see what my grandfather was planning on doing. Eventually once My grandfather was in range he grasped onto my shoulder with his right hand. Though his grip was kind of bony it was still firm and much stronger then I had expected from the elderly man. _

_My grandfather stared at me, his forest green eyes staring into my own. Though his eyes appeared old and glassy I could tell that they were still as sharp as an eagle. _

"_But until that day comes I want you to promise me something child; I want you to make sure that neither you nor your father ever get this close to that blastedâ€¦. Gate ever again. Sometimes there are things better left untouched by human hands, and Helheim's gate is

one of them." __My Grandfather said his__ voice was deep and powerful, something that was a rarity from my grandfather. _

_I gave my grandfather a determined nod. "I'll try my hardest Grandfather," I said trying to make my voice as loud and determined as a 7 (And a half) possibly can. I had no idea why my grandfather trusted me with such an important task but then again I'm not my grandfather. My Grandfather stared at me with an expression I almost didn't recognize, a look that was so alien I was almost unsure on what to do in response. "I know you will child, you haven't let me down yet." My Grandfather said, his tone almost as unrecognizable as his facial expressionâ€|. Almost. With the help of my grandfather's tone I was finally figure out what he was feeling. He wasâ€|

-

_Proud. _

"_One more thing child. Don't call me grandfather, it makes me feel old and senileâ€| call me Henry."_

**End Flashback **

And I had kept that promise to my Grandfather for nearly 3 decades now. I had managed to halt of every single one of my father's plans in any way I could think of. Heck my marriage started off as one of my attempt to keep my father from leaving to search for the nest (I was actually kind of relived when It ended up (after about a month of disagreements and arguing) blossoming into a strong and meaningful love). When I first became Major I thought that from that point onward I would be able to keep people from entering Helheim's gate easierâ€| boy was I wrong. If it wasn't the always present fact that the dragon threat was rising with year it was people like Matthew who were constantly breathing down my neck about making a hunting party for the nest. But no matter what they said, or did I still stubbornly held on to my Grandfathers wishesâ€|.

That was until nowâ€|.

I let lose a deep sigh. So many years wasted for what? For me to simply give up on my grandfather wishes after a bit of yelling from the public? Sigh, what happened to me? Normally I would have simply cleverly (and stubbornly) resisted there request until they gave up (Which took a while, my town does have a stubbornness issue). Then why am I here? Why wasn't it like any other time where I could easily out stubborn any opposition?

In truth I already knew the answer to my question. It involved Henry and the most recent dragon raid.

Though my son was no stranger to having dragon related near death experiences this on was a little too close for my comfort. I will not deny that my son was basically a trouble magnet but nearly being eaten by a Nightmare was by far one of the most dangerous things my son has ever been involved inâ€|. heck if I didn't intervene my son would have wound up being Dragon foodâ€|. Iâ€| I almost lost himâ€|. I almost lost my sonâ€|.. The thought still haunts me even nowâ€| And just to think things are only going to get worse... and if things are as bad as they are now I cannot even begin to imagine what it would be like when Henry was all grown up and I was no longer thereâ€| that is if Henry lived to that ageâ€|.

â€|No, My son will not live in a world where he will have constant fear of Dragon attacksâ€| I need to make sure of thatâ€|

I turned my head towards the sky letting lose a deep and long sigh. "I'm sorry Grandfather, but I can't let my son downâ€| I've done too much of _that_ alreadyâ€|"

****Hiccup POV. ****

"Hiccup? Earth to Hiccup? Are ya in there lad? Are ya alright?" I heard a loud booming voice question me from across the room. The loud yet familiar voice snapped me from my current day dream. In my confused, somewhat null state I accidentally dropped whatever I was holding all over the floor making a loud crashing sound that unintentionally snapped me back into reality.

I quickly scanned my surroundings trying desperately to figure out where I was and what I was doing at the time. It took not even a second for me to recognize the familiar surroundings of the Forge and it took me a few seconds longer to realise that Gobber was standing only a few feet away staring at me with a mix of confusion and concern. I quickly looked down to see a large mess of scrap metal and a tipped over basket lying at my feet. "I'mâ€| ok Gobberâ€|" I said as I leaned down to begin cleaning up my mess.

"Henry. That is the third time ya have spaced out in the last half hour. Now I'm not sayin' ya spacing out is a big rarity but normally not this frequentâ€|. Does it have anything to do with what happened yesterday?" Gobber said his voice heavy with concern.

My body froze up. Didâ€| Did he know? Did he know about me and the Night Fury? No, that's not possible. I mean how could he know? It just couldn't be possible â€|. I decided it would be best for me to just play dumb. "I have no idea what you are talking aboutâ€|" I said cursing silently at how shifty my voice sounded at the moment. "Henry, don't lie to me. I was informed by a 'anonymous' tip of what happened in the Arena after I left." Gobber said with a dead serious tone. I let lose a slight sigh of relief upon his classification of what he was talking about. I could not begin to describe my relief when I realised that Gobber was not talking about The Night Fury and the strange, somewhat magical moment I shared with himâ€|.

"OH thatâ€| That was nothing but some light heartedâ€|. Funâ€| yeah, funâ€|. Nothing to worry about" I said once again trying to clean up my mess. Gobber sighed deeply before replying "Being eaten by a dragon is not light hearted fun." He paused for a moment, using his short break to get close to me. "Henry. What Scott and his gang where going to do to you was absolutely unacceptable, even by Hooligan high standards. The sort of thing they were planning on doingâ€|. Ya could have been seriously Injured, or worse. Now I can give them suspension and ban them from all dragon based activates, but Gothi wants me to get a formal complaint from you about the whole issue before I did anything. All you need to do is write down exactly what happened and then you will leave the rest to me." Gobber said. I had a hard time actually believing this was Gobber speaking. When Gobber spoke he normally did so with a cheer tone or with a touch of sarcasm, heck even when he was serious he seemed somewhat happyâ€| This however was plain old dead serious. It actually kind of scared me.

"Gobberâ€¦ I really appreciate what you are doingâ€¦. But I just don't see it working out all that well for me in the end. I mean sure it might get them out of my hair for a while but they will just come back later and do something worse to me. Besides, even though they kinda do deserve a punishment I don't think kicking them out of Dragon training will be the proper oneâ€¦ they have learned their lesson. Speedifist and Jemiskneir made it clear that they won't stand for that sort of behaviour, and as long as they are around I don't think Snotlout and his gang are going to try anything to seriousâ€¦" I said trying to reinsure Gobber as well as myself.

Gobber simply sighed heavily. "But what happens when neither of them are around to help ya out? Jemiskneirs is notorious for disappearing suddenly without a trace, and Wasn't That Speedifist kid one of the Pirates? How could ya trust him to back yer up?" Gobber said His voice was heavy with concern and slightly sceptical but under it all I could hear the joking tone beginning to resurface through the older mans worried voice.

"Can weâ€¦. Can we just change the subject?" I said wishing to speak of something else then the current topic. I quickly tossed the last few pieces of scrap metal into the basket before hauling the heavy box over to the spare scrap room for sorting latter on in the day. To be truthful I was kind of surprised and how much lighter the box was then normalâ€¦ must have been a slow scrap day todayâ€¦ or maybe I'm finally starting to put on some muscleâ€¦ What? It could happenâ€¦ maybeâ€¦

Shacking my head to clear my thoughts I went to go grab one of the many damaged weapons that still needed repairs from the last dragon raid. Thanks toâ€¦ unforeseen events me and Gobber where way behind are normal schedule, but then again it's not like that is a problem around here. Gobber has always had a lay back attitude when it came to normal work days in the forge, as long as I was doing something and not just standing around looking dumb (It's bad for business) he was happy.

Picking up a very busted looking Sword (It looks like it must have been stepped on by a dragon, probably a gronkle) I slowly made my way over to the large brick build, heated forge that sat sturdy in the centre of the Forge. I dropped the banged up blade into the glowing hot coal. But before I could reach for the handle that helps heat up the forge Gobber (who was busy sharpening an axe head on the grindstone) finally decided to take up my offer of changing the subjectâ€¦.

"So, how's it going with the ladies?" Gobber said in a smooth mocking manner. I stared at the crippled elder for a moment; I could feel my face forming that of a dull seriousness. I knew perfectly well that Gobber was really joking around with me so I decided to play along with Gobbers mocking. "Oh, you already know how that's going," I replied keeping my voice in a somewhat dull tone. "That bad, huh?" Gobber said, mid-way through his sentence he looked out of the wide open garage door at the front of the store. A frown formed across his face for a moment as he stared out at the busy Saturday morning Street of Berk. This was a regular occurrence with Gobber (Whenever this happens he normally claims it's simply his 'warrior instinct's' acting up, Personally I think it's just him getting distracted.) so I didn't think much about it at the time. Instead I decided toâ€¦ illustrate my point.

"Yeah, Astrid wouldn't come near me if she was on fire and I had the only bucket of water in town, and that was before I Accidentally dumped an entire slushies on her headâ€¦. Sigh, My crush probably wants to kill me knowâ€¦. I swear the Norms hate me." I said, half joking around and half taking pitying myselfâ€¦

Gobber turned his attention back to me giving me a sly, cheeky smile like he was having an inside joke of his own. "Yeah tell _me_ about itâ€¦" Gobber said getting up from the grind zone stretching his back as he stood up. "Well I'm going toâ€¦ goâ€¦. Take a walkâ€¦ around the blockâ€¦ ya know to stretch the oldâ€¦. Leg. Ya need to MAN the fort while I'm gone HICCUP." Gobber said his voice sounding veryâ€¦ strange, like he is trying to actâ€¦

"Ummm sure, just stop talking like that pleaseâ€¦. It's weirdâ€¦" I said awkwardly to my old mentor, he simply gave me a nod and a wink before leaving through the back door leaving me slightly confused. If he had wanted to go for a walk why did he take the back door? And what was with the wink? Was Gobber up to something?

I shook my head and shrugged it off. Damn am I being paranoid today. Besides what could Gobber be up to anyway? His just an old Veteran who spent too much time being cooped up in the Forgeâ€¦.

"Ummmâ€¦ HEY! can I get some service here? I got an Axe that needs sharpening." A very familiar _Female _voice said from, If I had to guess, from the Garage door. The very same door I had my back too at the momentâ€¦

I turned around slowly only to find Astrid staring at me with an expression I could not exactly read at the moment, but what I could tell was that she was holding a very familiar looking axe and she did not look happy to see me.

It was at that moment in time only one thing was going around my headâ€¦.

Damn it Gobber!

**Ok and that's an end to another chapterâ€¦. And the first of many new chapter posted on my NEW COMPUTER! **

**Alright, I have to choices for the next chapter. Choice number 1: I continue where I left of with Hiccup and have him go visit the Night Fury again or choice number 2: I show you guys what Jemiskneirs up too and give some insight into what he knows about the whole situation. Both chapter will most likely be posted but I am pondering on what should happen next. **

**People will do anything to protect the ones they love, for to lose the ones you love is to lose a part of you. **

**Thor-Born saying (puts on an extremely fake Austin accent) I'll be Back. **

21. An axe to Grind

**So it was pretty clear people wanted option 1, which is probably a

good thing. What I have planned for Jemiskneirs is not going to be pretty and will probably be the most horrific chapter I have ever written so I am kind of glad that I am pushing it back to the end of what I have started calling the weekend faze. **

**Quick question before I start: what exactly is a Oneshot?
**

**Alright so on to this chapter: **

**An Axe to Grind: Part 2 of weekend
faze.**

REVEIWS.

**StorSpeaker: **Good spot, but you forgot to mention it was only half of it, I kind of just needed something to fill in the blank after Stoicks part.

faisyah865: *Gobber stares at you weirdly* Gobber: "who the Hel are you? And how did ya break the forth wall?". But yeah, quick question when do you think Gobber started setting Hiccup up?

**The dragon1010: **No, I wouldn't abandon this story I'm just an extremely slow writer. That and I a lot of other things on my plate at the moment.

**Thesingingowl: **Hi there man, haven't heard from since chapter 18. Had me worried for a while. Anyway Gobber just wanted to get out of the way so Hiccup is somewhat Forced to serve Astrid.

**Guest: **I'll be truthful with you my friend, half the reason I chose Speedifist is because I liked his name, the other half is because I could work with him because as far as I know there isn't much about him. Yeah this chapter is going to be fun mainly because I just love making things trickier for Hiccup. Like I said before Both will take place, if things go to plan in fact Jemiskneirs chapter will be chapter 25. But for now let's see how things play out.

**Guest: **When I had first saw your review my jaw simply dropped.

Ok so where to start? I'm really glad that you are enjoying the story so far. It really nice to hear that someone else is enjoying my story. The name Jemeskneir is actually an evolution of a name much like the character is an evolution of a character I had came up with years ago. I admit the Hiccup and Toothless friendship thing is slowly building up, but that's because Of reasons.

I have to admit you're the first one to ever point out that little mistake; I'll try to work on itâ€| but no promises.

**Guest: **I will.

**On to the show. **

**Astirds POV, around 8 AM. **

I can't believe it, I slept in.

I had wanted to get up early so I could begin the day with a nice, long training session with my axe, but no, my stupid body decided to make me sleep an extra few hours before making me up in a clumsy tiredness that nearly ended with my breaking my already busted up Axe (Long story, let's just say last night training wasâ€¦ intense) and I also nearly fell face first into my wardrobe.

I slowly stumbled down the hallway, hauling my busted up axe with me. Normally I would of slung my axe over my shoulder but right now I was just too tired, besides it's not like it could do any damage to the floor right now when it was in this horrible shape.

Upon entering the dining room/kitchen I took a moment to allow myself to wake up a bit before daring to socialize with any of my family members (they can be a Hell of a handful even with all my wits about me; Dads mute, Moms sort of a workaholic, Gunnar A smart mouth, My 12 year old sister Inger is a drama queen and don't even get me started on the two demons known as the twin Hoffersons Calder and Eira. Lazy scanning my surroundings I was somewhat relieved yet slight confused to only find Gunnar eating what appeared to be buttered toast sitting at the kitchen table. I knew that my father had left on a 'fishing trip' but shouldn't the rest of the family be at home right now? It's not that late in the morning, is it? The clock in my room could have somehow become slowâ€¦).

"I'nam noss payig fors that." My brother said, well at least I think that was what he said. Personally I blame my overall tiredness for that.

"What?" I said half speaking, half yawning. My brother looked up at me with a slight smirk on his face.

"I SAID, I'm not going to pay for that," my brother said his voice much clearer than before. "Geez what happen to you last night? You look like you tried to sleep through a Thunderdrum attack."

For all I know I probably did. The Twins, Calder (Boy) and Eira (Girl) were having a sleep over last night and had invited over all their friends. They had spent most of the night laughing and talking and all around annoying the heck out of me. I went outside to go practice using my axe but what I did not realize was that during dragon training my axe was far more damaged then it had first appeared, that combined with a stupid prank curtsy of the sleepover twins and a late night practice equaled my busted up axe and a sleepless nightâ€¦. What? I can't sleep without my axe (That and myâ€¦ ahâ€¦. You know what? All that needs to be known is that I can't sleep without it and right now it has gone missingâ€¦).

So yeah last night wasn't exactly my best night I ever hadâ€¦).

"Pay for what exactly?" I asked my older brother who was still slowly munching away at his toast.

"The floor; your axe, the carpet, the training targets, the twin's door. I'm not paying for any of it anymore." Gunnar Said blankly. I could feel my body tense up upon hearing his words.

"What do you mean 'by I'm not paying anymore'?" I asked in a curious shock.

He stared at me for a moment before answering "I can't afford to cover for you anymore Astrid. I can't be the one to pay for all the damage you and your axe cause on a regular bases, I also can't afford to go down to the blacksmith and Pay Gobber to patch your axe up once you bust it after your constant tireless training. In short Astrid, if I am to ever get to Collage I got to stop paying for everything you break. Astrid, you need to start taking some responsibilityâ€|"

Gunnar said sounding annoyed and apologetic at the same time.

I stared at my older brother in a silent shock. "I have plenty of responsibilities, heck I probably have more responsibilities than any of my friends, heck I probably have more responsibilities then my entire year level." I explained to my brother as I slowly walked into the kitchen. I reached for my favorite cereal Crunchy Barsâ€©

*(You're not going to see any shameless advertising in this story, except where you have) **which was (Annoying) placed on a shelf I could not quite reach. Whilst I was trying to grab the cereal from the top shelf I heard my brother mutter something about me being clueless and not having any idea how wrong I am.

I chose to ignore my brothers stupid muttering and focus on what was important at the moment; making myself a consumable breakfast. After about a minute of stretching whilst balancing on my toes I finally managed to pull my cereal of the ridiculously high shelf, damnâ€| who put it up there in the first place? The only people tall enough to use that shelf were Gunnar and Dad, but neither of them really liked my cereal; dad did a bit but he was of on his tripâ€|.

I placed the cardboard box full of cereal on the kitchen counter. I then made my way toward the fridge so I could grab some milk for my cereal. Upon opening the fridge door I became curious as to where exactly the rest of my family was at the moment. "Gunnar do you know where's mum is? Inger? Or the devils and there little minions?" I asked my older brother.

"Moms gone down to the shop to get the groceries, see took Inger with her. and the twins have taken their party down to the parkâ€| something about the old Liberian *(Old wrinkly) **telling stories or something like thatâ€|" Gunnar said still slowly munching away at his toast. Even though I right now hated my younger brother and sister I could not help but admit they had good taste, the old Liberian could tell some great stories. In fact some of my fondest memories of when I was younger were of listening to his stories withâ€| someoneâ€| strange, I'm normally better at remembering people then thisâ€| must have been someone easily forgotten about or something like thatâ€|

"Hey Astrid! You ok? You look a little zoned out there." My Brother asked in a concern voice. I looked up at him for a moment slightly confused. I shook my head slightly shacking away the strange feeling ofâ€| missing somethingâ€|

"Of course I'm fine!" I nearly spat at my brother. Most people would have flinched or maybe even cowered in fear but my brother merely sighed sadly, rolling his eyes as he did so. My brother being a member of this family was no stranger to having people randomly yelling at him for no reason (That along with the fact that he works in a bar on Berk).

I quickly finished making my cereal warming it up slightly in the microwave before grabbing the bowl and sitting down on the opposite end of the table from my older brother. We both sat there in an awkward silence, eating our respected breakfast. After a few more minutes of awkward eating Gunnar's expression suddenly lightened up. I could tell by the glint in his eyes that he was coming up with some sort of strange unknown plan.

"You know I heard the strangest thing last night whilst I was working at the Café." My brother said putting down his piece of toast on a plate. I had wanted to tell him I was not interested but my natural curiosity had gotten the better of me so I sat there in silence staring at him and waiting for my brother to finish his story. I could tell by the smile on his face that I was in his little trap.

"It was a slow day at Phlegma's so I decided to chat with one of your classmates who was having dinner with his old man, Francis, I believe anyway I decided to ask him how Dragon training was going. He told me it was going ok but he was holding something back," My brother said, I have to admit I was getting curious as to where this was going. "And when I questioned him about it he began to tell me quite an interesting story about what happened at the end of Friday's session." My brother continued.

I froze for a moment, was he talking about me, letting loose some steam on some of the other students? No it can't be that, I have done that before on numerous occasions and my brother had never cared about it before, why now?

"Apparently your friend Scot got a bunch of his mates together and decided to try and feed Hiccup to one of the dragons. And while the off was getting everything set up he let some that giant meathead of a kid named Dogbreath use the kid as a punching bag." My brother said his voice getting more serious with every word he said. I froze in silence. Scot, That Nimrod! I thought I told him NOT to do that, doesn't that idiot have an idea how much trouble he could have gotten everyone into? Of course he doesn't, this is Snotlout we're talking about! With a slight moan in disbelief I waited for my brother to continue his story. (I could tell by the look in his eyes that he had more to say.)

"Then some kid named Steven I believe came to the kids rescue by beating Dogbreath to a bloody pulp," My brother continued. I could not help but breathe a slight sigh of relief upon hearing that the scrawny kid hadn't been fed alive to a dragon. After all, lessons would be cancelled. Wait, why did Steven save Hiccup? Wasn't he a member of Scots gang? Well at least he saved me and the rest of us from being banned from Dragon classes.

My thoughts stopped as soon as I noticed my older brother studying my face. I could tell by the smile on his face that he was thinking up some sort of crazy theory about what I was thinking, and though I will never openly admit it he often had a better idea about what I was thinking than I do most of the time, but like I said I would never openly admit it. I quickly put up the best stoic expression I could possibly muster, but as he stared at me with that small grin I could tell that he had already worked out too much.

I let loose a small sigh. "If you know longer covering for me, does

that mean you are no longer going to give me lifts?" I asked my brother trying to change the subject. He paused for a moment deep in thought about my question.

"I don't see why it isn't a problemâ€¦ but don't get any ideas; I'm not going to become your personal Driver." Gunnar said his tone somewhat serious. I gave him a nod, silently agreeing to his terms.

The two of us returned to silently eating are breakfast. Unsurprisingly I was the first to finish my meal, my bother has always been a slow eater and today was no exception. I on the other hand was something of a fast eater, a trait I had picked up from my mother, had finished my meal with some time to spare. I used my spare time to ponder about what I was planning to do today. The first thing I needed to do was find Snotlout and give him a piece of my mind, next I should probably get my axe repairedâ€¦ I wonder does Gobber give discounts to Dragon training students?

Maybe I should ask my brother, he was after all the one who had to go down there and pay for repairs, that and he is the only person around I can ask.

"Hey Gunner," I said getting my brothers attention. "Is there any sort ofâ€¦ discount for students during Dragon training? Or something?" I asked my older brother. He looked up from his meal for a moment staring at me for a moment in silence. He seemed to be slightly annoyed that he was not able to finish his toast but mostly he actually seemed like he was expecting such a question.

"Well Gobber does take a slight amount of the total cost away from Student purchases, but it isn't enough to make any real difference. Well that was at least what it was like for me when I was in dragon training. But Who knows? Maybe Gobber has become kinder in his old age." My brother said. My mood dropped slightly, from what I understand Gobber has actually become more of a grouch since my brother was my ageâ€¦ he will likely charge me more then what my brother has to pay at full priceâ€¦

Suddenly my brothers face seem to lighten up almost instantaneously. He stared at me with a smug smile like he had some sort of private joke he did not wish to tell me. "But maybeâ€¦ IF you're lucky, The APRENTINCE might give you a freebie." Gunner said, his smirk only growing greater as he spoke.

I was confused for a moment, what did my brother mean by that? Was Gobber's apprentice someone I knew personally? Noâ€¦ that can't be itâ€¦ I don't know anyone who works for Gobberâ€¦

"Alright, I'm done," My brother said out loud snapping me from my train of thought. "Come on Astrid, I'll drop you off at the Mallâ€¦ I'm sure you want to hang out with your 'Friends' before you do anything important." My brother said leaving his seat, leaving only an empty plate. I paused for a moment staring at my brother in utter silenceâ€¦.

Sometimes I wish I could read my brother as well as he can read me, then maybe, just maybe I would have an idea what goes on in that strange little head of his.

****A few hours later, outside the forge. ****

Snotlout was a no show today, which was actually kind of surprising. Normally after doing something stupid Snotlout would come running to the group and attempt to boast about it, or uses said stupid idea in an attempt to flirt with me. But for some unexplained reason Snotlout was nowhere to be foundâ€¦ Hmm, maybe he finally grew a brain and realized what I was going to do to him for nearly destroying everyone's chance at dragon trainingâ€¦ For some reason I highly doubt it.

The twins where nowhere in sight, which wasâ€¦. Unsettling. Whenever those two go missing something is bound to explode or randomly catch ablaze. I was subconsciously waiting for either of these things to happen. Fishlegs was easy to figure out; he was very likely hanging out at the library trying to find a book he hasn't read yet (Which will probably take him all day) So in short; none of my friends were available to hang out withâ€¦ so I decided to simply skip to getting my axe repaired on my list of things to do.

It did not take me long to reach Gobbers work place (He calls it the Forge, I believe) from the Mall, all I really needed to do was follow the smoke and the stench of Gobber to find the beaten up old Garage building.

The street outside Gobbers workshop was surprisingly very busy. Cars, people and even a very old looking sheep were busily going by their daily lives. As I got closer to beaten up garage the sound of two people having a conversation over the sound of heavy machinery and metal smashing metal. I could tell that one of the voices belonged to Gobber; his rough Scottish accent was probably the most recognizable voice (After the Mayors) in the entire town. The other voice was a lot harder to figure out. The voice dentally belonged to some one youngâ€¦ but the owner was defiantly out of the preteen age and I could tell the voice belonged to a male, or should I say boy. But other than that I could not figure anything else out about the voiceâ€¦ other than the fact that it sounded... Familiarâ€¦

As I approached the old Garage the conversation became a lot clearer to me, though I could not make out any of the details I managed to get a basic idea on what the conversation was about. The younger voice, the one that belonged to the apprentice was saying something about a fire, a bucket, a crush, the word kill and The Norms. Okkkâ€¦ this one is going to be interestingâ€¦

Gobber on the other hand (Who was now within my field of vision) was simply staring out of the open garage door. It was clear as day he was not paying any attention to the other person within the building (Who was concealed from my vision) in fact he seem to be more interested in my slow approachâ€¦ Maybe it was a slow day for him and he was just glad to have a costumer. But the grin on his faceâ€¦. There was somethingâ€¦. Slightly disturbing about the way he was smiling at the momentâ€¦ like he had something crazy plannedâ€¦ And he was going to make me the centre of itâ€¦

As I continued to slowly walk towards the Forge Gobber turned his attention towards the unknown person within the building. Gobber began to speak to the unknown person once more his voice getting soft for a momentâ€¦ but it was only for a moment.

"Well I'm going to go. Take a walk around the block ya know to stretch the old leg. Ya need to MAN the fort while I'm gone HICCUP." Gobber said, his voice was louder and more forced then before but it was not his voice that shocked me, it was who the older man was talking to.

HICCUP was Gobber's apprentice? Was it even legal to be working in a Garage at that age? Or be around a molten hot forge? Heck even if it was legal (Which I highly doubt) what use could a boy like him serve anyway? He was a Klutz and a scatterbrain even I could see that, not to mention he looked like he could barely lift his own weight. Unless he was the one that cleaned the floors I could not think of any other way that kid could make himself useful

Unless of course, I am underestimating him again

My brother did after all say the apprentice would give me a freebie if I was lucky And Gobber did trust the boy to 'MAN' the FORT whilst he went for a walk.

Now that I think of it, would Hiccup really give me a freebie? (That is if he was able to..) I mean I did kind of place a target on his head the first day back at school, now I'm not saying Hiccup didn't deserve it. The kid dumped a green slushy on my head on the first day back at school embarrassing me in front of all my peers. But still after the colorful events of the previous week did I really deserve a freebie from the boy? In truth, even though I did not personally get my revenge on the boy (Which was just going to be a public knuckle sandwich) I felt that the boy had suffered enough after he had spent the entire day avoiding half the school for the entire week I was planning on stopping it on Monday but then Snot made an attempt on his life

I knew Hiccup was no idiot, others may think he is but I knew for a fact that the boy was smart. Smart enough to figure out that Snotlout got his plan from somewhere and that somewhere was me

But the question was would he still serve me? Even though he knew I was the reason Snotlout nearly killed him? I know if I was in his shoes I would not want to serve me

But I needed to try.

I slowly approached the open garage door my steps now lacking the determination and boldness I once had. I paused at the open garage door peering inside the open building. Sure enough I easily spotted the beanpole brunette standing near a glowing forge. The boy seems to be lost in his own thoughts as he stared at the back door of the forge. I took a moment to quickly scan the boy hoping that his body language might possibly give me an indication on what the boy was thinking. The boy, Hiccup seemed to be somewhat confused as he stared at the Forge's back door; which was where I believe Gobber exited the building. The boys had an interesting choice of clothes. He was wearing a stained green long sleeve shirt. The dark green shirt was covered with oil stains and burn marks. The boys pants where in on better shape, he was wearing what appeared to be a pair of baggy worn out brownish jeans, that much like the long sleeve shirt was covered in smudges. A heavy looking leather smiting apron (That looked about 3 sizes too big for the small boy) covered the front half of his body and large (Once at least a few sizes too big for the smaller child)

in fact the only piece of safety equipment that actually fit the small boy was some sort of strange looking welding mask. The mask looked more like a combat helmet with a face plate then a welding mask. The mask itself was nothing fancy, it was plain and nothing on it really stood outâ€¦ except for the fact that there were two blue glass eyes' that allowed the user to see what he/she was doing. That and the fact it had some sort of brown rectangular box like thing placed on the forehead of the mask.

It took me awhile to realize I was actually staring at the scrawny boy within the work shop but once I did I mentally slapped myself. You're here to get your axe repaired Astrid not stare at the workers. As I quickly came back to my senses something very strange seem to happen to the boy. At first I had thought it was the light being weird but the longer I looked the stranger it becameâ€¦

â€¦It looked like Hiccup wasâ€¦ Glowingâ€¦ ever so slightlyâ€¦

I shook my head frantically. AGH, what am I thinking? People don't glow! Especially people like Hiccup!

Come on Astrid! You got a job to do, don't let yourself get distracted.

I silently cleaned my throat before taking a few silent steps. Once I was at what I considered a good distance I finally decided to make my presence known. "Ummmâ€¦ HEY! Can I get some service here? I got an Axe that needs sharpening." I said aloud trying to make my voice as emotionless as possible.

I silently observed as Hiccups body suddenly froze. He remained this way for about a minute before he slowly turned around to face me, a expression somewhere between shocked and nervous remained frozen upon his face as he stared at me with bright forest green eyes. I could see a slight glow in his eyes but I just shrugged it off as just a trick of the light.

"A-Astridâ€¦ HI A-Astridâ€¦hello, thereâ€¦. Ahh W-Welcomeâ€¦ What can I do.. to, Ahh, To help y-youâ€¦"The skinny boy stumbled in a slight awkward panic. I stared at him for a moment. Half of me wanted to know why Hiccup was talking like this, the other half was wondering if he had some sort of problem with his memory. Mentally shacking both thoughts aside I lifted up my favorite axe so it was clear for him to see. His face instantly morphed into a severe cringe. He continued to stare at my weapon his face slowly growing more painful as he stared at it, heck, if I didn't know any better I would say it pained him to see the weapon in such a state.

"I need you to sharpen this." I said trying to be as straight forward as possible. Hiccups eyes widened and his eyebrows nearly reached his hair line as he stared at me.

"It's going to need a lot then a little sharpening to fix this oneâ€¦" I hear him mutter under his breath. I stared at him for a moment in a silent shock. My axe wasn't _that _bad of shapeâ€¦ Was it?

He slowly put his arms out in front of him. His oversized leather gloves were open and waiting patiently for me to place the banged up axe in his hands. I pulled my axe away from him for a moment. How did

I know for sure if Hiccup could actually repair my axe? Could I even trust him to handle one of my prize possessions? What if he just made it worse? He is after allâ€¦. My train of thought suddenly vanished as I suddenly came eye to eye with the young boy.

I don't know what it was but something in his forest green eyesâ€¦ they made me want to trust himâ€¦.

Still slightly hesitating I handed him my axe. In truth I had half expected the boy to fall over once I placed my axe in his hands, he of course ended up shattering my ability to predict his abilities when he not only managed to stand up straight with the axes weight but he was also able to hold it with one hand. The boy stood there for a moment staring down at his left hand, which now held my prized possession. From the look on his face I could tell that his own strength had surprised him just as much, if not more than it did me.

Hiccup seem to snap out of his shock first as he began a somewhat quick stroll towards one of the cleaner tables around the building. "One Axe repair coming right up," Hiccup said as he placed my badly damaged axe on the somewhat clean work bench. As he began to inspect my axe I heard him release a long low sigh, "This one is going to take a whileâ€¦" I hear him mutters under his breath in a tone almost too low for me to hear.

Upon hearing this I let loss a low moanâ€¦ I really didn't want to be here longer then I have to beâ€¦ but if Hiccup can repair my beloved axeâ€¦ I am willing to wait as long as I need to. I watched in silent as he roughly grabbed the blade of my axe and began to fiddle with the broken piece of steel rather roughly. I quickly took a few steps towards him out of fear that he would only break my axe even further. "CAREFUL!" I partially yelled at him. He halted his rough treatment of my favorite weapon and turned to face me, his eye brows raised questionably.

"That'sâ€¦ That's my favorite weaponâ€¦. I've had it since I was littleâ€¦" I said muttering the last part to myself. He stared at me, then at the axe then to me again before returning his attention back to my axe. He appeared to be more shocked then anything. He remained in this shock for a while before a small relaxed smile formed across Hiccups face as he once again began to work on my axe once more, except this time he was handling it as if it was a new born baby.

I watched in silence as he skillfully and carefully pulled apart my axe into three separate pieces. The double sided blunt and badly in shape blade, the nearly snapped upper handle and the broken bludgeon like end of the axe. He neatly placed all three pieces of my axe on the table. I watched in silence as he flipped down the weird looking welding mask, he then proceeded to flip the strange rectangular box down over the two glass eyes of the mask. I was confused for a moment until I noticed he seemed to be fiddling with what appeared to be little nobs on the top of the box. Taking a closer look at the box I managed to spot two large glass circles at the end of the rectangular box, they were larger than the ones on the mask and they did not share the same shade of blue.

Slowly but surely Hiccup once again began to inspect my axes blade. The boy continued to silently inspect my axe blade pausing for short moment to write little notes on a small notepad nearby.

"So ahhâ€¦ Dragon training has been interestingâ€¦ so far, hasn't it?" Hiccup said nervously not taking his eyes of the Axe blade.

****2 hours of hard working and small talk later.****

I don't really know how to describe the last two hours of my life. A waste of my time WOULD fit perfectly but for some strange reason I just couldn't give it that label.

I would never admit it out loud but I didn't really mind spending those two hours hanging around in the Forge with Hiccup, In fact it was oddlyâ€¦ relaxing. The boy wasn't try to flirt with me like Snotlout always did, He wasn't a total idiot like Tuff was nor was he a fool like ruff was and he didn't end up blabbering on and on about Dragon fact like Fishlegs did. In fact all he really did was try and talk to me.

He talked about Dragon training for a while telling me some interesting things that I did not notice during classes: like how Snotlout always runs to the right to escape danger or how Tuffnut and Ruffnut always seem to 'accidentally' bump in to each other. I had questioned him about what had happened after I stormed out of class the second day. He was sceptical at first but he gave me an accurate description on what had transpired. I was quite surprised when he confirmed Speedifist had actually saved the boy's life, he was after all one of the last people I would expect to come to Hiccups aid. He talked about other things to like what it was like to work for Gobber, theories of what Bucket was like before his accident and why the History teacher Mulch was such a close friend of the broken man. He told me new ways to keep my axe clean and in good shape, he suggested some good books I should read and some Youtube videos I should check out. He even told me a funny story which involved Phil (Gobbers pet sheep) in a wedding dress, a very large salmon, a gorilla mask and a nude Gobber who was so drunk that he could not for the life of him figure out which way was up.

I listened with a strange amount of interest to the scrawny boy's one sided conversation, silently taking in everything the scattered brain (yes I came to that conclusion) child said. Whilst the boy talked I decided to have a little look around the Forge. It was a rather large spacious building which seem to be divided into two separate areas: The Blacksmith area which was where the forge, the grindstones, a smelter, two or three anvils, a tanner and the largest stockpile of weapon I have ever seen was located (There where probably more in the Local armory but I wasn't allowed in there yet). The forge had nearly every weapon imaginable: axes, swords, warhammers, knives, spears, morning stars, shields heck I even think I saw some nun-chucks. The other side of the Forge was the Garage area. The Garage was where all the moreâ€¦ modern tools were located Power tools, drills, saws, a few hammers, a welding torch heck there was even a chainsaw in the corner of the place. In the centre of the garage was a large car lift (which appeared to be in use at the moment) and several larger machines I could not recognize were littered all over the place.

There were several back doors as well all of which were labelled separately. Most of them where locked but if I had to guess one of them might have been the entrance to Gobbers house and one of the other doors seem to be labelled Scrap room, which was incidentally

full of scrap metal.

Hiccup who was working like some sort of machine the last few hours, skilfully and tirelessly repairing the damage my twin siblings did to my axe. I could not help but feel impressed at how he seemed to work the forge like a master, heck I'm pretty sure Gobber couldn't even work like Hiccup was at the momentâ€¦ (OK that might be pushing it)

As I silently watched the boy put the finishing touches on my Axe (Which was now once again in one piece) I suddenly became aware of a door (Well it was more of a door frame with a certain concealing what was inside) I had not yet noticed before. It was located in the far corner of the Forge nearly hidden by a large shelf for of junk nearby.. I slowly approached the nearly concealed door slightly curious as to what was behind the door. I peered over my shoulder to see that Hiccup was far to interested in his work to be paying me any attention. Without another word I slowly walked over to the door. Keeping my footsteps as silent as I possibly could I finally reached the door.

Grabbing hold of the certain I harshly pulled the piece of cloth aside. The sound of the metal circles scrapping along the metal pole *(I have no idea what they are called) **Seem to be enough to snap Hiccup out of his working trance.

"NO, you're ahh not actually supposed toâ€¦" but before Hiccup could finish his sentence I had pulled the certain aside to find myself staring at some sort ofâ€¦. Office of some sort. The room was not necessarily small but it was in no way anything to brag about. The room was about the same size as an average bed room (About 10 meters long and 4 meters wide) but the fact that the room was stuffed with furniture and other things made it feel much more crowded and smaller than it actually was. Three large shelves lined the back wall of the room, the shelves held a wide arrange of things from glass cups full of pens and paint to pieces of electronics and weird looking contraptions I have never seen before. Their where two separate desks located on either side of the room. One was Just a plain old desk covered in piece of machines, wood and metal with several pieces of paper lying amongst the random pieces of scrap. The other table was ever so slightly slopped and was much neater then the other one (Which isn't saying much), unlike the other desk this one only had tools for drawing and sketching along with a few different sized pieces of paper. A large pin board covered with drawings and plans that seemed either fat complex or fat two far-fetched to work. I also managed to spot what appeared to be a home-made chemistry set sitting in one of the corners of the room atop a small slab of stone.

"What is all of this?" I said aloud somewhat stunned by what I was seeing. The entire room was full of sketches and strange looking machines. I could not work out for the life of me if I was looking at the work of a genius, or the delusions of a madman.

"Those? Nothingâ€¦. Just some stuff I'm working onâ€¦ well _had_ been working on." Hiccup said. I turned my head ever so slightly to see that he was standing at the door frame rubbing the back of his head in an almost nervous manner as he watched me, that strange mask he was wearing now flipped upwards. Turning my attention back to Hiccupsâ€¦ work I began to inspect one of the moreâ€¦ interesting looking designs with great interest. I was somewhat surprised to see

the level of skill and dedication placed into the strange looking contraption design. The design and picture appeared flawless but as for its purposeâ€¦ I could not work out for the life me, after all everything was written in Runesâ€¦.

"It's justâ€¦ confidential, upper level development. I can't really talk about it, soâ€¦" Hiccup began to speak, the sound of metal being pushed around as he spoke was rather clear to hear but I was too busy wrapped up in the design to care.

"The Mutilatorâ€¦" I said aloud reading the only English I could find on the design.

"Yes, yes. Basically it uses twin-weighted counter-levers to launch crisscrossing blades in four different directions." Hiccup said. As he spoke my understanding of the plan became clearer than before. From what he had told me the idea soundedâ€¦ rather cool, but I would not trust something like it in the hands of the twinsâ€¦

"How do you hold it?" I said hoping that I might be able to get one myself. If I had something like this 'Mutilator' in my possession during Dragon trainingâ€¦ Victory would be mine for sureâ€¦

"You don't hold it you shoot it." Hiccup replied instantly crushing my dream like a Warhammer crushed skulls.

"Oh. Well," I said putting the design back where I found it scanning the room once again as I did so. "I'm more of an old-fashion, 'Take it down with an axe and then lop its head off' Kind of girl." I said picking up what looked like some sort of wrist mounted grapple hook.

"It's kind of the way of our ancestors, The Viking way, right?" I said as I placed the grapple hook down and left the small room alone before I touched something I shouldn't.

Leaving the room I noticed Hiccup seem to be trying to tighten my axe handle onto the blade even further than before. He had flipped the Mask back down but he no longer had that box over his eyes like he did before.

"Go Vikings." The boy muttered under his breath as he stopped tightening the axes head and pulled it out of some sort of sledge that was keeping my favorite weapon in place.

"There we go, one fully repaired axe." Hiccup beamed as he showed me his fine work, flipping his mask up as he did. I could not help but stare at my favorite, most cherished weapon. In all my years of possessing the fine Battle Axe I had never seen it in a better condition than it was at the moment. It looked even better than the day I had received it fromâ€¦.

A suddenly loud bang and the screams of a grown man suddenly tore me away from my train of thoughts. Both me and Hiccup turned around to peer outside the open Garage door of the Forge Just in time to see what looked like Baggybum (His real name was Brian, and he was the town Drunk and also Dogbreaths old man) rolling down the street in a wheel bowl followed closely behind by the Twins who were at the moment laughing there heads off. The two twins were soon followed by what appeared to be a small group of towns people with smoking beards

and hair and what looked like soup taped to their feet.

Both and Hiccup and I where two stunned to react upon what we just saw, neither of us moved from are spot for we were still trying to process what we just saw.

Hiccup seemed to snap out of his confusion first because he was the first to move after witnessingâ€| whatever that was. "You shouldâ€| Probably goâ€|" Hiccup said handing me my axe and what appeared to be a small box.

Shacking my head back into present thoughts I grabbed my axe from his hand. The beautiful looking weapon felt lighter then I remembered. I moved the thought aside, must just be the sharpening that did that. I then turned my attention towards the small concealed box.

"What is that?" I asked my curiosity getting the better of me.

Hiccup gave me another one of those awkward smiles. "It a weapon maintenance kit, more specifically it's an Axe maintenance kit. It's a little idea me and Gobber came up with so people can actually keep their weapons in better shapeâ€| It isn't in the market yet so you won't be able to find or buy oneâ€|" Hiccup said holding the small box out for me to take.

Hesitantly I took the box out of the boys hand and peered inside. Within the box was all the items one would need to keep a weapon in well shape and fix any minor damages. Polish, a small stone used for sharpening, a few screws along with a screw driver and a cloth where amongst the more notable items within the box.

"Thanks." I said closing the box lid.

"Sureâ€|"He replied just as another loud bang went off. "Yeah, I think you should probably get going nowâ€|" Hiccup said as he went back to working in the Forge, not paying the second bang even the slightest bit of attention.

Without saying another word I slipped out of the Forge carrying my axe in my right hand and the Axe repair kit under my left arm. I soon began to run towards where the loud sound originated holding onto both of the items tightly.

I was about half way to my destination when a thought suddenly occurred to me.

I never did pay for my Axe repair or the maintenance kit. A part of me was telling me to run back to the Forge and fix my little mistake, But before I could do so yet another loud bang went off somewhere in the general area of the school. With a new destination set in mind I pushed aside all thoughts of returning and paying Hiccup for helping me outâ€|

Wait. Did he just give me a freebie?

****I feel this is defiantly not one of my better chaptersâ€| especially near the end.****

****AGHHHH, I don't know why but I always find writing Astrid to be the**

most difficult person out of everyone I have done so far. I just don't know how to write her properly! This will very likely be the last time I write a full chapter where she it's just her thoughts.**

**I had originally planned to have this chapter end with Hiccup going to the Cove but Astrid's part ran to long. I'm sorry to all you Hiccup Toothless buddy fans out there so I have decided to inform you the next two chapter will be heavy with Hiccup and Toothless friendship development. **

__**Sometimes the greatest things are found where we least Expect it.
**_

This is Thor-Born saying Good night.

22. What's in a Name?

***Plays an extremely loud and large party horn whilst confetti explodes around me* **

**HELLO there everyone! Today I am in the mood for celebration! You want to know why? Because this story has finally, after 22 chapter reached 100 REVIEWS! I know it doesn't sound like much but to me it's a big dealâ€¦ and I did it under 100k to! I feel so proud of myself, I never honestly thought I would make it this far! **

I would like to give my thanks to all those who have either liked and/or favorite my story so far. I would like to give a special thanks to faisyah865, Mysterious Prophetess, The dragon1010, Sweet Tsubaki, BestFrEnemies, TheHallow, shukkets,

**Klatuveratanectul701, AlexJD2, Telron, Lilith Jae, ChibiFelicia, huntergol23, JuneTooth, cas000ql, intern dana, johnnylee619, Davisnacho, storyholder, Death Fury, UnbreakableWarrior and all those guest who have reviewed my story so far. **

**But I would like to give a special thanks to StorSpeaker and Thesingingowl who have given me constructive and friendly advice and support since or near the beginning of my story. **

On a very important note I have big news for this story First of when this chapter is finally uploaded (I am writing this beforehand) I will finally have an actual cover for it, yes that is right I have finally gotten the perfect idea of what I want and I will be working on it shortly, thought it may not be in color... The second piece of new is I will also upload a few more of my dragon ideas to Deviantart around let's sayâ€¦ half a dozen of them. It might not happen right away but it will happen soon.

Also its been one year since I started this storyâ€¦ wow, I really need to get a work on these chaptersâ€¦

**Reviews! **

**intern dana: **First of I would like to say Congratulations for being my number one hundred reviewer! I do admit your colorful use of your vocabulary was quite an interesting sight to behold in this rather low class story. I did feel obliged to use the scrapped piece of story text for it was almost saddening to see such an intriguing

scene cut from the story, my only regret is that I did not try and work it into an earlier section of my story; I feel it would have moved much more smoothly if I had.

I do however find it quiet insulting that you mistake me for a Homo Saipan, though there is nothing wrong with being one I must inform you that I do not even belong to the Hominidae animal family at all.

****UnbreakableWarrior: ****Why thank you.

****faisyah865: ****Gobber was very likely of at Pheligma's plotting his next move in his master plan. And yes I believe Gobber has been setting Hiccup up since then to. Also thanks for cleaning up that whole One-shot problem.

****Thesingingowl: ****Well at least someone does. I am however glad you like this and I am pleased to inform you that I have More Astrid and Hiccup scenes planned but they will be mostly from Hiccups point of view. Astrid's just to complex for me to write.

****The dragon1010: ****Don't worry yourself about it, you didn't know. I also discovered recently that I am not specifically a slow writer; its more along the lines of I am easily distracted.

****Guest: ****I'm glad you liked that chapter. And let's hope Hiccups friendship with Speedifist ends up going well, not only could Hiccup use the added protection I fell he is going to need a good friend sometime soon.

****Alright now let's get on to the story. ****

****Weekend faze part 3: What's in a name? ****

****Hiccup POV. 4 hours later. ****

I can't believe it.

After so many years of being ignored and treated like I wasn't even there Astrid and I finally had a proper conversation! Well it was more of a one sided conversation with Astrid occasionally giving her thoughts on the subject, but it still counts! Sighâ€¦. It's been so long since I had a conversation with her like the one we had todayâ€¦. I almost forgot what it was like to talk to someone my age as if they were a friendâ€¦. Let alone that friend being Astridâ€¦

â€¦. The conversation would have been a lot nicer if I wasn't trying to hide the fact that I nearly ended up melting a piece of scrap into near molten metal with my bare hand. Yeahâ€¦. That would have been an interesting conversation if she saw that happeningâ€¦ In all honestly I'm not really sure how it happened to begin with one moment I'm having a nice conversation with Astrid minding my own business as I searched for a small piece of metal amongst the many piles of scrap that littered the forge needed to repair Astrid's axeâ€¦.(Ok I might have been sneaking a peck at herâ€¦ body, but can you blame me? I'm a teenage boy who's life time crush has decided to visit me in a very sweaty place with clothing that was quiteâ€¦ revealing) whatever the reason I became distracted for a moment, the next thing I know I'm feeling a burning sensation in my left palm. When I looked down to

see what was causing the strange heat to find that not only was my 'tattoo' once again glowing but what used to be a piece of solid cold iron was now merely a melting pile of molten metal. Getting over my original shock I quickly disposed of the molten metal within the hot fires of the smelter before Astrid could notice the molten mess.

At that moment in time I forcefully pushed all thought of my hand melting metal aside in favor of repairing Astrid's axe. And that's what scares me. I had just, forgotten, about it like it wasn't even all that, well strange! It wasn't until I ended up doing it a second time only about a minute after Astrid had discovered my little workshop, this time I ended up melting an entire pile of scrap metal. I panicked that time, I was too far away from the smelter to hide the pile of molten metal so I ended up doing a little rearranging of the forge hoping that Astrid had grown out of her infamous suspicion from when we were kids.

I remember back when we were 6 Astrid was convinced that someone had stolen some of her (Secret) candy and had tried to get me to help her find out who did it. We had spent the entire day going on a wild goose chase trying to find the lost sweets only to find out she had eaten the sweets last night and had forgotten about it. We had spent what was left of the day laughing and eating the rest of her candy. This was one of my more vivid memories of Astrid's suspicion and paranoia, I have many more but I either don't want to speak about them or they are not that interesting.

Anyway, Luckily (Thank you Norns for taking pity on me) Astrid did not notice my little rearrangement of the Forge much to my relief.

But that didn't stop Gobber from noticing, in all the Astrid business I had all but forgotten about him. He arrived about half an hour later and had instantly asked me if anything 'interesting' had happened whilst he was out. Before I could reply or even ask where he was the entire time he pointed out my little rearrangement and decided to question me on that instead. When I was unable to come up with a good enough excuse Gobber decided to investigate.

Let's just say he wasn't pleased when he found the still cooling molten metal stuck to one of his favorite work benches, and that for punishment he made me scrub the entire Forge spotless.

It wasn't until now, about 4 hours later of tireless scrubbing and cleaning, when all my muscles were tired and stiff and I was half way along the trail to the cove did I finally take the time to THINK about what had happened in the Forge.

What exactly happened? One moment I'm just holding a piece of metal with my left arm the next it is nearly melting out of it. What had caused it to happen in the first place? Of course I knew it had something to do with the 'tattoo' but why then? What was different about then that had activated this sudden metal melting heat? Was it connected to the fact that I suddenly felt so much colder inside?

And possibly the most unexplainable question of them all: Why didn't I freak out like I normally did?

Ever since I shot down the Night Fury strange things have been

happening to me. First and foremost was the fact that a Night Fury was basically living in my own backyard. Then there was this 'Tattoo' which was slowly covering my body with strange looking runes and glowing markings, each time it spread my body felt more and more pain. Then there was that spirit of the forest who told me my fate wasâ€| set. After that it was the living room getting trashed under suspicious circumstance. Don't even get me started on the voice in my head telling me how to survive in the Arena (And occasionally giving its opinion on things I wish it didn't). The whole Dragon manual thing still gives me a headache whenever I think about it. Then there was that afternoon I spent with the Night Fury, and thatâ€|. Moment we sharedâ€|. And now I seem to be able to melt Metal with my hands.

I would ask what I did to get such a weird life but I'm pretty sure doing that will only make things more difficult for me.

But back to the problem at hand, was I getting use to the strangeness in my Life? Had all of the events that had transpired over the course of the week finally given me some sort of resistance to the wacky or weird?

There was huge possibility that I was simply over thinking everything and that I was just too distracted at the time to really think about it, Astrid was there after all, and I was kind of busy trying to repair her axe so I could at least get on her good side (Or at least try and make up for the whole slushy incident). Maybe my will to please Astrid was just more powerful than my normal freak out.

'_It's a little bit of column A, quite a bit of Column B,' _My instinct spoke. Once more I mentally told it to shut up. The little 'helpful' voice in my head had been annoying me non-stop when Astrid was at the Forge. It was constantly pointing out things like how she had good curves or how her blonde hair seem to turn a brilliant golden color when she stood close to the forgeâ€| It was hard enough to focus on repairing Astrid's axe alone without another voice in my head trying to point out how good Astrid looked.

Right now I'm starting to doubt if that voice in my head is instinct at allâ€|.

I shook my head clear of all thoughts; the last time I let my thoughts get this carried away I ended up having a discussion with a talking tree. AND THAT is not something I want to go through again.

No right now I wanted to visit a friendâ€| whoa wait, did I just call _him_ a friend? I mean I guess where more than acquaintance, maybe even more then pals but _friend? _Is that sort of relationship even possible between are two species? I mean aren't we kind of arc enemy's or something? Dragons and humans have been fighting since my ancestors started wearing horned hats. And to top it all of he was a NIGHT FURY the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself, I however was just Hiccup, weak small useless hiccup. We had nothing in commonâ€|. Thatâ€| That was a lie and I know it.

I've been inside the Night Fury head, I've seen the dragons memories, I've felt his thoughts, witnessed his dreams, his ambitions, his hopesâ€|. I knew how it had been treated all these years, by his

fellow dragon. I knew how he had been mocked and insulted. I had witnessed how they had forced him into becoming an outsider amongst his nestâ€¦. In many ways he and I had more alike than anyone else of our own speciesâ€¦

Strange, the only creature that I, Hiccup the klutz, could relate to on a personal level was a Dragon thought by many to be one of the most dangerous dragons in existence.

But right now that didn't matter; right now I just needed someone to talk to someone who wouldn't freak out if I tried to explain my situation to them. That and he was actually pretty good conversation.

As I walked down the path towards the Hidden Cove, hauling a small bag of fish with me, I felt that something was amiss with my surrounding area. I don't know what it was but something just felt off with my surroundings. I paused for a moment and quickly scanned my surroundings for anything out of order. There was no sign of any sort of disturbance from predators, besides it was still too early for the wolves to be on the prowl and the cove was not deep enough in the forest for it to be in any bears hunting grounds, and I wasn't anywhere near Raven Point mountain so Mountain lions (To be more specific Old Tom the mountain lion) were unlikely as well.

It could have been just some other animal like a squirrel or a small bird, but even if it was I am not taking any chances, I've had some bad experiences in these woods because I haven't paid attention, one of them was still fairly recent.

As I continued my walk to the cove, this time with a heightened awareness of my surroundings, my thoughts began to return to my newâ€¦. 'Friend' if I could call him that. I had to wonder why couldn't the Night Fury escape from his prison? Did he like it there? No, I now he doesn't, why else did he try so many times to escape the Cove? Come to think of it, why was the Night Fury trying to jump out when it could fly? I mean he is a dragon after all and I knew for a fact that The Night Fury could fly, I did after all shoot it downâ€¦. Hmmmâ€¦. Come to think of it, what if the Night Fury was hurt and couldn't fly because of its injuryâ€¦. That, that was a possibility. But if that was trueâ€¦. It would mean that Iâ€¦.

Before I could even finish my thought I had walked head first into a branch and fell flat on my rear.

I let loose a not so silent curse as I rubbed the sore area of my head, it didn't hurt as much as I expected but it still hurt and had made the front of my head feel numb. Eventually the pain began to slip away and I gained enough awareness of my surroundings I looked up at the supposed branch that I had smashed my head into only to find that it was the old willow tree.

I stared at the old tree for a moment my mind becoming an utter blank as I simply stared at the old tree. I could not help but note at howâ€¦ lively the tree seemed. The bark of the tree was becoming a much healthier shade than brown and it did not look as nearly as beaten or as broken as before. The branches also seem to have a lot more life to them as well; no longer did they seem to hang lifelessly and sway slightly in the wind.

I could have sat there all day staring at the old willow tree but right now I had other things to do.

Within a few seconds I had managed to once again climb back up and begin to walk down the familiar trail to the Cove. As I walked a strange unusual sound became clear to me, it sounded a lot like scraping but it was still rather faint so I couldn't tell for sure. As I approached the cove the scrapping sound became louder and louder, and the louder the sound became the more curious I became. I could tell it was coming from the cove so it might be the night furyâ€|. But that brought along the question of what was it doing?

As I approached the Cove entrance I was greeted by a sight I was not expecting.

****The Night Fury POV. ****

In all my life (About 15 sun cycles, give or take) I had never thought that anything could match the thrill and enjoyment I get from free flying. Never in all my life have I been gladder that I was wrong.

I have spent what felt like eons trapped within this paradise of a prison, with no way to escape or anything to really entertain myself I was afraid I would die of boredom or worse go Insane. And it was when I had reached rock bottom (I had actually managed to find entertainment in watching this strange near transparent creature fly around in a strange dance like motion) that the human had come to my rescue. Yesterday the human had arrived in my new home/prison and attempted to touch me. At first I was reluctant to do so, but eventually after a few hours I had been somewhat entranced by the Human and his behavior, and I eventually trusted the human enough to allow him to touch me.

What had accrued after thatâ€|.. Well I'm afraid I have still not figured out.

But during the humans attempts to touch me he had shown me something that still manages to blow my mind every time I even think about it. He had shown me that it was possible to recreate images using dirt and a stick, or in my case a small tree branch. The whole concept upon witnessing it was mindboggling to me. Never before have I witnessed or yet even though such a thing was possible, the whole idea was ludicrous, crazy, weird and downright strange. But for some strange unexplainable reason I just couldn't get enough of it.

Yes, I could probably blame it on the fact that I have not been flying for what has felt like ages and I am extremely bored stuck in this hole in the ground but whatever the reason I have found myself addicted to creating images in the dirt. I have already spent most of my day mucking around in the large dirt patch of my prison, creating images with my branch. The last few hours have actually consisted of me creating an image of several smaller images with the branch, admiring my work, thinking of ways to improve, reflating the earth with my tail and then repeating the process over and over again. I only ever stopped my dirt image making to get a drink or relax a bit under the shade to calm myself down from the excitement I was getting from this image making.

I am starting to wonder, could I be addicted to this image making? It was a possibility but I guess it's not the worst thing I could possibly get hooked on, Rage root was a far worse thing to be hooked onâ€|

I was, at the moment, relaxing under the shade of the giant root cave *(I really don't know how to describe it) **allowing my racing thoughts a moment to calm down. The grass rubbed softly against my underbelly created a calm and pleasant feeling; even if the grass wasn't charred (I really didn't see the point in charring the earth just to make it a little more comfortable). It was in fact so comfortable I found myself nearly dozing off on several occasion, but in truth I wouldn't mind. I could hear the faint sounds of birds singing there little songs to their heart contents, along with the near constant sound of the small waterfall on the other side of the cove made a rather soothing sound. A slight breeze rushed through the cove rushing ever so genteelly across my scales creating a really pleasant feeling. As my eyelids started to become heavy I could not help but just admire just howâ€| wonderful this day has been so far.

I could not help but smile as I stared up at the clear blue sky, no other dragons coming to bother me, no volcanic fumes, no annoying tick at the back of my head trying to give me orders, no lifeless cave. Here, in this Paradise of a Cove, none of the troubles of my old life bothered me. Living here was a life of no worries, no problems and no responsibilities.

I could get use to thisâ€|.

'_You probably should, it's going to be sometime before you are able to escape this place,' _Spoke the voice within my head. Almost subconsciously my right paw reached up and lightly wacked one of my larger head fins. This had become a force of habit ever since I had first heard the voice enter my head when I wasn't doing anything in particular. I don't know why I do it, it just happened.

It was about then the Voices words finally sunk in. How long will I remain trapped in this Cove? Will I ever be able to leave this place? It's not like I don't exactly like my new home, it's justâ€| will I ever be free again? Will I ever be able to once again soar through the skies to my hearts contents? To be able to come and go as I wish? I mean, I'm free now! Nothing was holding me back anymore, All my friends were either gone or missing, SHE no longer had any command over me. I was basically free! Accept I was trapped in the hole in the ground, unable to fly and with hardly any source of food.

What a cruel ironic fate; I finally get my freedom once I became trapped in a hole.

'_Relax, I'm not saying you will be trapped in here forever, I'm just saying, you might want to get settled.' _The voice said, but unlike before I was too depressed to whack my head fin. What was I to do? So far my only source of food has been the human, what happens when he no longer decides to bring my Fish? What if he decided to rat me out to his fellow humans? Noâ€| he wouldn't do that, weâ€| we were on good terms, great terms in fact. Besides that doesn't sound like something the human would doâ€|

'_The human won't betray youâ€| Anyway if you're really interested in

continuing this 'Image making' you might want to try this out. Grab a few extra branches and begin sharpening the ends of them. You can make the ends sharper and long, or you can make them blunt and short. With these sharpened branches you can change the texture and quality of your lines.' _The voice said once again trying to get my thoughts away from the depressing idea of being trapped forever in the cove.

I laid there for a moment pondering what the voice had said. I knew very well it was trying to distract me from the reality of my situation, and for that I was grateful, but I couldn't help but ponder one thing; how did the voice know this sort of information? I mean, I only discovered this Image making yesterday so I did not possess any real knowledge on the subject. So how did this voice possess this knowledge and I didn't, after all the voice was in my head, right? So it should only know what I knowâ€¦ right?

This whole thingâ€¦. It's just so confusingâ€¦.

After some time of just sitting there and pondering I decided to try out the voice's suggestion. I slowly rose to my feet and trotted over to one of the trees scattered around the cove. I took a moment to slightly scan the tree for suitable branches for me to rip off. Eventually I spotted a branch that I saw suitable for the task only a few feet above my head. I reached up, the branch was rather low compared to the others but it was still too high for me to reach without standing on my rear legs. As I rose up I planted my front paws into the tree in hopes to gain some sort of support, only to find that the tree was far more slippery than I expected.

What came next was a blur to me. One minute I'm leaning against the next minute my paws slip and after a few second of scratching at the tree to try and gain its support I ended up smashing my skull in to the hard, slippery tree. When I finally gain control of my senses I found myself at the base of an unearthed tree. I stared at the tree that had been unearthedâ€¦ by my headâ€¦. In a silent shockâ€¦ now the tree wasn't that big but it was still rather large and looked to weigh at least as much as a nightmareâ€¦. So then how did I unearth it with one blow? I don't remember being that strongâ€¦

A surprised gasp echoed throughout the cove managed to snap my mind away from the fallen tree. I quickly searched the cove in a somewhat frantic fear. What if another human had found me? What if this one was not as kind as the human boy and decided to run off to tell its family? That wouldn't be good. Though my species are notoriously deadly I would be easy prey to five or more humans, especially is one of them is FireFaceâ€¦. That monster of a human would tear me apartâ€¦ and it wasn't like I would be able to escape if anything bad happened, I was after all kind of trapped in here.

My entire body seemed to relax upon spotting the source of the sound. It was just the human boy staring at me in a stunned silence; I guess if I was him, I would be doing that too. I let loose a somewhat happy grunt/growl in hopes to snap the human out of its shock. The sound managed to knock the boy out of his shock and he gave me that awkward facial expression, the same one he gave me after he ate that fish I had given him. Once again a feeling of joy washed over me upon seeing the human give me that strange expression, and just like before I tried to give him my own version of the strange facial expression. Upon doing so the human seem to relax.

I watched in silent as the human began to climb down the side of the cove, subconsciously memorizing the track he took just in case I needed to leave this place (I liked it here, but I've learnt from personal experience its always good to know possible escape rootsâ€¦ (Note to self-test possible escape root later))

The human was almost at the bottom of its track when a sudden sweet, delicious scent managed to seep its way up my nostrils. I quickly found myself drooling at the delicious smell; much to my embarrassment (I don't know why I would be embarrassed, only the human boy was present and I don't really think he cared).

It did not take me long to pin point the source of the smell. It was The thing on the Humans back (go figure, it was always that strange thing whenever the human brought me food). But it had never smelt _that_ good.

Wait a minuteâ€¦.That smellâ€¦.. No it can't beâ€¦

The human had Mackerel!

****Hiccups POV. ****

I was actually feeling pretty good about myself as I walked down the rocky walk way down to the bottom of the Cove. The Night Fury had given me a smile so at least he was happy to see me (I was kind of hopping that smiling means it was happy). So I had no hesitation in making my way down the rocky path way. The path was not an easy one to take, especially whilst hauling a bag full of fish. Though it was true I have done this before, the bag I had carried before was far smaller and lighter than the one I was carrying now. But somehow I managed itâ€¦ with only a few trips and stumblesâ€¦

And that's when it happened.

I was not two meters into the cove from the bottom of when the Night Fury tackled me to the hard grass covered ground. Whatever air that was in my chest at that moment of time was force out of me under the pressure of the large dragon's front paw. I was dimly aware of what was going on around me at the moment; I knew the Night Fury was still above me, I could still feel his weight atop of me. My bag of fish was still attached to my right shoulder, and the ground beneath me was somewhat soft, but was easily nullified by several hundred pound dragon atop of me.

In my pained daze I looked up at the Night Fury, in hope of figuring out what I had done to deserve this pain. I found it hard to decipher what the dragon was feeling at that moment of time for two main reasons; one; I was in quite a bit of pain at the moment and my mind was having a little trouble figuring out what was up and what was down. The second reason was becauseâ€¦ well it was a dragon, making it kind of hard to read.

The dragon was staring down at me, it stare long and constant. Since my last encounter I had worked out that the dragon's pupils andâ€¦ ear things help depict the Night fury mood, but right now I could not actually figure out whether or not it was happy or angryâ€¦ It seems to be stuck between to the two emotionsâ€¦ Its pupils were not exactly slits yet they were nowhere near the round orb shape that it

makes when it is happy. I could exactly see the ears but something told me they, like the eyes were going to be just as difficult to figure out.

But if I didn't know any better I would say the dragon wasâ€| in some sort of minor painâ€|.

The thought was soon chased away when the dragon released a deep, long growl right in front of my face. Fear soon coursed through my body. The last time the dragon had put me in a possession like this I nearly ended up without a head and that was after I shot him downâ€|. The same fear from that very moment began to course through me. What had I done this time? Had this all been a ruse to get my trust so I would let my guard down around it so it could kill me? Had yesterday been a lie?

Deep down I knew it wasn't but fear had already taken a grip over most of my mind and body. Every action, every thought, it was all controlled by irrational, uncontrollable fear.

My breathing quickly became rapid as I tried to get as much air as possible into my (Squashed) lungs. I began to claw at the dirt creating small holes in the ground with my bare hands. My feet attempted to kick at the dragon but if he felt it or if they even made contact I wasn't exactly sure.

The dragon reared its head back opening its mouth, showing me all it's sharp, shiny, arrowhead like teeth. I was frozen in fear, unable to move or act. I closed my eyes and looked away fearing the worse was about to happen. The dragon released a deep, powerful grunt. Then the Night Fury struck.

I had expected my death to be quick and painless, but I didn't imagine it to be this painless, heck I didn't feel a thing!... '_That's because you're not dead idiot.' _My instincts spoke bringing me back to reality. At first I was somewhat skeptical because I could no longer feel the weight of The Night Fury atop of me, I mean, if I was alive surely I would still feel the weight of a Dragon atop of me! Unlessâ€| of course, the Night Fury was no longer atop of meâ€|.

Slowly I opened my eyes and looked straight up. The Night Fury was no longer there. For a minute I was stunnedâ€|. How in the Name of Odin's crows did I miss the fact the Night fury had gotten of meâ€|.

'_Well, you were kind of nearly pissing yourself for the lastâ€| minute or two,' _my instinct said once again.

"Shut-up." I whispered trying to catch my breath.

After about a minute I managed to pull myself up onto my elbows in hopes to get a better view of The Cove and get some idea on where the Night Fury was at that moment of time.

He wasn't hard to spot.

Sitting down only a meter away from me was The Night Fury, his back facing me and his tail mere centimeters away from my feet. At the moment He was paying me no attention, all his concentration seemed to

be focused upon what was ever in front of him (Which I could not see from my field of vision).

I was confused for a moment. If the dragon had not lunged at me then what was it attacking?

As if almost on cue the dragon leaned down and picked up something very large with its mouth. I watched in silent as it began to shake said item around frantically like a dog does with a toy. The dragon continued to do this for a solid minute before he either let go of the item or his grip on it slipped. The item suddenly flew through the air before landing about a meter and a half away from me and The Night Fury. The Night Fury let lose a puff of smoke from its nostrils and began to grumble, as it stared at the tossed item. It was not until now did I finally managed to get a good look at the item of the dragons annoyance.

It was my bag of fish.

I could not help but smile. It worked, my dragon-proof bag worked. The bag was an idea I had been working on for a while now, a bag that could survive the brutal onslaught that was a dragon's claws and teeth. I was planning on showing this to my father in hopes that it could help protect our food supplies, all we would need to do is store our food in these bags (Mainly fish because that was what it was designed for) and strap them down to something solid and hay presto instant safe food. The one I had here was just a prototype too, so I could improve or alter the design if need be for different type of Dragon strengths. After all I had no idea how strong the Night Furies bite was or the strength of its claws, so the bag might not work on all dragons.

I let lose a short chuckle as I slowly rose to my feet and made my way over to the discarded bag. Out of the corner of my eye I could spot The Night Fury paying close attention to me. Once I reached the large duffer bag like bag I sat down and began to undo all the straps and zips needed to open the bag (One of the few disadvantages of a dragon proof bag was it was painfully hard to pack and unpack, that and it weighed a lot more than a normal bag it size). I could no longer see him but I could tell the Night Fury was still watching me, observing me.

It wasn't long before I was down to the final zip. With a deep breath I unzipped it fully revealing all of the bags content for the Night Fury. The Night Fury jumped to its feet. His expression easily read surprised shock as he stared at the bag, then to me and then once more to the bag. Before I could even say a word the Night Fury charged at the Bag.

'_Jump back now!' _My instinct cried. I did as it told just in time for me to narrowly avoid one of the Night Furies wings. Though I was lucky enough to avoid being knocked over by the Night Furies wing the jump did managed to disrupt my balance I nearly ended up falling over anyway. I took a few second to regain my balance before I once again turned my attentions to the Night Fury, who was at the moment, gobbling down Mackerels like his life depended on it.

I could not help but smile upon seeing the pure look of bliss on his face as he swallowed Mackerel after Mackerel not stopping to steady himself or take a breath. "Either you are really hungry or you just

really like Mackerelsâ€¦." It was then it hit me:

The Night Fury had no name.

All this time I have just been calling him Night Fury or Dragon and I had never even thought of giving him a proper name. It was not like I never bothered to give the Night Fury either, it's just the thought had never occurred to me before. I couldn't just keep calling him Night Fury or Dragon, He was after all my equal (In a way) and just constantly calling him Night Fury or Dragon was not something I was planning on continuing. So, maybe it was time I give the Night Fury a nameâ€¦.

But the question is what should I name my new 'friend', who just happens to be the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself? Several names like Arclight, Eclipse, Midnight, Death wing, Nightfall and Shadow came to mind but for some strange reason I just couldn't bring myself to call the Night Fury by said names. They all just felt soâ€¦ dark and evil for the creature that stood before me (Who had somehow managed to get his face stuck within my dragon-proof bag.)

Whilst I watched thisâ€¦ event, pet names began to fill my head, names like; Rex, Buddy, Draco, Paul and Zero. But just like before the names just didn't feel right. All these namesâ€¦ where pet names. To give the Night Fury such a nameâ€¦ it felt like I was insulting it, mocking it for not being a blood thirsty killer like I thought it was. Besides If the Night Fury ever got wind of me calling it a name like Cuddlesâ€¦ well I have to wonder just how fast he could kill me if he wanted me toâ€¦

It was at that moment The Night Fury finally managed to dislodge his head from the bag with several dozen Mackerels hanging lifelessly from his mouth. It then proceeded to lift its head back and swallow all of the fish hanging from his mouth in one go. I chose to simply watch as all the Mackerels began to disappear down the Night Fury throat. Once this action was done the Night Fury turned its head towards me and began to lick his lips. I could tell I was in no immediate threat of being attacked because the Night Furies pupils were circular and its ears were pointing up, giving it a somewhat cute look.

I smiled at the Dragon still trying to figure out what to call my new friend. The Dragon like every other time I smiled mimicked my facial expression somewhat awkwardly, and like always The goofy toothless smile of the Dragon gave me a sense of warmth and belonging that I was still quite not use to but enjoyed greatly. It's funny how just one toothless smile could have such an effect on meâ€¦

â€¦Wait a momentâ€¦.

"Toothlessâ€¦" I muttered aloud somewhat stunned by my idea. Toothlessâ€¦ _That's_ the Night Furies nameâ€¦ It was the perfect name for the Night Fury. It wasn't Dark and evil like Eclipse or Death wing nor was it a pet name like Buddy or Draco, No, Toothless was a name with a meaningâ€¦. Before meeting the Night Fury I had thought all dragon were Animals of instinct that killed mindlessly simply because it was there nature. This Night Fury on the other hand, though he had appeared to be dangerous when I had first met him, but he quickly turned out to be justâ€¦ scarred and harmlessâ€¦

He turned out to be Toothlessâ€¦|.

Toothlessâ€¦| just to think it had been right in front of me this entire time.. Giving me a goofy looking grinâ€¦|.

But something began to nag at me at the back of my mind. It was something about the Name Toothlessâ€¦| Something that I could not quite figure outâ€¦|

I've heard that name somewhere beforeâ€¦|.

****In truth I had planned to write another scene after this where Toothless comes up with a name for Hiccup but I lack the time nor the space for itâ€¦| but I might do it latter. ****

****Geez did this chapter take a while, far longer than I had expected. I could blame that on a lot of things like; other stories needing a new chapter, Planning out future ideas, Being a Beta reader, Distractions andâ€¦| well personal stuff. But I won't bore you with that. ****

****Those pictures will be up soon, hopefullyâ€¦|. ****

A name is not only what people call you, It is what they use to describe you. ****

****Thor-Born saying; My quotes are getting more cheesy with every chapter I post. ****

23. Flying, Without Style

****Alright So no news on my end (well none I'm willing to share) so I think I will just get straight on to the story this time. ****

****The Weekend faze Part 4: Flying, Without Style. ****

****REVEIWS: ****

****Klatuveratanectul701: **Yeah, well like I said at the end of last chapter a lot of things came up whilst I was writing. Lots of things I couldn't ignoreâ€¦| But hopefully this one won't take too long.**

****dragon1010: **Kind of depends on what you mean by will it help him with fighting, so far if you haven't been picking up the hints it has beenâ€¦| Improving him to an extentâ€¦| Glad to hear about the new computer by the way.**

****StorSpeaker: **It's good to hear from you Stor. It's not necessarily how Dragon acts around fish, it's more like how Toothless acts around Mackerels. All dragons have that food they go gaga for (Stormfly and Chicken, Meatlug and grantle, Hookfang andâ€¦| fish) Toothless just happens to be Mackerel (Well in this story at least..). I also hope you are feeling better my friend.**

****ChibiFelicia: **Alright, Alright. Calm down I said I'll write it didn't I? As for the reason Toothless doesn't really think about what he saw of Hiccups life wellâ€¦| I imagine he feels real insecure about**

the whole idea. If you haven't worked it out yet Toothless is kind of antisocial. To know someone else's entire life story well it impacted him a lot harder than it did Hiccup.

faisyah865: It's more of an Addiction then a weakness. ok maybe it is considering how much he LOVES mackerel...

IggyGathersonamission: I wonder what Toothless will name Hiccup to.

Guest: First of no, He is not the fourth Hiccup, his name is Henry; Henry Horrendous Haddock the third. People prefer to him as Hiccup because it is his nickname (Or they don't know who he really is). And the first time he has even heard of the name Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third was when he read the note in the original Dragon Manual, and he does not know that, that Hiccup had a Night Fury named Hiccup.

I will try to have more scenes with Hiccup and Astrid in them, they are difficult but I will try.

P.s thanks for the whole line reassurance, for a moment there I thought I was losing my touch.

Let's a-go!

Hiccup POV.

I did not plan to spend as much time as I did in the Cove. In truth I had planned to only spend an hour and a half at most with Toothless. Just spend my lunch break with him that's all. Next thing I know it's about 6 in the afternoon, But In truth I had never expected that hanging out with a dragon was going to be so much fun! I spent a good 6 hours with Toothless drawing things into the dirt and messing around in general, and I enjoyed every second of it. Toothless seem to be enjoying himself as well often giving me that Toothless smile I named him after, each time he did so getting a little bit better at doing it. But it still reminded somewhat awkward, either that or I was just getting more acquainted to seeing that awkward smile. Come to think of it; it may be a little bit of column A, a little bit of column B.

Great, now I'm starting to THINK like that voice in my head!

Sigh, what is the world coming to? I remember a time when the only problems I had to deal with were bullies, getting good grades and surviving the occasional dragon raid. Now I'm dealing with things like Tattoos that grow across skin, Trees that speak of destiny, mysterious coincidences and a Night Fury that is fun to hang out with. Hmm, maybe the question is; what has my life come to?

It was at that moment my phone decided to go off, setting my pants ablaze with noises and vibrations.

Toothless who was at the moment taking a drink from the Lake was scarred senseless by the sudden volume of noise and had fallen face first into the large body of water, it did not take long for Toothless to resurface, but as soon as it did The Night Fury began to frail around releasing several powerful screeches and roars as he

tried to regain his footing. Under different circumstances I would have laughed, but at the moment I was too busy frantically searching for my phone. Though the scene before me was quiet hilarious Toothless was making a lot of noise, as in enough noise that if anyone in the general area of about one mile (Give or take) they would be able to recognize the sounds of a panicked dragon and come running to kill it. And one could not even imagine what would happen if they found me simply sitting here with the Infamous Night Fury.

Now I could not physically stop Toothless from panicking and I highly doubt I can sooth him into stopping so I had only one option left that I could possibly think off; attempt to get rid of the sound that was driving him nuts.

I quickly began to pat my body down in search for my ringing phone. It took a few seconds but I eventually found it in my back pocket buzzing away like a Thunderdrum hatchling. I took a quick look to see who had thought it would be a good idea to call me at this hour. Come to think of it I probably already have a good idea who it was; I do after all have only 6 contacts on my phone.

They are my home phone, my dad, Francis, twoâ€| outer townâ€| mates, of course Gobber and ahhhâ€| Astrid's old phone numberâ€|

Fist of no noe was at home so I could cross out the home phoneâ€| Astrid's number has been used for nearly 10 years so I doubt it was that. My Dad only called when he thinks I'm in trouble or to tell me something importantâ€| but in those cases he normally called the home phone first. And Francisâ€| well we rarely talked anymore especially on weekendsâ€| As for the two mates; One of those mates never calls me due to the fact that if she has something to say she will often come tell me in person and the other was too busy working and learning how to become Mayor from his father.

Which only leftâ€|Gobber.

I let lose a sigh As I flipped open the phones lid and pressed the answer button as I placed my phone against the side of my face.

"Hi Gobber, how's it going?" I said trying to sound as relaxed as I possibly could whilst there was a dragon panicking in a lake only a few meters away.

Hi Lad, I just called to ask yaâ€|. What in the name of Odin's beard is that awful sound? It sounds like a bloody cat is getting the living day light out of it with metal baseball bat!" Gobber yelled on the other end of the phone. I placed my hand in front of my mouth and the phones speaker in hopes to muffle Toothless screeching. Though he was starting to calm down a bit I could tell that this might go on for a little while.

"Oh thatâ€| That's just theâ€| TV, Yeah you know the TVâ€|. It just one of thoseâ€| new monster moviesâ€| you know?" I said mentally slapping myself on the forehead upon hearing how utterly fake my little lie sounds. Why am I cured with such bad lying skills? It doesn't run in the family I know that much, My dad is notorious for hisâ€| stoic expressions and voiceâ€| except for many he is trying to hide something embarissingâ€| actually come to think of itâ€|

"Ahhh, sure whatever ya say lad. Anyway I was just calling to ask ya if you will be comin' to tha annual dragon slayer barbeque," Gobber said. Oh dam it, how did I forget about that! The annual dragon slayer barbeque is one of the most important events in my school year. It was meant to mark the beginning of the official Dragon training, whereas Gobber would put it; when we will start moving on to the Big Boys. "Now, I know that ya and a few of ya class mate had a littleâ€¦ falling out. I was hopin' that yer would be able to put aside ya differences andâ€¦ Agh geez, will ya turn down that racket? I can barely hear myself think over here!" Gobber yelled on the other end.

I took a moment to look over at Toothless who was right now making his way out of the lake, though he was doing well he still had a fair way to go and from the looks of things the dirt's at the bottom of the lake was still rather slippery for the large reptile. Toothless was still making quite a racket but his roaring and screeching sounded far moreâ€¦ annoyed rather than frightened.

"Umm, sorry Gobberâ€¦ I ah, can't find the remote, I'll search for itâ€¦ but you were saying about theâ€¦ ah, Barbecueâ€¦" I said over my end of the phone In an attempt to to change the subject. Toothless had final managed to gain a footing in the lake and was pulling himself out of the water at a far more steady pace, but he was still growling and groaning.

"Yeah, the Barbeque. I was hopin' ya could come join the rest of us thereâ€¦ now I know ya not gettin' along with the others, but it is tradition and I think ya father and ya mother would have want ya to goâ€¦ it was after all the day those two became more then friends ya know," Gobber said on the other end making my heart feel heavy, I didn't know thatâ€¦. Dad doesn't like talking about my motherâ€¦ it's always been a sore point with him. "â€¦.. Ya know if I didn't know any better I would say tha sounds like a Dragon!" Gobber said just in time for Toothless to finally pull himself out of the water and give me a rather Angry roar.

"Well it isn't, it's just The TV. Nothing to worry about, I'll see you and the Barbeque. Good bye." I said my voice a near blur of random words. Before Gobber could reply (Or even recover) from my reply I quickly ended the call by slamming the phone lids shut.

Toothless strolled over to me, his scales where covered in dirt and mud and he appeared to be soaking wet. When he was just under a meter away from me he sat down releasing a small agitated growl. I stared at him for a moment and he stared back looking rather angry as he did so. He let lose a deep growl a he starred at me with a clearly angry face. He continued to stare until I realized he was staring at something in particular; my phone.

I lifted up my arm containing the small electronic device for Toothless to get a better view of the small tool. Toothless took a moment to stare at the small device, still looking rather miffed yet slightly confused. I flicked the lid of the phone open making Toothless flinch ever so slightly. He quickly recovered and began to sniff the small electronic device his large nostrils lightly blowing air across my fingers.

"It's, It's called a Phone." I said trying to remain as emotionless

as I Possibly could. Toothless still stared at the Phone in a sort of passive aggressive state that made me worry for the safety of my phone (And my attached hand). It took a few second but Toothless finally pulled his head back closing his eyes in the process, He opened them again and the Pupils were once again large and friendly looking. I let loss a short exhale of air that I was holding In for a while now. Its ok, his not going to do anythingâ€|

Before I could finish that thought Toothless eyes became slits and he showed his teeth. It was the only warning I got before as fast as lightning Toothless yanked the phone out my grasp and lifted it high into the air. I was frozen in shock by my new friend's action, what was he doing! I jumped to my feet trying to grab my phone from Toothless but the Night fury was far taller than me and easily hold My phone far out of my reach. I could not help but notice a rather smug (Yet still rather angry) look on Toothless face.

I attempted to jump up and grab my phone but the Night Fury simply lifted his head slightly higher than my reach. We continued this process for some time before Toothless (obviously growing bored of the situation) began to walk away (On his hind legs) from me, I tried to stop him but he showed no signs of even struggling against my resistance. Eventually I found myself hanging of Toothless neck as he slowly walked towards one of the small trees that dotted the inside of the cove. Without even trying Toothless effortlessly tossed my phone high into the tree, getting it stuck on one of the higher branches of said tree.

Toothless then began to jump around like a bucking bull until I let go of his neck. Once I did Toothless simply sat down and looked up In the general direction of the Phone looking rather smug as he did. I stared at him for a moment stunned by this new behavior. I tried to search for something to say, something to do to express my utter distaste in my friends behavior. But all that came out wasâ€|

"Seriously?"

Toothless gave me a sly smug look and a short amused grunt before trotting of on all fours towards the large roots. I simply stood there watching him walk of. I turned my attention back to my phone which sat on one of the higher branches of the tree. I then turned my gaze back to Toothless who was busy licking of the dirt and mud from his scales, not even giving me a second glance.

"Useless reptileâ€|" I muttered under my breath.

Sigh, why do I have the feeling that will not be the last time I say thatâ€|.

**1 hour and 30 minutes later. **

It was in no way hard to find the Barbeque. It was however hard to get my phone out of that tree.

I had spent a good 45 minutes trying to climb up that tree in an attempt to reach my stranded phone. The phone was stuck a good 17 feet up on a branch and I was covered in mud and dirt from my little tussle with Toothless, which only made the climbing process all that much harder. It also doesn't help when you have a laughing Night Fury

watching you fail at trying to climb a tree.

Eventually, if it was out of pity of my failure, if he was getting bored of watching me fail or if he believes I've learned what ever lesson he was trying to teach me (Which appears to be never believe you can get away with scaring a Night Fury) Toothless decided enough was enough and gave me a hand. Well, by give a hand he lifted me up by the collar with his teeth so I could reach my phoneâ€¦ I gave him my thanks and told him I would fix the phone ring tone (He may not understand me but I think he got the general idea of what I meant).

I was beyond glad to have my phone back, even if it was a teensy bit slobbery (I just hope I can wash it out, without damaging it further), after all some of the numbers on that Phone are ones I could never replace.

Now after a quick clean up and walk I was now in front of the entrance to the local park. The park has been the location for the annual dragon slayer barbeque, for as long as I can remember and possible even longer than Gobber. But of course I was not complaining The Berk park was probably one of the better of areas of the town. The park was located slab dab in the middle of the town with the town living area (or suburbs) to the north, the harbor and working buildings to the south-west and to the north east was the plaza and the market areas (Along with the School). But even with its central location it somehow remained untouched by the Dragon raids which has in turn has made it the location a sort of safe house for the general public during Dragon raids with a large public bunker located within the park amongst its many other structures like the playground, the watch tower/ barbeque/ camp fire area, the old cathedral, the stature of a Viking ship and a large rune wall created by our ancestors when they first landed here.

You know just the average small town park.

I slowly strolled down the dirt path of the park, slowly making my way towards a large source of sound and lights I could only guess was the Barbeque (It was either that or a Grample Grounder surfaced somewhere in the park).

It did not take me long to find the Barbeque. It was located at the base of the Park watch tower and it was by far not something someone could easily miss. The watch tower was surrounded by several wooden decorated pillars stood around the base of the large structure. These pillars were covered in Christmas lights that crossed from one pillar to another (That was very likely Bucket and Mulches work) and where flashing a mighty arrange of colors. Several dozen picnic tables surrounded the base of the tower, most of them had people sitting at them and those few that didn't, often had other things occupying there space.

As I approached the Barbeque area I managed to spot several familiar shapes and faces of people hanging around. Gobber was working at the Barbeque (Ohh, maybe if I'm lucky he might have pre papered the secret sauce this time, the last time he had to prepare it on the spot I ended up with a broken arm, but boy was it worth it.) Fishlegs was having a conversation with his father and that new girl; Heather (But whatever those three could have a conversation about was beyond me) the twins were sneaking around and had appeared to have gotten

their hands on what appears to be Fireworks?! Why do I have a feeling tonight's going to end with a bang? Snotlout was sitting with his gang of thugs by a table on the far end of where the teachers were hanging out. Bucket and Mulch were busy helping Gobber out with papering the meal for the many, many mouths that needed feeding. In fact there were only two people I couldn't spot were Speedifist and Astrid, hmm maybe they weren't here yet.

'_They are, and by the way if you don't want to be smacked in the head by a small flying circular object I suggest you either duck or prepare to grab it in about 5 second.' _My Instinct said in a somewhat smug way. I was about to shrug it off as it just being annoying until something hard and plastic hit me in the side of the head.

I became dazed and confused for a few seconds by the blow to the head, whilst in this daze I was dully aware of someone running towards me crying out 'oh shit' and apologizing rapidly. As my vision cleared I came face to face with the blackish skinned, smooth yet slightly cut up face of Speedifist.

"Hi Speedi nice toss!" I said rubbing the area of my head, that what I am guessing was a Frisbee hit me. Speedifist looked rather guilty for a moment before he gave me a pleased look.

"Sorry about the Frisbee man, I didn't see you there. Anyway, I'm glad to see you came man. I didn't actually think you would come, with the dumb-ass gang being so close." Speedifist said his eyes looking of in the direction of where Snot and his boys were sitting. They seem to be occupying themselves by getting Dogbreath to drink as much cordial as he can in one go (Whilst yelling chug, chug, chug). It appeared that all the members where at the table; Bulldog, Wraithog, Metalhead, Zippy, Sharktooth, lugger and blutzing were all cheering Dogbreath on. In fact the only members of the Pirated that didn't seem interested in Dogbreaths chugging was Clueless (He just looked bored), Siren (She was looking rather frustrated) and Surprisingly Snotlout (Who was looking kind of down).

"Well that's just me, danger, love it!" I said sarcastically making Speedifist laugh slightly. "Besides nothing could get between me and getting a chance to taste Gobber BBQ secret sauce, that stuff is to DIE for." I said causing Speedifist to laugh harder this time, but he stopped upon seeing the seriousness of my face. He was stunned for a moment before recovering giving me a rather skeptical look.

"Seriously?" he asked.

"Yes, seriously. But just hope he doesn't have to prepare it on the spot. The last time that happened my arm was in a cast for two months, but boy was it worth it." I told the dark skinned teen. He stared at me for a moment looking overly stunned. I grinned at the taller teens shock, amused at how easily I had shocked him.

"On another entirely different note who hasn't showed up yet? I mean it looks like everyone in are year level has shown up!" I said overlooking the Barbeque once more. There was defiantly a lot of people there but it couldn't be everyone, Could it?

"Yeah, that's everyone. You were the last to arrive. Everyone in our

year level is down there, even the teachersâ€¦ well accept for Astrid Hofferson," Speedifist said as he overlooked the gathering of kids. I stared at him for a moment wondering as to why he excluded Astrid in particular. It took him awhile to figure out why I was silent but once he did he pulled a faceâ€¦ I had trouble reading, but it looked something like he was trying to figure me out. "Oh, Astrid. She been up in the tower forâ€¦ well she's been up in the tower since before I arrived. She hasn't allowed anyone up there either. Earlier Snotface tried to talk to her and he almost ended up getting tossed off the tower for his troubles. It was hilarious you should have been here to see itâ€¦ But yeah, Her bro went up there to talk to her and we haven't heard from either of them." Speedifist said as we began to walk towards the Barbeque area.

I looked up at the tower for a moment. What had pissed her off so much that she nearly tossed Scot off the top of the tower? Was it something he said? Was it something that had happened to her during the day? â€¦ Did it involve me?

"Come on man! I want to see if Gobber has this 'secret sauce' and if it really is as good as you say." Speedifist said pointing towards where Gobber was working hard over the BBQ with his Spatula hand attachment.

I gave the taller teen a small smile. "Trust me, once you taste that sauce you will never want to have any other condiment of your burger ever again. But if he hasn't prepared it. Run, Run like Fenrir himself is going to eat you."

"It can't be that badâ€¦. Can't it?" Speedifist asked a little shocked.

"Trust me, It can." I said somewhat shivering as the memory of that faithful day Gobber had to prepare his secret sauce on the spot.

****Sometime later that night. ****

It took a while but eventually the large group of people that had attended the party had thinned down to about a dozen students and 5 teachers, all of which (Except for Astrid, she went to the toilet a while ago) were sitting around the campfire atop the Watch tower listening to ghost and/or war stories whilst we ate what was left of the Barbeque (Along with Marshmallows).

Most of the stories so far had either been really stupid or just plain old boring, so like always it was up to Gobber to save the day with one of his vivid and addictive stories of his past adventures. Gobber was a master story teller, combined that with his many adventures and you have a guy who can entertain everyone for hours on end. Unless of course you are me, and you have heard all those stories where used as bedtimes stories. I have heard them all before, from both Gobbers overly exaggerated and wild point of view and from My Father's logical and more realistic approach to the stories (Of course he was only assumptions from Gobber's stories, he was never there). But the point is I've heard them all; The terrors of Breakneck Bog, The flight of the StormWing, The time he was standard by a mob of ShipWreckers, or even the great Speed stinger raid of 93 or possibly the most ludicrous and craziest of them all the BoneKnapper chronicles.

Luckily (Or unlucky) for everyone Gobber decided to tell them about how he lost his limbs.

I personally had heard the story a few dozen times and with each retelling of the story it would become wilder and wilder and the fact would most often or not get mixed up with the truth. So whilst the others either listened in on the story eagerly, skeptically or amused.

I on the other hand had other things to think about, like for example; Toothless. What was actually halting him from escaping the Cove? In fact what was stopping him from simply flying? As far as I'm aware Night Furies were master flyers (Some of the tricks I saw in those images were amazing!) so why weren't Toothless flying? Was there something wrong was he sick or something? Hmmm, I wonder, would my instincts know the answer? I mean, it is kind of an asshole but I will not deny it more often or not has the right answer. So.. ah, instinctsâ€¦ got any answers for me?

'_Shhhhs, this is the best part of the Story!' _My instincts aggressively whispered at the back of my head. For a moment I was confused, what was it on about?

"And then with one mighty and bloody twist it ripped my hand clear of." Gobber said raising his voice and supplying an supplying the answer I needed to answer my latter question. Why was my Instinct so interested in Gobber stories, its noting I've never heard beforeâ€¦| so why was a portion of my brain so interested in it?

"And then I saw the look on his face, I was delicious. I swear he woulda taken another bite of me if I didn't fight the beast of with a piece of broken wood. But he must have managed to spread the word with what was left of his jaw because it wasn't another month before another one took me leg." Gobber said pointing towards his self-made prosthetic. Several of the surrounding teens stared at him, obviously stunned silent by his story. Amongst those stunned were Snotlout, the twins, fishlegs, his cousin Froglegs (the guy was a champion long jumper), Bulldog, DogBreath (But he seemed more interested in the bloody bits), Izzy heck even Speedifist seemed to be entranced by the story. In fact the only teens around that didn't seem to be stunned by the story was me, that new girl Heather (She seemed more skeptical then anything) and Siren Along with two of her little lackeys (They were busy chatting with each other).

"Don't you think it weird, if you could like, somehow still in control of your severed hand inside the dragonâ€¦| you could kill it by crushing its heart or somethingâ€¦|" Fishlegs said as he smashed to large well-cooked drumsticks together. Most of the people present gave him weird looks.

"Agh, I'm so angry right now. I'll avenge our beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop of the legs of every dragon I fightâ€¦| with my face." Snotlout boasted as he took a bite out of his burger. Most of the Pirates present (Along with the twins) looked at Snotlout in awe of his 'marchioness'. Everyone else seems to be trying to comprehend his stupidity.

"Good idea Snotlout, you smash your head against dragon legs. It's not like your face can get any uglier anyway." Speedifist said

earning quite a bit of laughter from the people present. Snotlout looked all around pissed but was not going to act whilst the teachers were present. I chuckled lightly as I stared at my cooking fish (Ok, so maybe hanging out with a dragon has given me a taste for fishâ€¦) though I did admit the joke was funny none of this would help me with my troubles.

Once Gobber was finished laughing he took some meat from his plate and began to chow down on it. "Nah, Nah, Nah If ya want to cripple a dragon ya don't want to go for the legs. Most dragons can either shrug of losing a leg or don't have any to begin with, And the few that hacking of a leg will actually damage will not make it easy for you. No, if ya really want to cripple a dragon ya go for the wings or the tail. Without wings the dragon can't get lift, and with no tail the dragon loses balance and steering ability. As they always say; a down dragon is a dead dragon." Gobber said eating his meat one piece at a time.

It was then it hit meâ€¦ Toothlessâ€¦ he only had one tailfinâ€¦. _'Butâ€¦ he is meant to have two.'_

But how could that have happenedâ€¦ Toothless could fly fine before what had happened to the other tailfinâ€¦

The crashâ€¦

I did thatâ€¦ I took away his flightâ€¦.

I sat there feeling greatly depressed with my realization. I was the one; I was the one who took away his flightâ€¦

Gobber began to say something, but the grief began to cloud his words. I could barely make out what he was saying, all because of my guilt. This continued for a while until something caught my eye. It was the flash of Gobbers homemade prostheticâ€¦

Prostheticâ€¦

That's it, that's the answer for all my problem.

I can make Toothless a new Tailfin!

****Astrids POV, a few minutes later. ****

What is wrong with me?

I've had my bad day or two but thisâ€¦ this is ridiculous!

For the entire day something has beenâ€¦ off something that has affected me both physically and mentally. I have been unable to do anything properly today without blanking out, Heck I can't even seem to focus on training today, something that I have never had trouble with before! The very thought alone felt soâ€¦. Alien to me that I had no idea what to do anymoreâ€¦.

Soâ€¦ what had changed?

What was wrong with me?

I took a moment to stare at my reflection in the public restrooms mirrors. The girl that stared back at me lookedâ€¦ brokenâ€¦ Her once long braided golden hair had become messy and filthy. Her face was bruised and covered in dirt and her makeup has either been washed away or had been smothered all over her face. Her eyes looked tired and worn as she stared back at me. She looked broken, damagedâ€¦ Weak.

She was meâ€¦

And I hated itâ€¦

Butâ€¦ did I really hate it?

Agh! Why am I even thinking about all this?

In pure frustration I slammed my fist against the brick walls on the restroom, leaving a small crack thanks to the pure force of my blow (Along with a slightly bruised hand, but that is unimportant). With an angry heavy grunt I turned on the tap so I could splash some water on to my tired face. Once I felt my face was wet enough I turned off the tap and grabbed a few paper towels to wash my face off. Once I was done drying my face I took a deep breath. I think it's about time I returned to the Tower and rejoined the others. I did not want any of them to believe something was wrong with me, especially Snotlout (Don't want him breathing down my neck on something that doesn't concern him) or worse Siren figures out what's bothering me before I do and uses it as blackmailâ€¦ or worseâ€¦.

As I left the restroom I stared up at the towering watch tower, at the top of the tower I could make out the faint glow of a fire and the even fainter sound of a conversation between the bodies up there. I let lose a short sigh, It was going to be difficult to fool all of those people into thinking I'm fine when I am in this condition.

I was about to begin climbing up the circular walkway built surrounding the outside of the tower when I noticed something strange. There was another glowâ€¦ a faint greenish-blue glow about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way down of the towers walkway. The glow wasn't as big or as bright as the light on top of the tower, heck I think I might be the only one who has noticed it. But what was really weird about it was the fact that it seem to be almostâ€¦ humanoid in shape. Andâ€¦ was it making noises?

That's it I'm curious.

As fast as my legs were capable I began to run up the stairway, trying to keep as quiet as I possibly could (Didn't want to startleâ€¦ whatever it wasâ€¦). Once I began to near the area where I thought the light was coming from I slowly began to creep on the source of the strange light. As I got closer and closer to the source of the light it began to fade. As I closed in on the light source it became clear to me that the source was not only humanoid but alive too. It was moving around, shaking and fidgeting as it let loss sounds of muffled pain and a strangeâ€¦ hacking sound like it was trying to spit something out. The closer I got to the source of the glow the more I began to realize that the glowing was actuallyâ€¦. Markings and symbols that covered the creature left arm and most of its bodyâ€¦ and it was growing toâ€¦. Spreading across whoever or whatever the thing wasâ€¦. And then I saw the eyesâ€¦ like the

symbols and markings they two where glowing, but they were a pure green rather than a greenish-blue. But that wasn't the point; the point was they were mismatched.

The right eye was normalâ€¦ other than the fact that it was wellâ€¦ glowing. It was the left eye that was the oddity. Whilst the other appeared like a normal eye (Except for the glowing part) the left eye seem to beâ€¦ cat like. It was glowing like the other, but the pupil was just a black slit that cut the green glowing eye in half. I nearly gasped in shock upon seeing the cat like glowing eye but I was able to gain control over myself.

I continued to watch stunned by the sight before my eyes. I watched in silent as the... Thing began to twitch and moan in pain. I was debating whether or not I should approach the glowing being and find out whomâ€¦ or what it actually was. I took a step closer to the glowing being, inching closer and closer to the creature, untilâ€¦.

A loud bang and a bright light caught me utterly by surprised. I turned my attention towards the source of the disturbance. Much to my shock I saw what looked like small lines of light falling from the sky. I then watched in equal shock as two larger balls of light raced upwards into the sky exploding in an amazing display of colors. Several more balls of lights followed afterwards creating explosions of lights of a verity of different shapes, size and colors. It took a moment for me to recognize what the lights actually where; Fireworks.

Fireworks, Fireworks! Who brings Fireworks?

My question was soon answered when I heard the twins release a 'THAT WAS AWESOME!'. Shaking myself out of the shock and ignoring some smaller Fireworks I turned my attention towards where the glowing being wasâ€¦

Only to find that there was nothing there. For a moment I was too stunned to think for a moment. I stayed like that for a moment looking around in hope of spotting a glowing being running away from the general area. Though I did not spot a glowing person I did however spot what appeared to be Hiccup running down the path. For a moment I had a crazy thought that Hiccup might have been the glowing being I had scene, but I pushed the thought away with a laugh. Hiccup probably left the party ages ago, Besides Hiccup glowing? How much more ludicrous can it get? Besides why would Hiccup be glowing?

.

.

.

He wasn'tâ€¦. was he?

****Hiccup's POV (One Night and a construction montage latter)****

I should be tired, but I'm not. Strange really, one would think after an entire night of designing, building, destroying, rebuilding and testing I should be begging for a good night sleep. Yet I wasn't. In

fact If someone was to see me at this moment in time they might just call me energetic.

I guess it is just the feeling you get after doing something grand.

You see, I had spent the entirety of my night slaving away at the Forge in an attempt to create a custom made Night Fury tail prosthetic out of left over building materials I had found in the Forge. Now I had no idea how If it will actually work (My test mainly consisted of weight and if it would open and close properly) so all that work could be for nothing, but for once in my life I was actually looking on the optimistic side of things. And BOY did it feel good.

Now with my creation slung under my left shoulder, Guardian tried to my right arm and a huge Dragon-proof bag of fish slung over my right shoulder I felt like I was ready to tackle the challenge ahead. That challenge being; Strap my invention onto Toothless tail without hurting him or destroying my creation and see if it works.

I have to say, for some strange reason, I'm looking forward to this.

As I entered the cove and made my way down the stone walkway to the bottom of the Cove I spotted Toothless sleeping on the other side of the hole in the ground. He looked comfortable but for some reason I could tell that his sleep was anything but. I wonder; did he hear the fireworks last night?

As I finished walking down the path I made my way over to a large rock near by the small pond in the center of the Cove. This will be where I set up home base.

I quickly unstrapped Guardian (I had brought it along just in case things went south) and leaned it against the rock. After I had unstrapped Guardian I put my note book and a pencil next to it (To record my discovery), I also place the bag down for a second so I could unzip it just to make this easier for me. Once I unzipped the bag I took a moment to look at the inside contents. Originally I had planned to just pack salmon, simply because it was cheap and I didn't want him jumping all over me like he did with the Mackerel. But then an idea struck me, why don't I use this time to perform a test of sorts. I wanted to see what Toothless liked the most so I had packed several different types of sea life in the bag amongst them; Salmon, Mackerel, some cod, a type of crawfish, some clams, a snapper heck I even think there is an Eel in there somewhere.

Once I was done inspecting the content of the bag I walked over to where Toothless was napping, making sure to be as casual as possible.

"Oh Toothless, wakey wakey big guy I brought you Breakfast." I said to the larger creature as I dropped my bag full of sea goodies in front of him. Toothless awoke from his slumber lazily releasing a long Toothless yawn. He took one look at the bag and began to lick his lips hungrily as he got to his feet and began to stretch his body, very likely shaking off any tiredness in his body. Once I had got his attention I pushed over the bag releasing its slimy substance. The fish along with all the other slimy aquatic substance

fell across the cove floor.

Toothless looked at his breakfast eagerly and began to inspect all the different types of sea food. "That's right bud, it's a full banquet of sea food for you. There's some Salmon, Mackerel, a few clams and even a whole smoked eel just for you." I said pointing at all the different fish up for offer.

Toothless seem to be enjoying himself when all of a sudden his ears fell down and his eyes went slit with a deep threatening growl originating from his throat. For a moment I feared that I might have to make a run for Guardian until I noticed he wasn't looking at me; he was looking at one of the dead creatures in the pile. Something that was stripped and long. Reaching into the pile I pulled out the long, stripped, smoked body of a stripped eel. As I did so Toothless reared his head back releasing a panicked shriek much like the ones I heard yesterday. Acting quickly I tossed the eel as far as I could into the pond. Once I heard the satisfied plop of something hitting the water I quickly rubbed the eel juices on my jacket. Toothless glared at the Eel with a death glare I would not wish upon anyone.

"Yeah, I don't really like Eel either" "Which was true" to an extent I didn't mind eating eel, in fact I think it taste rather nice. I just prefer it when its dead and cooked rather than it being in one piece and still alive" it's a long story but one of my first shipping trips I had fallen into the water and I was attacked by a very large Eel... If it wasn't for my father ripping the monster in two I would have died that day" I guess I have been afraid of living Eel's ever since.

I had to wonder though" Did all dragons hate Eels as much as Toothless dose or is it just him?

No need to think of that now, I have other things to attend to".

****Toothless POV. ****

I didn't exactly care what the human boy did whilst I eat as long as it had nothing to do with that eel" Brrr, just thinking about the putrid creature is making me feel sick.

I shook my head violently in an attempt to get rid of the thought of the horrid creature. As my stomach began to rumble I turned my attention back to the variety of different fish and sea creature. All of it looked delicious so I had no idea what to pick, that was until I picked up the smell of a mackerel and my mind was set.

As I ravaged the strange container of its delicious content I dully became aware of the human placing his weight on my tail. If the human was anything or anyone else I would have ripped off its head (Or at least tried to) especially with my damaged tail, but the human wasn't anything or anyone because" I could trust him" Wow, out of all the creatures in this world, I can trust a human"

As I continued to eat my food I began to become aware of the human" doing something to my tail" though it was easy to ignore at first it soon became to... odd to just ignore. I reluctantly pulled my head away from what was left of my meal. Curiously I attempted to shack my

tail only to find the human boy has somehow pinned my tail down. Strange I never thought the kid had the strength in himâ€¦ come to think of it , I should probably stop calling him boy or kidâ€¦ from what I haveâ€¦ seenâ€¦ the human is as old as me in terms of ageâ€¦.

Suddenly I felt something tighten around the tip of my tail. Though it was not uncomfortable, I could not help but become stunned by the strange feeling that was going on around my tail. In fact I was so stunned that I almost didn't notice another feeling that came along with this strange tightness; Balance. After 7 days I almost forgot what it was like to have a balanced tailâ€¦ almost.

It did not take long before I could feel my wings unfolding and stretching out to their maximum length with my still functioning tailfin to follow suit.

And as fast as lightening itself I took off.

With each flap of my powerful wings I rose higher and higher into the air, but unlike so many times before I did not begin to lose altitude after a few seconds of flight. No instead I just kept on climbing and climbing until I was just above the walls of the cove. For a moment I had thought myself free until I suddenly and unexpectedly began to lean to one side and descend at a rapid pace. I let loose a panic cry as I began to fall closer and closer into the side of the cove wall, my face rapidly coming dangerously close to the rocky face.

"NOOOOOO!" I roared at the top as my lungs as I rapidly flapped my wing in attempt to regain altitude before I collide face first into the hard rock.

And much to my surprise it worked.

Somehow I shot upwards, scraping my legs softly against the top of the cove wall before I cleared the hole entirely. For a moment I was stunned. "I'm doing it! I'm flying again!" I roared loudly, if anyone heard me I didn't care, I was back in my element, back in the air, back where I am in complete control over anything and everything!

And I'm heading straight back into the coveâ€¦ wait, what?

What in the name of the blazing sun is going on? I didn't turn? I didn't want to turn! So why was I turning?

I tried desperately to turn back around, to turn left or turn right but no matter what I did it didn't work. Instead of going where I wanted to go (Which at this point was anywhere) I found myself gliding over the lake within the cove. Whilst the cove wasn't necessarily big it was still large enough for me to turn my attention away from flying for a few seconds, just long enough to figure out what was wrong with my tail fins. I turned my attention towards the unresponsive limb only to find the human holding onto my tailfins for dear life his legs wrapped tightly around my tail. What was he doing there? And was he.. Controlling my tailfins?

I growled deeply, Preposterous.

"You know, I like you human. I like you a lot. But not enough to give you a free rideâ€¦ especially if you're going to try and tail-drive meâ€¦ soâ€¦ have a nice trip." I said to the small human clinging on to my tail. With one heavy flick of my tail I sent the human falling into the water below. Luckily we were not too high up that the human would sustain any real damage so I didn't worry about him. No, right now I had bigger things to deal with, like FREEDO- WOAHHH.

Suddenly and unexpectedly I began to lose altitude once more. In a panic to try and keep airborne I became aware that the replacement tailfin was no longer open and was simply failing all over the place. Why had this happened? It was working fine only a moment ago back when the human wasâ€¦ could it be? Was the human keeping it open for me?

Before I continued that train of thought I crashed head first into the water.

As I resurfaced I took a moment to look for the human I had just discarded. For a moment I could not see him, I began to panic. What if something horrible happened to him? What if I missed judge the human strength or the distance we were from the lakeâ€¦ oh noâ€¦

Just at that moment something tackled me (Or attempted to at least) and began to climb up my back. I was confused until I saw the wet existed human boy appeared upside down before my vision, the human gave me an oversized version of that strange facial expression that made me happy. Before it began to blab rapidly and excitedly in his strange human tone.

As the human did so I could not help but release a sigh of relief.

My friend was safeâ€¦ My Only friend was safeâ€¦

**And that's a rap everyone. **

**A little longer than expected but I got it doneâ€¦ and in record time to (Well for me that is). **

**So I haven't been able to upload any picture yetâ€¦ haven't had access to a scanner yetâ€¦ but I promise it will get done. **

**Next chapter; the weekend faze conclusion and a Jemiskneir solo chapterâ€¦ I wonder what he has been up toâ€¦ Guess will have to find out. **

_**Do not be afraid to take big steps in life, but always be cautious sometimes a risk can be as dangerous as it is rewarding.
**_

**Thor-Born saying stay safe, until next we meet. **

24. Ghost of the Past, Part 1

**So the time has come for me to take center stage. Sighâ€¦ I knew this was coming so I should not pretend to be surprised. **

**And just when I was beginning to enjoy my vacation toâ€¦ **

**But, it's not like I really had much in the way of a choice here. After all I'm not going to trust 'Thor-Born' with me for one second. It's bad enough he convinced me to join his story, but an entire chapter of just me? Let alone two? No, just No. **

Ok so let's get one thing straight, I know you are there. Reading this story on your computer or laptop or perhaps even your Phone. I'm not like the other characters, I know you're there, heck I've even spend some time in that boring little world of yours, watching you all living out your boring little lives, feeling rather bored about it all.

**Ok what I am trying to say is that I am no character some writer has just come up with, in their spare time to add their own little flare to the story or twist on it. Oh no. I am so much more, I've seen some of the characters they call O.C on this sight, even met a few of them- and killed a few more- and I can assure you with the upmost confidence that I am not one of them. If you're a writer I've very likely been in your story, a presence gone by unnoticed by you, the all-powerful writer. I've watched your stories grow and develop. I've lurked in the background assisting when Iâ€¦ or heâ€¦ saw right. Heck the only reason 'Thor-Born' is even aware of my presence was because I slipped up in front of him and even now he is still not aware of the powers he plays with so foolishly, like a child playing with his father's gunâ€¦ only far moreâ€¦ chaotic. **

**Anyway, here's my contribution, enjoy. **

In my line of work staring death in the face is a common problem for me. Heck I get in more near death experiences than most normal people lose something. But it's not like I'm complaining or anything, in fact I kind of enjoy the constant thrill I get from a near death experience. Without it I would have been driven to madness or worse thanks to my long and painful life. No it was not the near death experience I couldn't stand; it was the fact that every time I did stare down death, he would always be the first one to blink.

I wasâ€¦. Extremely hard to kill, so much so that many people had started calling me unkillable. Not that I could argue with himâ€¦ I did have a knack for surviving the impossibleâ€¦ I could tell you all countless stories of me surviving things that would make your jaw dropâ€¦ but I think the one I am about to tell you is a far better example.

**Saturday; 1900 hours. A few miles off the coast of the Scandinavian Empire. **

Other than the sound of a rusty old engine the night was perfectly quiet.

That wasn't good, not good at all.

Especially considering where I am right now and the party of men I was travelling with.

You see I was right now about half a mile off the most dangerous, most horrible and most mysterious area on the earth's surface. It was home to waves that could tear a Military grade Destroyer to pieces, Storms

that could swat even the most aerodynamic planes out of the sky like they were nothing more than flies. Sea Monsters that would horrify even the greatest of men lurked beneath the surface devouring anyone or anything the storm of waves did not kill. And all that is not even the tip of the iceberg. But it was fair to say that no human has ever made it out of that area of sea alive in over a thousand years. The locals call the place Ragnar k's avgrunn, which loosely translates to Ragnar k's Abyss. Lovely name isn't it? Very suiting for the place if you ask me.

And that my friends, is exactly where I have to head into.

You see unknown to everyone but a selected few, within that massive death trap of storms, waves, monsters and things far too horrible to mention (Plus it might ruin the fun for latter) there was an island range of unimaginable horror with one of these islands being the worse by far.

That was my destination.

My mission is to loot that island of anything that could be useful in the days that are to come. I do not know exactly where these item are on the island nor do I know if they are of any use in whatever condition they have been left in. All I know is that I will have to fight my way through countless horrors that would drive any normal person insane (If these horrors do not kill them first).

This was my job.

All in all, not your usual line of work as a mercenary. But then again there is nothing usual about me.

Just like it was not usual for Ragnar k's Abyss to be this calm. Though it still kept its dark brooding storm clouds and twisted black water it was completely calm and lifeless. This greatly unsettled me. Places of great evil like this are never calm without reason, a reason that is no doubt as evil and twisted as the place itself. And this place was possibly the most evil place I have ever seen on earth  This greatly worried me.

Another thing that bugged me was the horrible excuse for a ship I was standing on at the moment. The thing was a hunk of junk on the verge of sinking into the deep blue sea. The ship was _meant _to be a medium sized fishing vessel but to me it looked like a pile of crap that barely even floats and even that was me being nice. The crew of this rust-bucket was tolerable at best. They were inexperienced, and faulty with their sailing Technics (Which was surprising considering they were Scandinavian some of the best sailors in the world) and all of them had something that made me not trust them whether it be there appearance, behaviour or even their own thoughts I knew that all of them were untrustworthy, we'll all except one, a small boy, still so pure and youthful, forced to scrub the decks. I was curious as to why the boy was here or if he even got paid but I'm pretty sure he does not want to be here judging by how he looks at the older men, with feared obedience. Just another thing that made me hate this crew.

The captain of this  'ship' was by far the worse. The man was absolutely horrid in Appearance, behaviour and thought. The man was short and was clearly over weight, he had little personal hygiene and

smelled worse than a troll and he had the looks to match. He was a slob to, his clothes were a mess of grease and filth and he reeked of stale food. His behavior was no better either. The guy was a coward and a clear crook, he did not care for anyone around him and he seemed more than happy to stab someone in the back as long as there is money involved. And don't even get me started on his thoughts.

All I need to say was the guy was sick, SICK man and you will probably get the idea.

"So ahhâ€ we are here now." Said a grubbing yet at the same time aggressive voice in Norse (Because I feel generous I will translate everything said to English).

Speak of the Devil.

I turned my attention towards the short pudgy man that is the so called 'captain' of this 'ship'. The man was standing about a meter and a half away from me seeming a bit fearful to come any closer. The man may be a rotten pig but he was not necessarily stupid, below average probably, but even he knew that pissing me off had dire concurrences.

And at the moment I was getting real close to wanting to rip someone in half.

"I can see that perfectly clear. You brought this up because?" I said already knowing the answer to my question.

"Well can I have the other half on my pay now?" the Captain said in a grovelling yet violent way (it somewhat perplexed me as to how he is capable of doing that).

"No."

"Oh thank you for your- Wait, What? What do you mean no?" the captain said as he stared at me with a shocked expression.

"I mean no." I said bluntly back continuing to stare at the area of sea where my mission would take place.

The captain was still perplexed as he stared at me, or should I say stare daggers at me. As much as I hate this small man he probably hated me more. This 'captain' was obviously used to muscling in money from weaker, smaller prey. From the look of things he would use his crew numbers and threatening appearance to wrestle in more money from unsuspecting tourist who were trying to save money and still get a glimpse of the dangerous and feared RagnarÃ¶k's avgrunn. I was not his average prey. I was big, strong and his peaty threats did not faze me nor did they scare me. But most importantly of all, I could kill him without even trying; and he knew that.

"But, But we had a deal!" the small pudgy man yelled back at me, rapidly starting to break whatever boundaries that were holding me back.

"Yes, We did have a deal, and that deal was; you would give me passage from Stavanger to RagnarÃ¶k's avgrunn AND back again. I would give you 25% of the agreed upon amount at the start of the journey

and the rest when we get back to the mainland, an in total pay of 200,000 euros plus of course follow on expenses." I said quoting from the deal I had made with the man when I had first recruited his help. Though the contract was strong and tight I did feel that there was some sort loop hole, some sort of important flaw that I always seem to miss whenever I make a deal that would put my life on the line. Strange, the same thing seems to happen whenever I try to come up with a plan. Might just be a coincidence.

The short man seemed to be flabbergasted and frustrated. If this was any normal circumstance I would smile and crack a wise one to relieve the tenseness of the situation and hopefully soften the blow to the person ego, after all most of the people I dealt with in recent years were good willed and kind no matter how Stupidly Stubborn they are. This 'Captain' However did not deserve such a privilege. Now you may believe I am being unfair to this man, but, you haven't seen what is going on inside this man's head, I have.

The short man released a short annoyed grunt that resembled the sound of a snorting Gorilla. The short man crossed his arms and turned his attention towards Ragnarok's avgrunn staring at the area of sea with a mix of fear and anger. "Still don't understand what business you have in that hell-hole. The place is dead, anything that dare enter it is as good as dead. What is in there that is so valuable to you or your 'employee' that you are willing to throw away your life so easily?" the short man wonder out loud as he half stared at me half stared at the cursed ocean.

I paused for a moment. Why was I going into Ragnarok's avgrunn in the first place? I knew perfectly well what my job was and why I had to do it but why now of all times? It wasn't like the world was ending anytime soon (If what I think is happening is happening, well the end of the world is still a few months off) so why was the time so dire now? This mission, this job, this task.. Why did I choose to do it now? I mean I've been sitting on this job for years now, 10 to be exact what was another year to that? An inconvenience? I'm sure I can live with that besides it was not like it was guaranteed that what I think is happening is happening. I mean this isn't the first time I was wrong because I had jumped the gun. I only hoped I was wrong about being right. Because If I am right, if what I think is happening is happening. Then the rise of the Pale end is upon us and the only thing that can stop it is a small human boy who is overly socially awkward and a lazy Night Fury that would rather be left alone.

sigh, I've worked with worse.

But that was enough thinking for now. Right now I was in the mood for action, and what better way to fix this urge than run into a literal hell on earth and fight anything that moves? Nothing came to mind.

I picked up my duffel bag full of goodies (Weapons, food supplies plus water bottles, a few more bags, duct tape (Never leave home without it(I have to wonder how many brackets I can fit into this list before it gets annoying to read (Yeah this is annoying now))), a bunch of High grade explosives plus detonator and of course the Key) double checking the content inside just to make sure everything was there and accounted for (You never know when you're travelling with thieves and backstabber's). Once I was certain all my

gear was there I zipped up the large bag and hauled it over my shoulder. I turned my attention toward the short 'captain' of the 'ship' who was still staring at Ragnar k's avgrunn quite literally lost in his thoughts (Trust me I know).

"I will be departing now on the small row boat," I said staring at the small metal row boat tied to the back of this 'ship', luckily the thing looked to be in a lot better shape than the hunk of trash we now stood on. "Remember are deal. You will wait in this exact same spot until 7 am tomorrow morning, you will not leave this spot a second earlier. If it reaches 7 and I am not here, you can leave. But if I arrive on time and find that you and your ship is not here " I said pausing for dramatic effect; I closed in on the short chubby man staring at him intensely with my dark red glowing eyes until the small man began to shake under the intensity of my horrifying glare.

"I will come for you, And there is not a place on earth that can hide you from my wraith. And trust me, my wraith will not only destroy you, but anyone or anything in a five mile radius." I said my voice getting deeper and more powerful as I continued. The short man before me was shaking in fear, pure, submissive, fear. The smell of fresh urine swelled in my nostrils and I did all I could to fight back a smirk. Boy did I love doing that to people 

And with that final thought I left the small chubby man frozen in fear and reaching fresh urine. Because right now, I have far bigger fish to fry.

****Saturday; 19:50. On an island deep within Ragnar k's avgrunn.

Getting to my destination was far too easy. No attack from sea monsters, no storms, no waves big enough to swallow ships, no water spouts the size of city blocks, nothing but smooth rowing  and that was making me nervous beyond reconditions. And me being nervous is never a good thing . NEVER.

It did not take long for me to land on the shores of a large mountainous island with mountains that rose far above the blood red mist that covered the Ragnar k's avgrunn. These gigantic mountains served as beacons to me, allowing me to guide myself to a specific beach on the far side of the island that was hopefully abandoned of the islands Inhabitants . If you could still call them that .

As my feet touched the black as coal sand shockwaves coursed through my body making the hairs on my body began to stand on end and the black scar upon my check burned intensely agitating me beyond recognition, as if the very thing had been reopen by the very monster that had created it . So many years ago  but that was not the point. My pain, it served as an early warning system to me when I dealt with things that where  unnatural  something evil 

But I did not need the scat to tell me there was something evil about this place.

Out of pure habit alone I scanned the surrounding area in search of anything that could harm me or jeopardies my mission. Even though I could tell that this entire island was out to kill me I still wanted to know whether or not there were any immediate threats in the area.

As I surveyed the area it became clear to me that I was the only being present in the general area. Once I was able to calm down I dropped my large duffel bag on the black sand. I unzipped the large bag and began to pull out some of my supplies, mainly the weapons, boy where I going to need thoseâ€¦|.

I pulled out each weapon out of the bag. Unlike most missions I had decided to pack light for this one in hope that would be able to sneak my way to my destination. Through many missions I have discovered that the best way to enforce stealth on someone is by restricting the amount of ways they can engage the enemy. For example a man with a switch knife is less likely to get involved with the enemy then a man with a mini-gun. So to hopefully lower my chances of ending up in what is professionally know as a 'Shitstorm' (Sigh, humansâ€¦| where did you go so wrong?). Of course this was only a theory and there were always the anomalies. These anomalies were often or not the full hearty, brave or stupid who quite often or not got killed but those that managed to surviveâ€¦| well most humans respect them as hero's. But did they deserve such as title?

Anyway, I should probably get back to what I was thinking about before I began to lecture you readers on my ideas of human nature. I pulled out each of my weapons mentally ticking them off in my head; _Longsword? Check. Small pack of tomahawks? Check. Two hunting knives? Check. A Remington Model 870 with an extra 84 12-Gauge? Check (Ok I am perfectly aware that a shotgun was not something that you bring to a stealth mission but I would need something to help defend myself if things went downhill.) Some rope plus grapple hook? Check. One pair of climbing claws? Check. A few ounces of c4? Check (Again just in case I get myself in a mess). Am I forgetting anything? Nothing seems to be missingâ€¦| Wait where's the detonator?_

I quickly did another search of my large bag for the small yet valuable device. I ripped through the large bag searching for the small device. _Bags? Noâ€¦| A few bottles of water? Noâ€¦| Medical suppliesâ€¦| wait a moment, why in the name of the blazing sun do I have medical supplies? _I took a moment to stare at what was a small white suitcase with a large red cross pasted on the side. Never in all my life have I needed to pack medical suppliesâ€¦| heck I didn't even know what any of this junk did! How was I supposed to use this? In fact how did this even get in here?

I took a few seconds to think back as to when this medic bag slipped in. it did not take long before a vision of a small boy handling my large bag came to my mind. I watched the vision of the small boy quickly unzipping my bag and placing what appears to be the ships first aid kit into my bag. I was stunned for a moment, how did that boy manage to do that? I was watching the bag at all times wasn't I? But now that I think about it the more important question was as to why? Why would the small boy do that? I certainly didn't know him and he defiantly didn't know who I am, so why? Why would he stick his neck out to help me?

_Humans.. just when I thought I had you all figured outâ€¦| _

As I tossed the medical supplies away (it made a nice satisfying whack as it collided with a bunch of nearby rocks) I suddenly spotted a small device at the bottom of the bag. A small black circular like device sat at the bottom of the bag. The detonator. Good it was still here.

I picked up the device, the black device looking far smaller than it actually was in my large hands appearing far more fragile and sensitive than it actually was, come to think of it, it might be that fragile and sensitive. Having way above normal strength can really mess with one's ability to comprehend the durability of an item.

"Now to put you somewhere where I can find you again!" I said quietly to myself as I scanned my bag for a good spot to put the small device. My eyes eventually fell upon a smaller zip lock bag on the side of the large bag. I knew for a fact that smaller pouch was practically empty except for one item; The Key. The item that my entire mission depended on, without it I would have come all this way for nothing. Well maybe not exactly nothing, but very, VERY close to it. Now you're probably wonder what exactly this key is, well to explain it now would be difficult; to explain how I got it would be even harder but let's just say I got it a long time ago and it was NO walk in the park.

Well there was a bit of walking in a park, but that's another story.

With the slightest bit of hesitation of slipped the small metal device into the same zip lock bag the Key resides in. It would be safe in there, hopefully.

I quickly packed up my scattered gear packing it up my bag, except of course the weapons which I equipped to my body. One of the perks I have found to having a large body was that it was very hard to run out of places to put weapons. I slung the shotgun over my left shoulder (Taking of my Trench coat in the process, Too difficult to work with and I didn't want it to get ruined so I rolled it up and placed it in my duffle bag) I then proceeded to Attach my Longsword (With a Scabbard) to the left side of my belt. Once the two largest weapons where out of the way I slowly began to attach the smaller weapons to my belt or placed the ones I did not need into the bag. Once that little task was complete I zipped up the large bag and slung it over my right shoulder holding the bag strap tightly to keep it from moving around so much.

With a slight sigh I took another look at my surroundings, the blank depressing area made my Black Scar burn like crazy. As the scar burned I realized something that was a game changer for this entire mission. My scar would be no help to me on this one, normally it warns me to incoming foes that where paternally far more deadly than others, which was really the only good thing that came out of the Horrible incident. But now with it on the fritz I had no way of telling when a substantial threat is approaching other than using my own senses. Something that I am pretty sure will be difficult enough with the heavy amount of interference there was around here.

But then again, when have my jobs ever been easy?

But still this was a whole new level of difficult. One that if I mess up well let's just say I'm not exactly in the mood to be torn to pieces by the occupants on this island.

And with that cheery note I began to make track into the dark dead forest.

**Sometime latter (I would give you an exact estimate if I could see the sky or owned a watch, but sadly I did not have access to neither) **

My entire body was on high alert as I made my way through the dark forest, that now that I think about it wasn't really a forest. A forest was a place of beauty where you could find all sorts of life flourishing and living together in harmony. A forest was a place of balance, a place of constant yet calming noise that just made you aware the place was full of life. Lush green vegetation that grew everywhere, giving the forest more colour and life with its multitudes of greens and browns (And don't even get me started on the flowers, and all those different colours). To sum things up in a sentence, rendering this entire paragraph somewhat pointless, is that a forest was a place of life and natural wonder that possess a sort of beauty to it that cannot be replicated.

This was no forest.

This place was a twisted shadow of one. The trees were tall and pale, there trunks twisted and turned in odd and horrid shapes. The branches rose into the air, absent of all form of vegetation. The leaves were long gone leaving the branches bare and well a little creepy, I think that's how someone would describe it yes, creepy. The branches seem to form clawed hands that reached for the sky blocking out all forms of light. What little light that could enter seemed to be organized pacifically to created tricks with the shadows, mainly in the form of screaming faces upon the trees. The ground, though nearly impossible to see looks to have been charred to mere ash, leaving a thick layer of what appears to be basalt. I could not see, hear, smell or even feel any sign of life which I did not find surprising in a place like this. The entire forest was beyond quiet; in fact it was fair to say to place was beyond eerie quiet. As I walked through the forest what felt like roots tried to wrap around my legs. As the roots tangled themselves up around my feet I could not help but feel them tugging at me, as if it was trying to pull me into the burnt ground and to make matters worse I think the ground was starting to absorb me. Not a very pleasant thought. But it's not the _worst _thing to go through my mind.

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Please just trust me on that one; I've already traumatized enough people by voicing some of my deeper thoughts

A sudden deep gasping sound cut through the night air like a hot knife through butter. I paused for a moment my senses on high alert as the gasping continued forming a slow painful sounding pattern almost like breathing. What struck me as odd is that I feel that I have heard a sound very similar to it before, somewhere in Scandinavia I believe. A Burial grounds retrieving an amulet of supposed power. But if I recall correctly the only thing there besides the Amulet, some old Viking gear and . Stercus.

I quickly scanned my surrounding area looking through the deep dark forest for the source of the sound, probably not my brightest idea I have ever had, but hey, I've had worse, like getting involved in this story.

The sound was easy enough to follow, which was unsettling. I don't like it when things are easy, for it often means I'm walking into some sort of trap. As I got closer and closer to the sound I spotted a small clearing in the tree lines and from the sounds of things that where the noise was originating. I stopped about a meter away from the edge of the forest clearing; from here I had a clear view of the sources_ of the noise without being spotted by _them._

There were two of them, one of them appeared to be male and the other what appeared to be a female. Both of them were clearly over 6 feet tall and both appeared to be slightly on the larger size, but most of it looked like it used to be muscle. They both were humanoid in appearance but I could tell for a fact that they were not human.

Why? You may ask. Well you see they were kind of falling apart. Literally, I could see their skin and muscles falling off their bodies.

The two beings looked like they use to be human, a very long time ago. Their flesh, what was left of it was as pale as snow (Almost ghost like) and covered in black ash deep dark cuts create a horrid and grotesque appearance. In most areas it looked as if the skin had been burned or forcefully ripped off revealing rotting muscle and cracked bones, and in some areas only the bone remained. Their clothes/armour where torn and ripped and in a condition that not even the most desperate of homeless people would not wish for. Their hair (well what was left of it) had lost most if not all of its colour, the hair was unwashed and horrid lookingâ€¦ kind of like mine. From what I could see their faces were frozen in a horrid scream with drool and foam leaking from their yellow sharpened, rotten teeth. The eyes, whatever colour they once were, had been replaced with piercing black eyes and blood red pupils. Moans and groans radiated from the two creatures, one of which carried a rusted bent sword and the other a large crude metal axe. There thought were a chaotic mess of Pain, Anger and hatred.

To the unknowing eye, or to someone who follows too much of the youth culture they would call these creatures before my eyes 'Zombies'â€¦ they would be wrong on two separate accounts (First of being 'Zombies' are not actually un-dead, or infected but mindless slaves created by witch doctors) the second being these were 'Dragurs'; something far, far worse than the swarming flesh hungry un-dead of today's culture.

Dragurs were the spirits of the dead that could not cross over to the afterlife or simply refused to do so, it's kind of hard to tell with them. They were souls trapped within their old body, cursed to be trapped within their rotting carcass. Most Dragurs would forget everything about their past life other than a few key thingsâ€¦ you know the usual things the undead seem to remember; Pain, anger, who had caused great pain upon them, how to kill, vengeance and of course the will to kill everything it sees (With the exception of its own kind) you know the usual things all undead seem to remember. But unlike most undead there was no way to kill a Dragur. Sure you could

maim it, stab it, rip it to pieces, shoot it, stab it heck not even burning them into a delicious crisp would keep those bastards down. No, they would just reform; there wounded body parts will stich itself back together mutating the Dragur in the process and a mutated Dragur is not something one would want to go head to head withâ€¦ trust me on that one. Magic could keep a Dragur down for some time and not cause it to mutate further, but I was fresh out of that. No the only way to down a Dragur was to fulfill some sort of dying wish or something along the lines of that.

So to sum it up they were undead monsters who were practically unkillable, possessed the ability to heal themselves whilst mutating into even more of a killing machine in the process that already possess all the killing ability of a Viking (Judging by what is left of the armor).

Right now I really had only two things going for me; 1) they haven't seen me yet. 2) They aren't necessarily all that brightâ€¦

CRACK.

Sighâ€¦ Should have seen that coming.

I managed to turn around just in time to see a large disgusting looking mass charging into me, the force of the blow was enough to knock me straight into the clearing were the two Dragurs stood waiting. This was a trap.

The mass that tackled me, another Male Dragur I have now realized, Jumped atop of me, looking just about ready to rip me to pieces. It swung its right arm down in an attempt to rip me to pieces with its claw like hands. I stopped the blow in mid swing using my own right hand to grab a hold of my enemies arm and keep it in place. The Dragur then tried the same attack with its left arm, only to receive the same results this time with my left hand. With both of its arms now restrained the Dragur let lose a loud animalistic growl, just before trying to rip my throat out with its teeth. Luckily the creature could not reach, but with every bite it took it leaned in closer and closer. It would not be long before those teeth would be taking a chunk of flesh out of my skin.

Yeah, like I'm going to let that happen.

With one swift movement I tucked my legs in so the soles of my hard leather boots were touching the Dragurs stomach. I then stretched my legs upwards preforming one large and powerful kick with both of my legs, whilst at the same time letting go of the Dragurs arms. The creature was flung high into the air, I did not take the time to observe the results of my attack for I was already on the move. Using my created momentum I flipped onto my feet. Just in time to see the two Dragurs charge at me there weapons ready to swing. I unsheathed my sword at the same time dodging a downward swing from the Axe wielding Dragur, the heavy weapons metal head getting trapped in the ground. The other Dragur, the female with the sword attempted a thrust but I parried the attack before performing a roundhouse kick straight to its chest, the force of the attack sent it flying a good few meters away from me. I then Span around my sword making contact with the side of the Male Dragurs stomach just as it managed to pull its axe out of the ground. My sword created a huge cut in the

monsters Stomach that stretched from its right waist to past its belly button. Upon the wounds opening Intestines began to fallout creating a large mess of tangled organs at its feet.

The Dragur let loss a horrid scream as it tried to remain balanced. I quickly pulled my sword back and ran the blade straight through the Dragur chest pushing the monster to the ground in the process. The blade dug deep into the ground as I continued to push down on it. As soon as the monster was completely pinned to the floor I let go of my sword handle leaving it there as the Dragur tried to get up. I know, I should not have probably leave my weapon there, but it was keeping one of them down and that was good enough for me.

I unslung my shotgun, firing one shot into the down Dragurs Head just to make sure. The creature head exploded into a mess of skull and brain chunks. I quickly made some distance between me and the Dragur when that thing gets back up its going to be pissed.

As soon as I put some distance between me and the still squirming Dragur I heard a roar coming from my left. I turned to see the female Dragur charging at me looking ready to gut me with its now snapped sword. I turned my shotgun towards it. I began to shoot at the Running Dragur mentally counting how many shots I had left.

After the final shot The female Dragur was nothing more but a bloody mess, alight that'll keep that one down for a while. But where is the last one?

Before I could even respond the Shotgun was knocked out of my arms, the force of the blow being enough to bend the weapons barrel into an unusable shape. Another heavy blow went straight to my chest, knocking me back a few feet. I staggered a bit before gaining my balance and turning my attention back to my attacker.

The Dragur that attacked me first was standing there, unarmed relaying on just its mutated limbs strength. So that's how his going to play it huh?

I let lose a sly smile as I cracked my Knuckles, I'm going to enjoy this.

We charged at each other, both of us were ready to rip the other one to pieces. Thanks to my speed and the Dragurs somewhat sluggish movement I was the first to attack. My fist went straight into the Dragurs face, a loud smacking sound echoed around the area as my fist made contact with its face, drowning out the sound of cracking bones and tearing skin. The Dragur staggered back a bit, but I did not give it time to recover. I delivered another powerful punch to the monsters chest. This time the beast was a little more prepared for my attack and did not stager as far, but I could hear several ribs crack. The Dragur gained its balance quickly and delivered an attack of its own, attempting to swipe me with its claw. I barely dodged the attack my clothes getting slightly ripped by the monsters claw like hands. The Dragur followed up with another attack with its other arm, the right one if I'm not mistaken. But instead of trying to dodge the attack I quickly grabbed a hold of its arm. The Dragur was surprised for a moment, and a moment was all I needed. With one harsh and quick pull I yanked The Dagurs right arm out of its socket. Even with my great strength it was no easy task, the Mutation being the main cause of the problem. Eventually the limb came lose and I tossed the large,

oversized limb far off into the distance.

The Dragur screamed but I soon shut it up with an onslaught of punches and kicks hitting it in different spots on its large body, each time an attack connected there was a sound like thunder burst out from the collision of my fist connecting with the Dragur, with each attack that connected properly the Dragur was forced backwards, towards a large sturdy looking tree. With each new punch I delivered a part of the Dragur fell off.

After several more punches the Dragur found itself pinned against the large tree missing its right arm, a horrible nearly unrecognizable face, a broken left arm and a beaten up chest. With nowhere else for the Dragur to go I moved in for the kill (Well as close as I could get with Dragurs). With one last powerful punch my fist went straight through the Dragur's chest, only stopping my attack when I heard the sound of my fist cracking wood. I pulled my fist out and then, using my other hand grabbed the knife from my belt and stabbed it straight through the Dragur's neck, pinning it to the tree. I took a step back to admire my work. The Dragur was trying to escape but because of its broken arm (and severed one) it could not reach for the dagger in its throat. My fist had destroyed basically everything that was still inside the Dragur creating a huge splatter of organ parts and juices along with a hole about the size of a basketball.

With the three enemies disposed of (for now at least) a realization quickly hit me; I had no proper weapons now, my main ones either destroyed or being used to keep these enemies down.

One knife, a pack of tomahawks and a few ounces of high explosives, was all I had to tackle an island full of Dragurs. Well, I have had to handle worse.

The sudden sound of thunder tore me away from my thoughts. (Or words, or writing; you know what? Forget it.). I looked up only to find that the sky has gotten far darker and what appeared to be purple lightning coming from the sky. What looked like sand began to fall from the sky, but unlike sand the substance was incredible hard and was falling from the sky at break neck speeds. Heck if I didn't know any better I could swear it looks like ash.

"Oh shit."

I need to get to shelter, fast.

I scanned the area searching for possible safety from the great amount of pain that was sure to follow. My eyes eventually fell upon one of the large mountains. Upon spotting the large landmark my mind began to race.

"I wonder."

It was a long shot and there was no guarantee I could make it in time, but if I did I would be able to have a guaranteed safe shelter and at the same time stock up on much needed weapons. And there was still the chance like these Dragurs, these Ghosts of the past, that another Ghost from the past... still remained.

Ah, I guess it's just time to roll the dice.

Sigh due to space limits; I will have to cut it there. Too bad toâ€¦ I was almost to the best part. Well guess you will never read about it.

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**Wait your still here? Oh right yeah theirs a second partâ€¦ so I guess maybe you will. **

**Until next time I guess. **

Sumnait, Sunday, Sumtat. (Live long, Live strong, Live life)

25. Buried secrets, Part 2

Well it's me again, good old Jemiskneirâ€¦ Relax everyone after this its back to your normal writerâ€¦ that is if I can remember where I put himâ€¦ somewhere in Siberia if I remember correctly or was it California?â€¦ oh well.

**Anyway a little news, This is the Official end ofâ€¦ Act 1â€¦ is that the right term? Anyway, what's going on that after this chapter 'Thor-Born' thought it would be a good idea, to take a sort of breakâ€¦ Manly due to the fact that after my little Adventure he doesn't know what to do and that he wishes to... refresh this story, breath new life into itâ€¦ **

**Sometime latter a mile up one of the large mountain. **

Mankind does not have a name for the type of storm that was hitting this island harshly, for Mankind had never seen anything like this before.

To the untrained eye, or a distant one, this storm may just appear to be some sort of sand storm. But for those who were brave enough or foolish enough to experience it would tell you there is a grave distance. Whilst a Sandstorm was just, well, sand. This was something entire different. The sand might mess up your longs and hurt your skin a bit but this substanceâ€¦ it will literally rip you apart, molecule by molecule.

No I am not bullshiting you, I can feel it happening to me right now.

This substance, it was like glass shards only far tougher. It flew through the wind at least at a hundred mph, tearing apart anything in

its path, especially flesh. And don't even think about breathing the stuff... it will destroy your lungs faster than smoking 100 Cigarettes a day and then the rest of your body even faster. The worse part of it all was what it would do to your skin after its been ripped off. Once the flesh is removed it creating a horrid burning/itching sensation that the more you scratch the worse the pain (And the sensation) gets, and the worse it gets the faster your flesh is ripped away. In other words you DON'T want to be caught in the middle of this type of storm, unless you want a very slow, VERY painful death.

But this storm, it was not one that would not occur naturally. No this storm was an example of nature itself being twisted to create something of nightmaresâ€¦ this entire place, RagnarÃ¶k's avgrunn. Was a result of something far beyond mortal power to create something horrible.

Its time like these I'm glad I have extremely tough skin and high pain tolerance; otherwise I would have been a walking skeleton 5 minutes into this storm.

I didn't encounter a single creature on my climb up the mountain, figures really; even Dragurs had enough sense to stay out of this sort of Storm. Sure does say waves about me don't it?

The Mountain was a hard enough climb without dealing with powerful winds and flesh tearing dust. In fact it would be the safe to say the only reason I managed to make the climb was because I'm me, anyone else would have been dead about half way through the climb... if they were lucky that is.

Don't get me wrong though, I didn't escape unscratched. My clothes, my skin, torn horribly by the strange substance. The full extent of damage to my body was unknown to me, but I did know that every second I spent out in this storm was just adding to the time I had to heal my wounds.

It took me awhile of searching a certain ridge, about halfway up the mountain but I eventually found what I was searching for. A large reinforced metal door in the side of the stone wall nearly concealed by the raging storm. If it wasn't for the fact I had my eyes glowing as bright as floodlights (Which was really beginning to strain me) I would have missed the door entirely. I approached the large metal door, the winds seem to pick up the closer I got to it but I stood strong. Once I was in reach o began to tap a large rock next to the door in a pattern similar to entering a password on a panel. Each time my finger came in contact with the rock a symbol, unlike anything buried in the history of man, formed on the rock, glowing a fiery red. Once six symbols burned furiously on the stones surface I heard the sound of the metal door opening with a loud, rusted creaky noise.

In all honesty, I wasn't surprised when the door only opened about halfway. It was after all very, very old door. This knowledge however did nothing in the way of stopping my frustration. I forced open and closed the giant metal door as I entered the secretâ€¦ bunker I suppose is the correct word in this setting. There was no form of light within the Bunker itself, I had to rely on my glowing (Now flashlights like) eyes as a way to see my surroundings.

The bunker itself was about the size of a very small apartment building, in a rectangular shape. There was a bed made of fur pushed up in the far left corner with a large chest placed at the end of it. A large wooden bookshelf (Full with a variety of jars, trinkets and contraptions) sat next to the bed. In the bottom left corner was a large pile of junk and containers, it would be safe to assume that those containers were once full of food, based on the smell. The right side of the room was covered in weapons, armours and trophies from a time long ago. Most of it had felt the wraith of time, but some of it still looked to be in good condition, usable condition. I'm not entirely sure how there was air coming in to the bunker, but I was not going to question it.

I sat down on the fur bed, removing my top and gear (Surprisingly my bag had contracted little damage, must be the material) I began to exam my upper body. I was, like I have always been, covered in scars, Old ones and new ones. But I was more interested in the newest injuries. The area in which my skin had made contact with the vicious storm had begun to look like melted plastic. I could still feel the pain of the storm ravaging my skin, even now, out of the storms reach. I touched a part of my arm that the storm had ravaged. Instantly pulling my finger away as soon as I felt a burning sensation on both areas of skin. I quickly examined my finger watching as the once clear area of skin began to melt and peel away. Interesting, painful, but interesting.

Sighâ€¦ it almost made me wish that I didn't throw away that medical supplies, it would have helped a lot for this next part. I'm just glad I had enough foresight to protect my face from the storms harshnessâ€¦ would be somewhat difficult to get past customs if I didn't.

It was about now my healing ability began to kick in. I watched as my skin began to heal the destroyed area of my body. The process of my healing reminded me of paper being burnt slowly in reverse. A very slow line of light began to advance over the skin, repairing the damaged skin as it went occasionally releasing small pieces of lights into the air. I groaned slightly, I hate healing wounds created through unnatural means, they would always take much longer than normal wounds, plus there was the fact that healing unnatural wounds always seem to cause me great pain and sluggishness.

I let lose a slight moan I really have stepped in it this time haven't I?

Sigh, I've been in worseâ€¦ the sad thing is I'm not even kidding here. Though things may appear bad, I've had been tossed into worse situationsâ€¦ I have the scars to prove it too.

I took a moment to look over the large pile of weapons and armour parts for a moment. Those Dragurs, the ones I had fought in the forest clearing had probably freed themselves by now. There was no doubt about it that after this storm hits stealth would be no longer an option, Dragurs hundreds of them would be swarming the island, all of them out for my blood. If I went out there like this, nearly unarmed and unprotected, I would certainly be ripped to pieces.

But from the look of things, being unarmed and unprotected will be the last thing I will be.

I got up from my seat on the fur bed, my body complaining slightly but I easily ignored it. I approached the pile of weapons and armour. Examining some of the better conditioned gear, in the messy piles of metal, leathers and furs.

There were plenty of weapons that were in suitable condition, but all of them were Dark Ages level tech. Axes, swords, hammers, knives, Morning-stars, bows made of crude iron, brittle bronze and flawed steel. There was one or two Ulfberht in well condition which made me extremely pleased. Something about the before its time sword always seem to bring me joy whenever I looked upon one, especially when they were in this good of condition. Two small collapsible Crossbows were about the most advanced thing in the room. I took a moment to examine the devices. They were light, easy to reload (Didn't even need two hands to reload (But then again I was very strong)) Not as powerful as the larger brother, but that was understandable for a weapon small enough to be held in one hand.

The armour on the other hand was an entirely different story. Most of it was a wreck parts of armour sets were missing or beyond repair and there was not a complete set of armour in the entire mess. Or was there?

I began to rip armour parts out of the pile mentally checking of certain requirements in my head. I smiled to myself upon finding a small tool set with from the look of things was hardly used before and contained all the things I need, Lucky me! I didn't really care if I had two of the mismatched boots or something as stupid as that. This armour wasn't meant to be stylish, it was meant to get the job done.

I looked at my pile of unorganized armour pieces for a moment having a sort of mental debate on the logic behind this. The idea was stupid not crazy and knowing me, well! let's say stupid plans can go either way.

I quickly slipped on a heavy leather top. The top was exactly my size, maybe a slightly bit bigger, but none the less it was a good fit. Hopefully the leather shirt would reduce any chafing the armour was sure to cause and keep my wounded healing skin protected from the roughness that was sure to follow.

After I was sure the leather protection was secure I began to get to work. I began to attach the armour together where I could attach parts of the armour to my body when I felt the time was right. Creating armour out of scrap armour was a slow going; attaching mismatching armour parts together was not an easy process. Sometimes there were parts that would require brute force to attach together whilst with others it required a steady patience hands. It was difficult trying to find the right mix of brute force and skill to make this armour.

At the moment in time I was trying to attach a large plate shoulder plate to a part of leather armour for my arm I found myself beyond frustrated. I tossed the two parts of the armour across the room releasing a large roar as I did so. What was the point of all this? Making armour out of scraps? To try and keep up the masquerade that I was human? It's not like anyone would really care, The Dragurs, if they had any memory of their past would have an idea on my dark secret. And you lot, the readers, it's not like you really have much

say in the matter, Heck 'Thor-Born' hardly has any control over this sad excuse for a story let alone me, his flimsy, pathetic 'barriers' that reduced me to.. This, were laughable at best. Heck even in this universe I still possessed enough power to literally rip the Dragurs to pieces with my bare hands if I so wished.

I sighed heavily, no. that would not be fair on anyone. The Dragurs, The readers and 'Thor-Born' anyone. No one likes it when a character feels to strong, to unbeatable they like them to feel weakness, a sense of mortality, a concept I barely manage to grasp something that is a very easy thing to cross Sigh, for now I will remain as I am in this version of reality Jemiskneir, The wander with a dark long past

I quickly picked up the two pieces of armour and began to work on them again.

Once the armour was done I took a moment to look it over. In all honesty, it was the Frankenstein monster of armour. The armour was made up of the following; plate armour (broken upper half Chest, Left shoulder, right upper leg and right hand) Chainmail (most of my gut, upper right arm and neck) Leather (A broken part that covered part of my chest, upper left arm, lower right arm, left upper leg and lower left leg) A roman tunic painted black, leather lamellar armour (Right shoulder, Lower right leg), a pair of fur boots, a large fury glove and fur to clog up any gaps. It was in no way pretty and kind of unbalance but it would do.

The armour was also covered in tones of leather straps for yes you guessed it weapons. I grabbed a small stockpile of weapons I had put aside before creating the armour attaching them one by one. To large one sided waraxes were attached to my back, crisscrossing somewhat across my spine. Four sword holster were attached to my belt each one holding one sword two of them being Ulfberht's. Some large knives were attached all over my body (Thigh, leg, should etc.) all of them were reachable and easily accessible. The two collapsible crossbows were attached to my chest with a small supply of animation strapped on my rear along with a small pile of black powder bombs.

In other words I was armed to the teeth.

From the sounds of things outside the storm had stopped, or at least subsided into something far more suitable for travel. I quickly turned my attention to my bag grabbing them and slugging them over my shoulder. I was about to leave when I became aware of a faint glowing.

I turned my attention towards the light source, noticing that it was coming from the chest at the end of the bed the top of it had been moved ever so slightly, perhaps from me throwing the armour... I approached the chest. It had been beautiful in its time but so many years of being in the dark had taken its toll on it. I opened the chest my eye glowing with joy upon seeing the three items inside.

The first was a scroll, undamaged by aging. It was still bond by a seal; one that I would dare not open for it was not for my eyes to see. The next item was a beautiful custom Viking helmet that completely covered the wearers' head only revealing they eyes. The top part of the helmet was pretty normal, metal, large intimidating

horns. The bottom half however was devised of leather and held together by metal. The back part, that would reach down to the wearers neck was made of leather folds. Whilst the front was a hard leather shell that covered the face. Extremely Intimidating if worn properly.

The final item nearly made me jump with joy. It was red glowing sword. The sword itself was beautiful, far more stunning then anything a modern master weapons smith could make. The blade itself seemed to be made of some sort of red crystal that appeared to be slightly see through and glowed a bright red. The blade was longer then a short sword, but was clearly meant to be held in only one hand. The blade was covered in golden symbols much like the ones that were on the rock outside the bunker, other symbols; forgotten languages from around the world were also present upon the blade glowing surface. The hilt of the blade appeared to have been made of bones and horns of creature long since gone. Prehistoric dragons, from the time of the giants. There bones and horns carved in a way that could only be described as perfect, forming a star like hilt with a long handle, which was covered in black scale-like leather. I grabbed the handle of the sword the first thing I noticed was how light the sword was, it was almost like I was holding nothing. But even with its light nature I could tell it was strong enough to cut clear through a solid steel I-beam like a hot knife through butter. And the power, even after all these years locked in the darkness the blade still radiated energy. I took a moment to examine the symbols, specifically the large forgotten symbols that covered the blades centre near the hilt. A language I was very familiar with. A word caught my attention out of the whole blade itself, the lettering the ancient language was far larger and better done then the others.

"Makaish, Blazing spirit." I said the sword getting a little warmer in my hand.

I quickly grabbed the sword sheathe and slipped the weapon inside strapping it to my back. Though the blade was the most powerful weapon I had had in my possession, it would need time to regain its strength. Though this blade was powerful, I knew that the only way to regain its true, true strength was to find the other one—its twin in creation... and not even the sun would know where that one could be— I do however have a few ideas—

I then proceeded to put on the helmet the new addition to my armour seemed to be welcomed by the rest of it easily slipping on and strapping in to the rest of it. I knew with my glowing eyes the helmet would appear far more intimidating but to add that little bit of effect I added a slight darker afterglow to them, creating an almost powerful feel behind them— to bad there was no mirrors—.

I made my way over to the giant metal door, kicking it straight of its support. The large door slamming down on the floor with an echoing thud.

What? It's not like it needs to be there anymore— besides I had a much better use for it.

Upon exiting the bunker I took a moment to look down the extremely steep hill at the barren landscape. The island was deprived of all

life, itself a barren wasteland of dead trees and black ash like dirt. The earth was torn to pieces, as if several dozen earthquakes had struck the island tearing it to pieces. Black obsidian spikes stuck out of the earth there twisted form dotting the land scape. The sky was a stormy mess, the clouds just as black and twisted as the land scape but possessed a red, evil glow to it. At the base of the mountain stood the tattered horrid remains of a settlement that had long ago fallen into disrepair. The old settlement looked to be heavily hit by the Obsidian like towers that dotted the landscape. The giant spikes seem to rip through the village. From my guess they were the main reason the village was in that condition, the others being time and the storms. Even from all the way from the top of the mountain I could make out the movement of hundreds of beings within the village moving, I could feel their collective anger, their hateâ€¦ Dragursâ€¦ hundreds if not thousands of themâ€¦ and not just humans ones toâ€¦ larger masses far too big to be Simply mutated Dragurs moved amongst the crowd.. Dragons, that had felt a similar fate as the humansâ€¦

This was where I needed to goâ€¦

And how I was going to get there wellâ€¦ if you haven't figured it out yet you're about to seeâ€¦

****A tiny bit latter. ****

Have you ever done something you immediately regret afterwards? Like almost instantly? But it was far too late to back out or stop? Well I was having one of those moments right now. Now it wasn't exactly rare I found myself in this sort of situation, and more often or not they would end with me in unimaginable amounts of pain or perhaps even worse. In this situation I think the latter might be the case.

Oks so let's set a picture here so you guys can understand. Right now I'm heading down the mountain side towards the destroyed settlement -well it was more of a cliff then a mountain side, it was horrifyingly steep- On an old busted up metal door that was on the verge of falling apart at any moment, holding on for dear life to rusted chains that were attached to the door with equally rusted giant nails. Said chains were also my only form of steering thisâ€¦ door, and wellâ€¦ it was like trying to control a hormonal bull Hornapede, practically impossible.

The horrid sound of metal scraping against stone was tearing away at my ear drums ripping them apart like the metal door was tearing apart the earth. And if that wasn't enough I could hear the sounds of hundreds if not thousands of Dragurs roaring and screaming from the bottom of the hill, my destination. Well at least the general area, to actually get to where I need to get to I will have to fight my way through the army of undead Vikings, Dragons and verities of other horrid creatures.

Hmm, shouldn't be much different from New Year eve Christmas shopping on Berk.

Anyway back to the plotâ€¦

Me and the door speed down the mountain, said door creating a shower of sparks that in the darken surroundings would be visible for miles around. There was no doubt that the Dragurs would miss me, even if

they were missing eyes at the time.

Suddenly and nearly unexpectedly (A few seconds before the door was launched I noticed A large wedge-like rock in my path) my door and I were launched into the air and straight into the only giant statue that seem to remain standing (looked kind of like a big meat head I know actually) And well let's just say this island doesn't have any giant stone statues left. The Dragurs were less than pleased about that.

One of the Dragon Dragurs; A Hideous Zippleback (Its two heads still clear even with its horrid mutilated and mutated body) still capable of flight charge me. Wasn't much to say about the dragon, its wings were slightly torn even for something that has been undead for nearly 1000 years. All colour in the dragons scales had been worn away and had been replaced with a greyish white colour. Its body was ridden with ripped patches of scales revealing bone and muscle. Parts of its body had begun to swell up with muscle and bone (Especially along its back and left neck) creating horrid mountains that ran along its back, greatly increasing its size. Its left neck was leaking gas and the right jaw was hanging loose creating chaotic showers of sparks. The Zippleback roared at me as it charged through the air like a, well, speeding Dragon.

As the dragon rapidly approached I pulled with all my might on the Chains holding the door, causing said door to flip so the beaten bottom end of my makeshift sled was facing towards the charging beast. The Metal door (Or should I say sled?) crashed into the giant beast, the sound of breaking bones and tearing flesh echoed through the skies as we clashed. The force of the collision was enough to cause me to lose my grip upon the metal chains that held me in place. Losing my only way to hold on to my sled I was tossed away from the crash falling almost helplessly towards the earth. As I felt the sound and force from an explosion shock the sky behind me, my best guess as to what it was, was The Zippleback Dragur exploding, something that could actually happen to normal Zipplebacks on rare occasions. But can't think of that now, need to focus on the fall.

I was about 30 to 40 feet high in the sky now right over what looks like used to be a rather large house, possibly a Chief's home (the front part of it having collapsed under unknown circumstances), An army of Dragurs surrounding the damaged building. The fall didn't bug me, no I have walked away from worse than this, nor did landing in the house. No it was the army of Dragurs that was really putting me off. Sure I have had my fair share of fights with Dragurs, but never with this many. Dragurs were not normally Pack creatures, they preferred solitary and it wasn't often you would find this many Dragurs in one place in this time and age without them ripping each other to pieces. The Multiple levels of mutations also worried me, the settlement was crawling with Dragurs from the hulking monstrous sizes to normal (Well normal for Vikings, very large for today's modern world) size Dragurs.

Can't focus on that now, going to crash in a second got to focus on that.

My body crashed through the building, the wood snapping and cracking as easily as Styrofoam under my weight. I fell through two floors of wood until finally I hit the ground floor creating a large crater of

broken wood and stone in the middle of the damaged building burying myself under a small pile of debris. Instead of digging my way out I simply waited in my pile of rubble for well, you will see.

I could feel the presence of at least half a dozen Dragurs surrounding my little pile, I couldn't see them directly but I could tell they were thereâ€¦ searching for life that they could endâ€¦ in the same way that their lives were takenâ€¦ Too bad they won't be getting that sort of satisfaction any time soon, I honestly quite like not being an undead killing machine, I prefer to be a living one in all honesty.

With all my strength I broke out of the pile of broken wood sending debris flying everywhere knocking over Dragurs and causing confusion and chaos. In the mist of this chaos I quickly grabbed the two axes from my back and began to hack away at any of the Dragurs still standing around me (Which was about 3), I kept swinging the two smaller axes until the three separate monster laid on the floor in a messy pile of body parts and guts, my weapons were slightlyâ€¦ dissolved from the Dragurs blood â€œ if you can call it that- A matter that could soon become a problemâ€¦

I turned my attention toward the collapsed frontal area of the building where a group between the size of a large mob and a small army of Dragurs staring at me, snarling and roaring. I stared down the monsters there horrid hateful eyes locked with my furious flaming eyes. I quickly twirled my right axe as I faced down my opponents, messing around with my weapons had become a habit I have developed over the years during fightsâ€¦ not really sure when it started but I do know I have gotten very good at doing it.

As I stared down the small army of Dragurs a single thought began to seep into my mind; What did the kids say these days when they were going to take a big risk? Some sort of Acronym I thinkâ€¦ Yolo? That sounds rightâ€¦. I thinkâ€¦ Sigh, screw this modern junk, in my opinion the old ways are the best ways.

"**ELDR OK MÃ•TTR!" **I roared as I leapt into the air and into the mist of the Dragur army ready to cause absolute carnage.

To best describe the way I fight is to compare it to a furious hurricane. Strong, powerful, fast, swift and destroys anything in its path, also like a Hurricane I have a habit of spinning around whilst I fight, kind of my signature thing reallyâ€¦. To most people my fighting style would appear chaotic, crazed or perhaps even unprofessional I would tell you that is not the case. Whatever move I made, every attack I performed was thought of beforehand my style of attack changing, altering my fighting style to adapt to my opponents strengths, defences, weakness and their own movements. In more simple turns during the chaos of my attack I would work out the opponents strength and weakness and begin to cut my way through both of them at once switching weapons around if I had to, which was often.

It was a complex and difficult way to fight, one that was nearly impossible to master In fact I did not know a single person other than myself who is even able of performing this sort of style of fighting, after all No one has theâ€¦. Time and circumstance I have had to perfect it.

As I spun around switching from Axes, to swords, to knives, to

Crossbow (Did that one rarely because I had to reload with each attack) I made sure of three things; one; that every attack did something that was not considered wasteful, two; that I was keeping aware of my surroundings, and three; I was NOT using Makaïsk no matter how tempting it was to pull out the powerful blade. And oh was it tempting!

With each attack I made I would cripple, decapitate or stun 3 or 4 Dragurs with each attack. With no way to permanently kill a Dragur I had to settle for the next best thing; simply getting them off my case. But with each Dragur I managed to take down, a new stronger one would take its place and like the previous one will try to rip me to pieces be it by weapon, its bare hand or its teeth thesesâ€| things, they weren't just out for my blood, oh no they were out for everything else as well. Fighting them off wasn't exactly something I could keep up either, not because I was getting tiredâ€| well partly (The armour misbalanced and weight was straining) most of the problem behind my struggle to keep up the fight was the fact that the Dragurs weapons and blood were slowly melting away my weapons and armour, the attacks I could block but the blood.. that's a different problemâ€| It didn't help that there numbers were growing as well; at this rate I would be swarmed and overwhelmed in a matter of minutes.

All the time in the world.

You see I had been cutting a path slowly towards a large damaged tower-like building (that looked a lot like giant stables stacked upon stables) a building that somehow in its poor condition still managed to stay standing in its brittle state (Which I had no idea as to how it was possible)â€| but I did know that it won't be standing for much longer .

As soon as I had an opening I tossed the axe in my right hand (It was more damaged then the other) straight and one of the supporting beams of the larger building. The sudden loss of one of its only functioning supports was too much for the shaky building to handle. The Building began to rapidly collapse, failing directly towards me and the large group of Dragurs, parts of it splintering and shattering as it fell splitting of either crushing or badly damaging Dragurs as it did so. I rolled out of the way barely avoiding the collapsing building, one of pieces of wood smacking me in the back of the helmet as I rolled away. The blow wasn't enough to be fatal nor did it stun me but the blow but the attack was enough to cause my vision to become shaky.

"Ok, so maybe I should have thought that out a little more than I didâ€|" I mutter to myself as I stood up nearly falling back over as I did.

It took a few seconds but my vision returned to normal I found myself facing a small army of Dragurs Approaching towards me slowly. Taking a small chance to take a glimpse behind me I was glad to find that the 'street' behind me has been blocked preventing Dragurs from swarming me from all sides which meant in theory all I would need to do is focus on those Dragurs in front of meâ€| and it also gave me zero escape routes.

"Well Jemiskneir, look on the bright side, it can only get worse from here on out." I mutter to myself as I stare down the Dragur army pulling out one of my swords to replace my now missing most likely

destroyed axe.

A sudden horrific roar, like a broken jackhammer was attacking a sick lion. The type of the sound that makes you want to rip out your own ears. I tried to find the source of the sound; in all honesty it wasn't hard to miss. A humongous mass of scales and muscle running through the crowd tossing aside anything in its path, derby, buildings, Dragursâ€¦ a chill ran down my spine when the monstrous mass tossed aside a rather large looking Dragur Monstrous nightmare like it was a tiny ragdoll. as the horrific beast grew closer and closer the more my idea on what the creatures was became apparent to me. The thing wasâ€¦ or use to be Rumblehorn, a large oneâ€¦ even before its fate. The front half of the beast was at least twice the size of a normal RumbleHorn thanks to the Dragur caused mutations. Its front part was covered in misplaced plates like that of a beetle but had been moved around to try and protect the new pile of mass atop the dragon with several crude looking ones seem to have formed as well. Its head was grotesque and horrible disfigured, its left eye was forced shut by a humongous growth atop it a horrid mess of rotten flesh and what looked like giant zitsâ€¦ The right side of its jaw was ripped of revealing part of its jaw; bits of flesh still attached to each side of the top and bottom half of the jaw. The two horns on its head had grown to a size that matched its previous head size, parts of it covered in rotten flesh. Its front legs were nearly twice as big as its hind legs which appeared to be quite normal other than the ripped fleshâ€¦ the tail seem to suffer some mutation two but it wasn't as bad as the frontal area.

The monstrous beast paused for a moment a single blood red slit stared me down; I could feel its rage and anger far surpassing all the other Dragurs around me. I watched as the Rumblehorn quickly snapped up a Dragur next to it with its humongous mouth, snapping the Dragur in half, blood a drool splattering everywhere. The Rumblehorn Quickly dragged its frontal claws in the ground letting lose a horrid below as it did so before charging straight at me Sketching and roaring as it ran, its horns ready to go straight through me.

For a moment I considered simply rolling out of the way, you know like a normal person but a sudden more interesting idea came to mind. I quickly grabbed about 5 small balls from a small leather bag on my belt. The balls were remarkably similar to the smoke bombs ninjas use, but this one had a nasty twist to it. Instead of making smoke they would make a small explosion once hitting something with enough force that would make a small explosion whilst sending small sharp pieces of shrapnel flying. One of these Black powder explosives were affective enough to stun a human perhaps even injury badly but it would take at least 3 to kill most humans (Perhaps someone like Stoick could surviveâ€¦). I tossed the 5 BPE straight into the Rumblehorns face causing the massive beast to become temporarily stunned, halting in its horrid charge to try and regain its senses. I ran towards the Rumblehorn a sword in my right hand and the now detached bag of BPE's in the other. Once I was close enough I broke off into a slide my armour creating a huge trail of sparks as I moved forwards, sliding under the beast giant body. Once I was under the best belly I ran my sword straight through the dragons gut, right below the rib cage, where it armour was weakest.

My sword created a large hole within the Rumblehorns lower half. Just as quickly as I created the hole in the beast I placed the bag of BPE's inside the beast body just as the might monstrosity began to

regain its senses. Running out of time I quickly reached inside the bag (Which was now settled inside the beast body) Grabbing ahold of about four or five BPE with my hand.

If I mess this upâ€¦ well at least I will take a few of these shits down in the progress.

I squeezed the BPE's as tightly as I could, feeling the small black balls shattering under my strength. In under a second I pulled my arm out of dragon's body, somewhat fateful there was a slight delay before the explosion went off. I began to roll out to the side of the beast only to be forced out of the way by a powerful shockwave. My body was flung across the street my amour scraping across the ground. Eventually my body came to a halt aboutâ€¦ a meter two or three meters away from the Where I had started from.

My vision had become blurred and ringing dominating all other sounds. Even though my body felt numb I could tell that the worse my body received were a few new cuts and bruises that would only take a few moments to heal.

I stood up slowly, shaking slightly as I did so. For a moment I sat in a knelling position a hand to my head to try and regain my weaken senses. I shook my head somewhat violently as I tried to clear my vision and head. When my vision cleared I took a few seconds to scan my surroundings. The entire area was covered in Rumblehorn along with any Dragur that was unlucky enough to be too close to said dragon. I could help but note that if my body had rolled another few centimeters I would have been impaled by the humongous horn of the Rumblehorn.

But right now my attention was focused on something else. A path, carved by the Rumblehorn, And from the look of things it led straight where I needed to go.

Sigh, what a fucken coincidence!

I got up, my legs slightly shaky to begin with but they soon stabilized, and in a mere moment I was sprinting down the path knocking over any Dragur that tried to get in my way. My legs moved with the speed of the wind as I ran through the human Settlement, avoiding obstacles and Dragurs as I ran. Occasionally losing weapons as I took down a Dragur or two (I lost my other axe pulling of another collapsing tower, this time it was more of a watch tower then a building) but I spent most of my run trying to avoid the Dragurs (I even spent some time doing someâ€¦ ahh what do the kids call it.. Pakeoring? (Whatever it is just correct me in a review or something however this works) across the broken buildings to escape a large group of Dragurs who tore apart the buildings as they tried to get me). As I ran my vision fell upon what appeared to be a building built atop of a small platform high-up upon a small mountain on the out skirts of town. For a moment I thought I could make out the faint silhouette of an elderly person with a long stick. I stared at the figure for a moment a hundred thoughts burning through my head like wild fire.

The most dominating one being: Who in blazes is that?

But before I could get a better view of the figure it simply disappeared from my vision. I paused for a moment trying to figure

out how that had occurred, Teleportation? Invisibility? An illusion? Perhaps a mix of all of the above? Why was I even focusing on this in the first place?

I decided the best course of action was to simply ignore it. After all it's not like that's going to be somewhat important later on down the line.

It took a few minutes of fighting and running but eventually my final location was in sight with only a long badly damaged bridge between me and it. For its time this bridge would have been a feat of engineering nearly unseen in the corner of the world, and would have been quite an impressive feat of construction that many historians would be curious about how such a primitive group of people were able to create such a large and long bridge up this high and under these conditions, let alone the fact that it has managed to stand this long.

No time to think about that now got an army of Dragurs chasing me down wanting to rip me to pieces to worry about.

I ran down the bridge, my heavy foot steps cracking and splintering the wood as I ran. Perhaps if the bridge was still in good condition my footsteps alone would not be tearing apart the bridge as I ran— huh, idea.

I came to a halt on the other side of the bridge peering back at the huge horde of Dragurs racing towards me; their numbers seem to have doubled since I had last checked. For once I was actually pleased the number of Dragurs present, in this case it was more the merrier and hopefully the messier.

As the Dragurs ran towards me Howling and screeching I did a few calculations in my head — ahh what's the point? Maths and me just don't mix— kinda like writing and me.

I closed my eyes blocking out the vision of the Dragurs preparing to run me down. Sound suddenly became faint, as if it was miles away. My breathing became slow and steady and seem to become the dominating sound I could hear. Within this state of mind I saw the world in a different light. I saw it in its most purest state; power. I could see the energy of nature, of the world, flow around me like water, surging and swelling. The world around me was shrouded in a pale storm of energy that consumed everything around me, it dominated the sky, the ground, the buildings even the Dragurs themselves. A web of Blackish purple streaked through the sky surging in a way that reminded me way too much of veins pumping blood. A black haze surrounded the swarm of Dragurs, but from the look of things it did not touch them— only hovered— around them— interesting— My body glowed with a powerful and warming Golden Aura that not only coursed through me, but the air that surrounded me. I took a moment to stare at my left fist. Streams of red energy seem to flow around my fist, moving like dozens of slithering snakes. Suddenly, the red flowing snakes struck into my hand, becoming absorbed by the brilliant glowing light. Pain shot up my entire left arm setting the limb ablaze with pain. I let loose a muffled hiss of pain as my arm muscles began to alter, began to amplify in both power and strength, but as the limb grew stronger, so did the pain. I needed to release the energy my arm was building up, and quickly.

I opened my eyes allowing myself to return to the normal world; well as normal as Ragnarok's avgrunn can get. The Dragurs have managed to gain far more ground then I had thought they would. My left arm didn't look any different but I could certainly feel the limb becoming stronger with every passing moment and the pain increasing to match the strength.

I stared down the Dragurs as they made their mad rush towards me. I had to time this perfectly otherwise! Oh shit you got to be kidding me!

At the back of the group I saw several Dragurs being launched off the bridge by a huge charging mass, a very familiar giant mass.

The Rumblehorn, its skin ripped and chunks of it was missing but it was the same damn monster I blew up a few minutes ago.

Ok, now would probably be the best time to act before that thing rips me to shreds.

I clenched my left fist tightly as I rose it up in the air. With one final glances at my ever advancing foes I brought down my fist upon the broken bridge. For a second everything went silent, other than the thunderous clap of my fist hitting the wood. And the world seem to slow down. Suddenly A wave of red Energy surged out of my fist creating a powerful circle of Energy that expanded outwards forming a shockwave of power. The shockwave sent a jolt throughout my body, knocking away and losing pieces of my armor. The Shockwave surged outwards at tremendous speed hitting the Dragurs and everything else head on. The force was enough to send most of the smaller Dragur flying, whilst causing some of the larger ones to stagger backwards. The shockwave however soon evaporated into the air once it got a certain distance away from me.

If that was all that was going to happen I would have been a goner, luckily it wasn't.

The entire bridge shook under the force of my punch. The already weakened bridge supports crumbling under the tremendous force, and the whole thing! well a bridge without its supports is about as useful as Fish that can't swim. The entire bridge began to collapse, parts of it shattering as it collided with other broken parts. Those few Dragurs that had managed to remain on the Bridge fell with the collapsing structure.

I stood there watching, Emotionless in my intense stare at the carnage happening before me. The Dragurs screeched and roared as they fell into the Canyon that the Bridge once covered, amongst them the RumbleHorn, a foe that had nearly gored me twice! something very few creatures have ever managed to do!.

!And like all those before it, will not get a third chance!

I walked away, the rocks I once stood on crumbling away into the canyon as I left. I had a mission to deal with, and nothing was going to stop me now.

I approached my destination with calm slow steps, With the Bridge down I felt that I had bought enough time for some leisure, not much, but hopefully some.

The area I was in now resembled that to a gladiator pit mixed with a prison. It was a large circle that was dug into the giant stone pillar it sat upon. A web of rusted and broken metal chainsâ€¦ well what was left of itâ€¦ was suspended over the broken pit. Several large metal doors, held down by wood bars, covered the stone walls of the pit. Most of them were in disrepair or brokenâ€¦ all of them, but one. Out of all the doors present this one was by far the mostâ€¦ sturdiest. The metal was not made out of your average iron or steel, but of a metal I have not seen before. Instead of wooden logs there were several huge metal bars blocking the door, and there were far more of them than on any of the other doors. One thing was for sure there was defiantly something behind those doors that someone didn't want getting outâ€¦

â€¦Or getting inâ€¦

I walked towards the entrance of the hole in the ground that was used for blood sport. The pulley system that would have once been state of the art in its time had become broken and decayed, sealing the two iron bar doors at the front of the pit shut. The first metal door was rusted and bent in an awkward way, like something had ran into it with full force, why anyone would want to go into this blood pit is beyond me. With little effort I ripped the giant iron bar door of its Hinge's (I can't really think of any other way to describe them) And tossed it over my head into the open ocean behind me, the metal door practically collapsing in my hands as I did so. Once the door was out of my way I moved on to the next one which was in a better shape than its predecessor, but in the end it fell just as easily as the first.

I walked across the pit floor directly towards the only standing door. With each step I felt my feet getting heavier and heavier, I don't like being in theseâ€¦ placesâ€¦ I have had my fair share of bad memories in battle pitsâ€¦ memories that are burned deep into my mindâ€¦

Upon reaching the large secure door I quickly scanned the giant metal door. _No leaverâ€¦ even if there was the pulley system would have been broken years agoâ€¦ nowhere to insert the keyâ€¦ screw this, I'm losing writing spaceâ€¦ hard/fun way it is. _

Using my strength and might I began to rip the metal door apart, ripping of the supports and throwing the giant metal bars away (They were pretty heavy mind you). Once all the metal bars were gone I force open the giant metal doors, whatever the metal was it was stronger than iron, but was lighter then steelâ€¦ strangeâ€¦

It took some time but eventually the door was nothing but scrap metal littering the floor of the death pit. I walked inside the place to find only a large plain stone walled roomâ€¦.

WAIT-WHAT!?

I opened and closed my eyes; rubbing them slightlyâ€¦ no this isn't rightâ€¦ Where is it? It's meant to be hereâ€¦ Butâ€¦ wait a secondâ€¦ my eyes sudden fell on a small grove on the back wall.

I approached the small grove in hopes to get a better look at the strange anomaly. These Walls were made of Solid rock, far too tough

for.. The prisonersâ€¦. to damage let alone escape. Upon inspecting the hole I noticed strange markings on the inside of it, very familiar markingsâ€¦ dangerously familiar markings. Without even thinking twice I pulled out the key: a small Cylinder about the size of a beer can but nearly twice as long, the Key was covered in similar markings as the one inside. With slight hesitation I slid the circular device into the slot.

For a moment nothing happened, until suddenly the whole thing began to glow a bright green (With the slightest tint of blue) Several unseen markings(The same ones seen on the key and the hole) began to cover the room in a spectacular light showâ€¦ to bad something so pretty held such a dark secretâ€¦

As the lights died down I suddenly became aware of a strange soundâ€¦ the sound of rocks scraping against rock. I turned my attention to the source of the sound, where the keyhole once was there was several stone blocks folding away from each other slowly revealing a staircase leading downwards, a faint glow at the bottom of them.

I couldn't help but grin slightly upon seeing this. It's about time things finally go my way.

Suddenly my scar, the one on my check, began to burn intensely so much so that I flinched horrible holding the scar and screaming in pain. Such a powerful surge of dark energyâ€¦ even for this placeâ€¦

My body felt as if it was on fire, as the pain coursed through me like a flooding river. Though the pain did not stop I managed toâ€¦ resist the pain and turn around, I could make out something standing at the entrance of the cell, but before I could make it out a horrid bent, busted, and flesh covered two sided battle axe flew straight into my right shoulder, the Axe cutting clean through the already broken armor and lodging itself into my skin. My body screamed in pain as black steam seemed to radiate from my wound. I could feel the skin around the wound begin to slowly die from the slow but steady moving corruption. I ripped the axe out of my wound taking a moment to inspect the weapon. The whole thing ranked of dark energy, the putrid smell of the dark substance made me want to vomit.

I tossed the weapon awayâ€¦ only to watch it spin of course from where I had tossed it and fly like a boomerang straight into the waiting hand ofâ€¦

A Dragurâ€¦ a female one, atop of a humongous mutated Nadder. At the female Dragurs side were 3 other dragons (Nightmare, Zipplebakc and gronkle) each with a rider on them (Except the zippleback who had two identical looking Dragurs on its heads) the dragons been as equally mutated as the Nadder. But it was not the Dragons I was worried about, it was there riders. All of them, they radiated Dark energy, dark magicâ€¦ Their eyes glowed a far brighter color than any other Dragur, their collective stare so intense it burned into my very soulâ€¦ or whatever it was I hadâ€¦ huh, I almost know how it feels when I stare at people now.. Almost.

And behind them, thousands of Dragurs both human and dragon alike surrounding the entire arena all of them waiting patiently for somethingâ€¦

"Huh, that's a lot of them, what you do? Empty the entire island of monsters just for me? I'm touched really." I said sarcastically as I stared at the entire army of monsters.

"The only monster around here is you, worm." The Female atop the Nadder spoke in harsh Old-Norse. In all honesty I was not expecting thatâ€¦ Dragurs don't talk, not even in Norse.

"I remember you, we all remember youâ€¦ you're the reason where like thisâ€¦ you're the reason the gates of Valhalla will never open to any of usâ€¦ now we will take our revenge out on you, make our suffering your suffering, our pain yoursâ€¦ and once you recoverâ€¦ once you repair that body of yours will do it all over again!" the female lead Dragur cried as it twirled its axe around, grinning evilly at its sadistic desire.

"Well if you do remember meâ€¦ you should know one thingâ€¦" I said pulling Makaïsk out of its sheath, upon seeing the weapon many of the Dragurs backed off, a rare fear within their dead eyes. "That I won't go down without a fight." I said feeling the blade hum to life at my touch.

The lead Dragur hissed for a moment upon seeing Makaïsk, but soon gained its composure. "Very well if you wish to play it that way, _Jemiskneir, _Then so be it. Destroy him!" The Female Leader yelled at her troopers. The entire Dragur army surged forwards in a mad rush to kill me each of them clawing and tearing at each other to try and get to me first.

I let loose a sad sigh, holding the blade in my hand a bit more tighter. Makaïsk suddenly sprang to life, energy flowing through it like a river. The blade began to grow hotter and hotter, until all of a sudden the blade itself as utterly engulfed in red fire, almost to the point someone would claim the blade was made of fire itself. Yet the fire did not burn or singe my skin.

"I wish there was another way to end thisâ€¦ and perhaps if I had gotten more timeâ€¦ but it looks like there is no other way, old friend." I said to no one in particular. Without another word I leapt at then enemy, lifting my sword high above my head ready to strike down the first of the many foesâ€¦

****Well story to cut my little fight short but I have well expelled my limit in terms of word boundaries.****

****But look on the bright side next time it will be 'Thor-Born' again along with Hiccup, Toothless and their palsâ€¦ ****

****Anyway if you excuse me, I have to go have a little chat with a certain 'Captain' about somethingâ€¦ ****

****Jemiskneir signing out for hopefully the last time. ****

26. New week, new problems

****Hey everyone guess whose back! ****

****No its not himâ€¦ or herâ€¦ or, who the Hel is that? No, no, no it's me. You know the normal writer for this storyâ€¦ Thor-Born? jezz**

you get magically transported to the middle of nowhere for a few months and everyone forgets about youâ€¦ **

**Just messing around, anyway it's great to be back sorry if the last two chapter were a bit weird, I've only just gully read both of them and wellâ€¦ I'm kind of at a loss. **

First things first I would like to congratulate Rangerr77 on being my new and well first Betaâ€¦ hopefully I can learn how to actually write proper English from himâ€¦

**Ok.. reviewsâ€¦ sigh this is going to hurtâ€¦ **

**faisyah865: **Though I do admit that is a good idea I'm afraid it wouldn't make any sense. Hiccup lives near the ocean and lives in a town where fishing is its main export. Even if the water is freezing cold I would imagine that every one of them must learn how to swim from a young age. I also imagine that Hiccup might be a rather adapt swimmer. The idea is a good one, just doesn't make much sense.

**Klatuveratanectul701: **I'm honestly very glad you love it and I hope you haven't given up on the storyâ€¦ it's been awhileâ€¦

**Guest: ** My head hurts just writing this story sometimes. Thanks again for the complement all that while back. And I'm honestly not surprised; Gobber secret sauce is to die for after all. Astrid is not really having boy problems more ofâ€¦ identity problems that were sparked by Hiccup for wellâ€¦ reasonsâ€¦

And as you can see Jemiskneir was up to gods know whatâ€¦

**Guest: **I'm really not sure how many Guest there are any more so I'll just say sorry for the time it tookâ€¦. To you know write this mess.

**Fireball the golden Night Fury: **I will tryâ€¦

**ivanganev1992: **Dragurs are extremely sturdy monsters, I doubt just setting them on fire will helpâ€¦ just piss them off. As for the rest of your review I can't really say anything without either spoiling or being really confused..

**johnnylee619: ** That's ok being confused is perfectly normal.

**Noctus Fury: **Yeah well that's understandable. Anyway, back to Hiccup. I do agree that the interesting things seem to happen around him, maybe that's because he is trying to be socialâ€¦ By the way I think I might have to cut down on the romantic tensionâ€¦ at least until I get better at doing itâ€¦

**Sigh, I wonder what has happenedâ€¦ I once had this story flowing like crazy and nowâ€¦ well its beginning to dry upâ€¦ guess that what I get for trying to run two stories at onceâ€¦ Oh well, I do however hope that I can get this story back on its feet, you guys seem to love itâ€¦ but if not well I have been working on a new idea, so maybe I'll start doing thatâ€¦ it's got a few feature from this one mixed with a bunch of new ideas so maybeâ€¦ **

**Oh and A little disclaimer I don't own anything anymore, well maybeâ€¦| nope just got news I don't even own that anymoreâ€¦|

**

**Hiccup POV. **

When you have spent your entire life living in a huge house with only one other person you get used to living in a very quiet household. Even if that other person is my father a man whose idea of whispering is what normal people call talking (It's not something he does on purpose really, it's just his voice).

And after two days of utter silence you can't imagine my surprise and I awake to noises echoing throughout the house.

I know it wasn't my dad; he was still of on his tripâ€¦| Gobber never makes that much noise, even with a prosthetic leg he still moved as silent as a shadow. Perhaps it was a Common Dragon that had somehow managed to make its way into the house?

It was not uncommon for the tiny dragon to sneak into homes and wellâ€¦| wreak the place in search of food. Common dragons were often considered to be the most pestlike of the dragons breed. They were nearly half the size of its cousin the terror and had the annoying ability of fitting into the tightest of space and were nearly impossible to exterminate once they had made a nest. Though they weren't really any danger (could give you nasty bite but that's about all) they could quickly become an annoyance if not dealt with, stealing food, messing around in house and then there was there breeding habits. Gods be damned they are like the rabbits of the dragon world when it came to breeding.

But nothing could prepare me for what I found destroying the kitchen with the TV on blurting away in the background, junk scattered everywhere.

Jemiskneir in all his giant toplessness â€¦| Wait TOPELESS?

In all my years I had never seen the giant man topless... not that I have wanted toâ€¦| but I couldn't help but stare. I could only see the guys back andâ€¦| wellâ€¦| I couldn't see an area of skin that wasn't covered in a scar or an old woundâ€¦| and there were parts of him that looked like they had been stitched back togetherâ€¦| and not in the good way eitherâ€¦| Like he wasâ€¦| put togetherâ€¦|

"It impolite to stare you know." Jemiskneir said his voice deep and raspy, if I didn't know any better he sounded sad, tired and angry.

He turned to face me and wellâ€¦| You could say the front of him was even worse than the back. His body... his skin covered in so many scars, I really couldn't find words to describe it. And his skinâ€¦| it was still patch worked, just like his backâ€¦| I must admit he looked kind of like a Frankenstein's monster with all those stiches and his huge, hulkish appearanceâ€¦|

And his faceâ€¦| it had few new tiny scars here and there but it had remained manly unchanged. Except for the fact that it looked soâ€¦| strained, and angryâ€¦|

His eyes burned brightly with a red inferno of anger as he bared his sharp canine like teeth. I felt small (Well smaller than usual) under his intense stare. He looked just about ready to perform some sort of Mortal Combat finisher on me.

"So ahhâ€¦ Jemiskneirâ€¦. How was yourâ€¦ ahhâ€¦ trip?" I asked the towering man as he glared down at me.

For a moment nothing happened. The TV seemed to become silent, the bird outside seized there song and not a single living thing inside to house dared even blink.

What came next was the Thunderous sound of a large fist smashing aged wood. I didn't really catch what happened. One moment Jemiskneir was just standing there as still as a brick wall the next his fist was lodged into the old wooden counter, the top of the counter broken and damaged looking just about beyond repair, with pieces of wood scatter everywhere. Jemiskneir was breathing heavily now, it was clear from his expression he was trying to get control over himself but judging from he kept his fist lodged into the broken counter and the way his eyes burned intensely.

He then looked down for a moment towards an area of the counter undamaged by his rage. From what I could see there was a small item on the counter, a necklace with a talisman tied to the bottom of it, I couldn't make it out completely but I could have sworn it resembled some sort ofâ€¦ dragon. As he continued to stare his face began to soften, to the point where it was almostâ€¦ sad, the type of sadness you would see in someone's face if they were remembering someone they deeply cared for had passed away, an expression I was _Very _familiar with.

He closed his eyes for a moment as he pulled his fist out from the counter. Once his fist was removed from the damaged wood his body began to relax as he let lose a long heavy sigh.

Upon opening his eyes the first thing I noticed was that his eyes were no longer a raging inferno. His red glowing eyes had lost some of the intensity and were now creating a warm carrying glow. Butâ€¦ I could tell there was sadness behind his eyes, sadness and regret.

"Listen kidâ€¦ I'm sorry. It's just... I have had a rough few days, brought up a few bad memoriesâ€¦ and ended up with meâ€¦" Jemiskneir went silent as he stared at the TV. I followed his gaze towards the large television screen within the living room. Blurting on the large TV was what looked like international newsâ€¦ judging by the fact that the news was not even from this country.

"On a moreâ€¦ gruesome note, we have received word that a small Bar in the downtown area of Stavanger, Denmark had been the location ofâ€¦ what can only be described as a Massacre had occurred. We warn you the following footage should not be viewed by young audience, people with heart problems or sanative stomachs." the news reported said looking somewhat nervous.

The news soon cut to a sceneâ€¦ that wellâ€¦ it looked like someone had let loss a Whispering Death in a meat factory. The place wasâ€¦ utterly â€¦ gruesome. Blood and alcohol andâ€¦ a variety of bodily

fluids that I do not wish to name stained the wall and broken items that were scattered all over the place. Several outlines of bodies were drawn with chalk which I managed to count as about 17 different bodies.

The news reporter was going on about how the police had found the bodies torn to pieces but I wasn't listening, I was too far in shock to do anything but look at the screen. What type of monster could do this sort of thing? If my dad was here he would probably say it was some sort of Dragon, Gobber would have probably blamed it on some mythological creature like an Ogre.

For a moment I was curious as to how Jemiskneir was reacting to this blood show. It took me some time but I managed to tare myself away from the screen to look at my giant friend. But the look on his face it as emotionless as a rock. All that gore, all that death and he looked as if he was staring at a blank wall.

He then turned his eyes towards me (At least I thought he did no pupils) his eyes a blazing inferno. "Bus is in 45 minutes," he said his voice emotionless and cold. "You better get ready." He said before walking off. Not even taking a moment to look back at me as he left walking down the empty halls of the house.

Leaving me all alone, the TV blurting in the background, and the smell of burnt toast in the air.

**50 minutes later. **

I had really expected this bus ride to be like any other bus ride.

With me dodging spitballs, ignoring insults, tolerating Gobbers music whilst he yells at complainers and of course me sitting by myself peering out the window at the exact same view.

Except something different happened this time.

I was busy looking out of the window of my seat deep in thought and kind of hot. After two days warring only one layer of clothing it was weird trying the ware two along with my vest (It was kind of my thing Like how My dad always were parts of combat armor on a daily bases heh must run in the family) Though Berk was famous (Well if it was famous) for its freezing temperature. But even with the freezing cold these two layers were getting ridiculous.

Come to think of it why didn't I just reveal this problem to everyone? Why can't I just go up to everyone and say 'hey guys just need to tell you that a few days ago I was accidently bitten by a Night Fury That I had shot down a week ago, which is now by the way living in my OWN back yard. Now some sort Of magical glowing growing Tattoo is spreading over my body at an alarming rate causing me great pain, same thing with the Night Fury as well. And ever since I got this annoyance weird things from talking trees to a voice in my head have been happening to me. And the only person who has any clue what's going on with me is looking at me like I'm on deathbed. Oh, and did I forget to mention that I'm also now best buddies with the Night Fury I had named Toothless?'

'_You do realize how crazy that is right, they would probably tie you to a mast and ship you off, for fear you've gone mad!' _The voice in my head said making me mentally groan, I was starting to hate the voice in my headâ€¦ it started out useful but recently it was becoming an annoyance, no matter how right it was at times. _'Oh and by the way look behind you.' _

I slowly turned my head around to find a very familiar looking, Tall, African American with dreadlocks sat next to me.

Speedifist.

For a moment I was utterly shocked. I mean, no one in their right mind would ever sit next to me (which kind of explains why Jemiskneir is ok with itâ€¦) even if it was only a bus ride. I was, by all account a hazard zone in the schools social eye. The only time anyone would ever dare approach me was to bully, beat or insult meâ€¦ To have Speedifist one of the most popular guys in my year level sitting next to me leaning on the chair he sat on staring of into space, the whole thing kind of felt unrealâ€¦

Maybe he was being legit when he said he wanted to be my friendâ€¦

"Soâ€¦ how was your weekend?" I heard Speedifist say as he looked down at me, making me realize just how tall the African American is. He was nearly a head taller than me and just a bit shorter than Dogbreath and Fishlegs. I kind of wish I could start growing soonâ€¦ it getting sort of ridiculous having to always look up to practically everyone.

. "w-what? Why are you sitting next to me? It's like a social Death Wish to talk to the walking fish bone hiccup." I said while looking down at my non-existent bicepsâ€¦ but hey at least I'm not a sarcastic fishbone! Oh wait I am. I thought while snickering.

"You're not that bad hiccup, you've got a brain which seems to be lacking in this town. But you are beefing up! Your arms looks wider and stronger so don't worry." I stared at him with worry thinking that he really doesn't see the two layers. How hard can it be to see two shirts? Hmm thought he had better eye sightâ€¦

"Those aren't muscles Speedfist, I'm wearing two shirts because I haveâ€¦ I haveâ€¦ a, a bad rash that's it, a rash." oh please don't think twice about it please Gods, I don't want to have to explain my lightshow of a tattooâ€¦ that'll be awkward.

"Oh okay I guess that's a good reason as any, just don't infect me! I have a football game this Saturday. Coach Hoark wouldn't want me to skip out on one of the biggest games of the season! It's against the Rowdy Meathead Heirs, with the Quarter Back being Thuggory. I have a bone to pick with Thug, broke my little sister heart he did, didn't even notice her..." I heard Speedfist say. I'm not really paying attention to him due to that annoying voice in my head, _'Hey don't call me annoying! His little sister is important! Leave my head! Neverâ€¦ look out spitball incoming at 6 O'clock in 3. 2. 1.' _

"Speedfist look out!" I say as I reach out above him and deflect the

spitball making it hit DuckNut in the faceâ€¦ "Oops! Ahh.. DuckNut I'm sorry, I'm sorry! That was a total accident I swear on Odin's beard! Please don't smash my Duckerâ€¦"

"Hiccup! IM GANNA GET YOU!"

"HEY YA ROWDY BUNCH CUT IT OUT, I SWEAR I'LL DRIVE THIS BUS INTO THE BLOODY OCEAN IF YE DON'T STRIGHTEN UP AND SHUT YER GOBBER!" Gobber roared from the front of the Bus shutting up everyone on the bus. I was an easy bet that everyone still remembers the last time we didn't headed his warning, I personally spent the rest of the day picking Seaweed out of my hair.

I turned slightly to see DuckNut giving me a classic I'll kill you latter look, even managing to straighten up his lazy eye, which made me shiver. The last time he gave the two eye stare to someone he broke there Ducker so badly the guy had it in a cast for two months. I should probably explain; DuckNut calls your left hand your ducker due to how Ruffnut (His cousin) was a bad influence when she was younger and crushed Fullglobs hand when he got a little handsy at the freshman dance and it looked like a duck. Let's just say he still hasn't regained complete control of his left hand yetâ€¦ but onto a lighter topic Speedfist is looking at me with a new appreciation.

"Wow Hiccup thanks man I didn't even see it coming." Speedfist said. Moving his bags around at his feet.

I took a quick moment to look over the two bags. The first bag was a worn Black backpack, looked a lot like the type of backpacks hikers use. One of the straps were broken and it looked like it had been put back together several times. There were several colorful badges stitched onto the bag as well most of them with colorful little things on them like 'Dragons be damned', 'Hooligan for life', The Berk crest, a flaming skull and a few flags here and there. There was an area of the bag that looked like it had once had a badge but had been ripped off. Strapped to the front of the bag was a Skateboard with a very colorful deck. From the looks of it, it was custom done, probably by Speedfist himself and was a colorful mess of Words, pictures and other things the clearest visual thing being a flaming skull. His Duffel bag was there as well, the same one from Friday, probably stuffed with sports gear and other things.

"It was nothing really, after a while you get a sixth sense for this sort of thing." huh I guess that voice isn't too bad.. _'You can say that again you damn glory hog.' _what on Midgard are you on about? _'Of Course you don't, Sixth sense my ass. You're nothing without me.' I let lose a silent sigh out of all the strange things in the world I had to be stuck with a Voice in my head with attitude. _'You know others may not be able to hear your thoughts but I can, I would shut your pie hole if you know what's good for you.' _ Can't you just leave me alone?_ 'Nope. You're stuck with me Henry Horrendous Haddock The Third.' _

I cringed slightly upon hearing my full name; it was not often I would hear my whole name even if it was just in my head. It also made me start thinking about that note I found in the Book of Dragonsâ€¦.

I shook my head a little to try and straighten out my thoughts. I'm

going to school got to focus on that right now.

I turned my attention towards Speedifist who looked to be deep in thought as he stared off into the distance his gaze seeming somewhat far like he had no idea what was going on within his head.

"Hey speedyâ€¦ you ok big guy?" I asked the taller teen who just shook his head.

"I'm alright, just thinking." Speedifist replied as he turned to face me once more giving me a small smile.

For a small moment we rode in silence neither of us willing to speak up or try and start a conversation. I was no stranger to ridding the bus in silence but judging from Speedifist face he wasn't. "So the football teamâ€¦ how's that going to work with-", "Snotface being the Team captain and quarterback? In all honesty I have no freaken clue." Speedifist finished Looking at the floor in deep thought.

"I'm really just hoping that I can stay on the team until Saturday so I can give Thuggory a peace of my mind, without getting into too much trouble. After that? Well I just don't knowâ€¦" Speedifist said sounding a little depressed as he spoke; I guess football must mean a lot to himâ€¦

My mind suddenly picked up on something else he said; He wanted to beat up Thuggoryâ€¦. Wowâ€¦ Speedifist has either got nerves of steel or a few too many knocks to the head. Thug was the son of our sister town's (Meatown) Mayor and was a year level higher than us. Thuggory is his father's son through and through; big, strong and has a head thicker than a brick wall. But once you get to know him (And get past the fact his fist could probably break bricks) you'll find that the big guys got a heart of gold, and is rather reasonable and intelligent, once you get past the thick head of his of course. Thug was also practically a Cousin to me, much more so then a certain pig nosed jockâ€¦

"Are you sure you can handle Thuggory, Speedy? He isn't another Dogbreath you know. The Guys got Brains to match his Brawns." I said, somewhat afraid to mention the fact that I knew Thug, in case Speedifist turned on me.

"Hiccup, Hiccup, Hiccup," Speedifist clicked his tongue smiling just a little bigger every time he said my name. "I'm afraid you have underestimated just how good I am, you know they don't just call me Speedifist for nothing."

****Later, Astrid POV. ****

I never understood the point of Homeroom, or having a home group, or any of those things.

What was the point of having a whole class set up when you never do anything in that class other than sit around for doing nothing but hear names being called out from a list only to leave a few minutes later to go off and repeat the same cycle all over again in a different class. Plus it's not like we even do anything with that class! Or the room home group is in, heck I don't even have a single lesson in that room and I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one.

But what really pissed me off about it was the fact that my locker was on the other side of the school from my home room, EVERY SINGLE YEAR.

And even if I did hate home group I still had to attend it, (perfect attendance and all that, do you expect anything less from a Hofferson?) That combined with the few minutes before homeroom being the only time available to grab gear for morning lesson (if you were caught doing it any other time you'll end up assisting Ground-keeper _ for a dayâ€¦ just thinking about it make me shutter)

So every day it was a mad rush from my locker to the class room dodging student, wet floor signs, the wet floor itself, and any teachers patrolling the hall along with any idiots who think throwing balls around the halls is a good idea.

But no matter what happened I would always, ALWAYS, make it on time.

Except, perhaps today.

It's all Snots fault really. He had cornered me on the way to class. Interrogating me about what had happened Saturday night. Though he probably thought he was doing the right thing but in all honesty he wasn't. Snotlout was asking all the wrong question and at the worst possible time to do so. Worst of all no matter how hard I tried to tell him to give it up he would ignore me and continue to bombard me with questions I did not want to answer.

It eventually took a punch to the face and a new gap in his teeth for him to get the picture.

But thanks to his worrying I was going to be late.

I stormed down the hall with purpose in my step. Everyone seems to sense my anger and moved out of my way, not wishing to provoke my wrath.

I was making record time down my normal track, but even with that behind me I knew for a fact that I wasn't going to make it.

I rapidly turned the corner my speed slowing for a bit so I wouldn't overshoot the turn, but as soon as I turn the cornerâ€¦

****THRACK. ****

Books went flying everywhere as I collided withâ€¦ something.

Whatever it was, or whoever it was, was not sturdy or big enough to knock me down, but it did manage to throw me off balance enough for me to scatter my books. I could feel my anger boil over. I could have made it! I knew I could have but this... Whoever it is got in my way! I let loose a violent growl as I turned my attention towards the other person involved in our little crash. The person was small, but from the looks of things not too smaller than me. He was a guy to, a very familiar scrawny looking guyâ€¦ with a mop of messy brunette hair.

Hiccup.

My anger fell for a brief moment and was replaced with confusion andâ€¦ concern? Whoa, what's that doing there?

My anger quickly returned but it was not as nearly as strong as before as I stared down at the stunned boy.

"Hiccup." I growled as I glared down at the smaller teen, but strangely enough I did not feel as angry as I should have been.

"ASTRID!" Hiccup cried almost as if my voice had broken him from his trance, which it probably didâ€¦ He began to rapidly look around like he was trying to figure out where he was exactly. Upon noticing the scattered books lying around the hall I could literally see the fear radiate of him. It was like a glowing aura of terrorâ€¦ all because of meâ€¦

Putting past my anger and the fact that Hiccup was still glowing with fear. "You alright?" I said trying to sound sympathetic for the smaller kid, but it came out more along the lines of being annoyed.

"Umm, I-Ahh Yeah, I-Ahh your- I mean I'm! I'm alright! I'm fine, wonderful! Splendidâ€¦ Ahh Sorry about yourâ€¦ ahh Books let me umm get them F-for youâ€¦" Hiccup said reaching out to grab some books. As he did so I could hear him mutter something under his breathâ€¦ It was muffled but I caught a few wordsâ€¦ something about a Warning next timeâ€¦ And to shut up?!

"What did you just say?" I growled. Deep down a part of me expected that he wasn't muttering about me but something else, whatever it was or whoever it was. But I never EVER liked hearing the words SHUT-UP come out of people's mouthâ€¦. Sure I have said it a few timesâ€¦ kind of makes me a hypocrite and allâ€¦ But I really don't like it when people say that wordâ€¦ especially to meâ€¦ I... Just don't know why.

"I wasâ€¦ ahhâ€¦ Just talking toâ€¦ myselfâ€¦ you know.. thinking out loud A-andâ€¦ stuffâ€¦" Hiccup said thumbing with the books, scattering them all over the place.

I let lose a moan as I watched him messing things up like usualâ€¦ I was defiantly not going to make it to class in time.

"Get out of the way, I'll do it." I said crouching down making the books into two piles as I did. I moved with a quickened pace taking only quick glances to determine who's books belonged to who. In mere seconds I had two stacked piles of books.

Hiccup stared at me in slight shock as I gathered my book pile, standing up to once again run down the halls. But before I could get to far away from the boy lying on the floor he spoke up.

"You know if you go down the east hall and take a short-cut through the library you'll save yourself about 5-6 minutes? 9 if you run, you would make it just in time for the Role." Hiccup said pointing in the opposite direction of where I was heading.

If this was a cartoon My eyes would be bulging out of my head right

now. I felt my body freeze up as I slowly went through the school map in my head. East hallâ€¦ cut through the libraryâ€¦ How have I never seen that before? I have been in this school for a while now andâ€¦ I have never noticed that short cut beforeâ€¦

I turned my body around towards the direction of the east hall hoping that I couldâ€¦ thank Hiccup (Well at least _try _too) on my way past but when I turned around Hiccup along with his books, was gone. I just rolled my eyesâ€¦ of course, the kids terrified of meâ€¦ why would he stick around?

For some reason that thought made meâ€¦ sadâ€¦

I shook the thought out of my head. I got to stop thinking about that thatâ€¦ runt.

I was about to begin my rapid run down this new suggested short-cut when I noticed that the pile of books I was carrying felt slightly heavier than before. I quickly shuffled through the pile of books until I stumbled across something I had never seen before. It was a small leather bound book; the book looked like it was cramped with paper, more paper than it was meant to holdâ€¦ The cover was worn like it had been used hundreds of times. There was something stopping me from opening the book which immediately made me suspicious but what really got to me was the name on the front of the book.

Henryâ€¦. Who in the name of Hellheim is _Henry?_

And more importantly why was it soâ€¦ familiar?

****Hiccup POV, Later. ****

Art class was pretty much the same as usual Bucket was sitting up the front of the class trying to figure out which end of the roll was up, the classroom was deprived of students like usual, and I sat in my usual spot (front row, Nearest to the window). Outside was a cold mess, inside wasn't that different. The sound of other classes in progress could be heard echoing throughout the halls.

Everything was normal, everything was the same.

Yet something just didn't feel right.

Let's seeâ€¦ bucket still wearing his Bucket? Check (Does that thing even come off), no one in the class? Check. No painful glowing tattoo spreading? Check. No annoying voice in my head?... Check (Odd it was awful talkative before my little run in with Astridâ€¦) All my equipment is here? Check. My journalâ€¦.

Waitâ€¦ where is my journal?

I frantically searched for the small leather bound book tossing around my equipment in the frantic search for the item in question.

My Journal was missingâ€¦

This is not good not good at allâ€¦

Out of all my sketch books, note books and just regular books I had to lose my Journal. The one item that I had left of my motherâ€¦ it

just had to be that one.

My journal was a birthday gift to me from my motherâ€¦ given to me only 24 hours before theâ€¦ nightâ€¦ I used My journal to keep all my most important things; my Best drawings, all my notes, pictures close to my heart (One of the few pictures I have left of me, my mom and my dad, Gobber and me during my first day at the Forge, Astrid and me during one of our many adventures in the woodsâ€¦) some of the my most favorite invention designs, special notes and thoughts, and the newest addition to my collection of stuff I kept in there everything I knew about Toothless including a few designs forâ€¦ well I'm not really sure what it is exactly yetâ€¦.

If anyone finds it- and has a total dis-respect for privacy- I'm doomedâ€¦

How could today get any worse?

A bright flash of light and the ear shattering sound of thunder suddenly overwhelmed my senses causing me to jump out of my chair hitting the back of my head on the desk behind me. Falling to the floor on my but and letting lose a pained moan.

Looks like Thor just answered my questionâ€¦

"Henry Horrendous Haddock the Third?" Bucket asked as I got up from the floor, from the sound of his voice he was just as frighten or more so of the Thunder outside.

Bucket was afraid Of thunderstorms, For multiple reasons. The first and foremost being that according to him his bucket will always tighten during storms, I'm not really sure why or how but it happened. Thunder hurt his sensitive ears and he was afraid that Lightning might strike his Bucket. But there was a rumor going around that the reason Bucket car crash occurred in the first place was because of a Skrill, of all dragons.

But like I said it was a rumor, can you imagine? Bucket surviving not just a car crash but a Skrill attack.

'_Stranger things have happened.' _The voice said in my head seeming a lot more.. Relaxed then beforeâ€¦ I was a little curious as to why, but for the moment I ignored it.

"Here." I replied calmly getting back into my seat. Trying to fix up the mess I had made when falling.

"Henry Horrendous Haddock.. the Third? What type of parent in their own mind gives there child a name like that?" I heard a female voice mock. From somewhere on the other side of the room.

I once again jumped out of my chair in fright.

As I once again fell from my chair feeling the hard cold ground greet my body with open arms, I had a moment to freak out. Who was that? I nearly cried aloud. The voice was not familiar to me so that ruled out Astrid, and it didn't have Ruffnut distinct tripped out sound to it. My mind immediately jumped to Siren or one of her lackeys. I began to panic at the thought of someone like Siren discovering my secret (well at least one of them) Knowing her she would use it to

her advantageâ€| and one of her lackeys wouldn't be much better, they would probably mindlessly blab it to her anyway.

And the voice sounded like hers tooâ€|

With great dread I turned my attention towards the source of the voice, which seemed to originate from the door. But upon seeing the figure standing in the doorway I was meet with a totally different image from theâ€| loose teen I was expecting to be there.

The girl standing at the door was much smaller then Siren was, nearly my height in fact, but like everyone around here (But Wraithog, and Shrimpguts). She was wearing heavy looking clothing, a brown beaten jumper with a green dress sticking out from underneath along with heavy, grey tracksuit pants. She wore very large boots that looked about two sizes too big for her. A pile of books were held tightly under her right arm (she had booksâ€| defiantly not Siren) and she appeared to be wearing black gloves. Her hair was midnight black (Ok so it's defiantly not Siren, who is Ginger) and had white highlights, her hair was long that frames her face braided and placed over her left shoulder, white highlights scattered all over the place within the braiding. Her eyes were a light shade of green which was brought out heavily by her mascara. She stared at me with amused boredom, as if she was so bored she was just going to watch me until I did something interestingâ€| like I was some sort of act in a corny circus.

I had only seen this girl a few times last week but I already knew who she was.

The exchange student; Heather.

She turned to Bucket looking the giant man up and down for a moment before finally making eye contact with the large bucket wearing man.

"I'm not late for class am I?"

**Ahhh, that feels so much betterâ€| getting all of that out of meâ€|
** **I think I might be able to get a proper night sleep after I post this. **

**I thought it was about time I got Heather a little more involved with this story. To be truthful her role was kind of a coin toss to begin with but was always leaning towards her. **

**This chapter is Shorter than most I have been posting recently, the main reason behind this is that I want to start making these chapters shorter so I can get them done faster, and out to you guys quickly. So I'm hoping that I can stick around the 5,000 to 7,000 words for most of my stories nowâ€| **

**Yeahâ€| that isn't going to last longâ€| **

'**Life is like a road trip, it can get boring without someone to enjoy it with you.'**

**This is Thor-Born saying till next we meet. **

27. Double Trouble

Wowâ€¦. So ahhâ€¦ last chapter wasâ€¦ a little disappointingâ€¦. Until I can figure out what went wrong I'm going to go watch old Kajiu moviesâ€¦ mindless destruction always makes me feel betterâ€¦.

**Also a lot of people want to fix up my spelling for the earlier chaptersâ€¦ WORKING ON IT! HOLD YOUR DAMN HORSES! ITS NOT LIKE I BLOODY DIDN'T NO I SUCK AT SPELLINGâ€¦ Ok now that is out of my systems I will be informing you few that remain that I will be fixing up any spelling errors (Or as many as I can) With the help of Rangerr, Fixing up chapters I feel that need improvement and generally working on things. Soâ€¦ After this new chapters might not be up for a whileâ€¦ **

**REVIEW. **

**Noctus Fury (Guest): **Huh, well Nice to hear from someone again, Don't worry about Astrid and Hiccup, there relationship is not going to be something that just sparks overnight like it did in the movieâ€¦ that would take all the fun out of it. As for Heather, well it kind of makes sense; she is after all the closest thing the series ever had to a female antagonistâ€¦ And don't worry I got something different plan for herâ€¦ Besides I already got someone to play THAT sort of role.

**Guest: **Yeahâ€¦ that was my attentionâ€¦. But my social life is really beginning to take a bite on how much work I get doneâ€¦

**Well ahh to the story I guessâ€¦. **

Hiccups POV.

Fear, I could lie and say I eat the stuff for breakfast. But let's face it I'm a horrible liar.

I felt fear nearly every moment of my life, a fear of dragons in my youth, a fear of big dogs, a fear of being left alone after My mothers death, Astrid's fallout and my Dad locking himself up in his room for daysâ€¦ a fear of My peers, a fear that I shall never belong and now I have a fear that my many secrets that I have been building up over the last, heck. WEEK will come crashing down washing me away like a flood.

I had faced all of these fears, stumbling my way through them all, well nearly all.

The last fear, the one about my secrets being exposedâ€¦ well that fear has never been closer to becoming a reality until now.

For the last week I have stumbled my way out of situations where I could be exposed, coming closer and closer to being uncovered with every encounter. And until now I had never realized just how much I was abusing my luck, how I had barely scraped through so many encounter and shrugged it offâ€¦ all the while I was practically building a damnâ€¦ a damn that was on the verge of breaking with the slightest touch.

And sitting right next to me watching me nervously paint was that touch.

"Henry Horrendous Haddock the thirdâ€¦. What a weird nameâ€¦" Heather said slowly chewing her gum as she watched me stroke the brush against the canvas. She said it in such a bland way that I could have mistaken it for disinterest but one look at that sly smile on her face told me otherwise.

"It's a family nameâ€¦" I grumbled as I slowly painted the image which I must add I have no idea what it is.

Heather stared at me for a moment with a single raised eyebrow that felt entirely sarcastic, which it probably was.

"I worked that much out for myself, fishstick, what's so weird about your name is the fact that you share the same last name as the Mayor of the townâ€¦ Stoick was it? And why in every other class I have heard your name your last name is Usedon." Heather said tapping her fingers on the bench as she stared at me. I could tell easily that she had already figured it out for herself; she just wanted me to admit it out loudâ€¦.

A satisfaction I was not going to give her.

"I H-have no idea what you are talking about.. You must have me confused with someone else.. or something." I said not really caring that I sounded about as nervous as a Terror in a kill circle, but I wasn't going to give up my Ruse. Huh, Maybe I do have my dad's stubbornnessâ€¦

Wrinkles began to form on Heathers forehead, but they quickly subsided as soon as she spoke again. "No idea eh? You know what I think? I think that your afraid people might have treated you differently because you were the Mayors sonâ€¦ And because you can't handle being around fake people you got the School to change your name to Henry Usedon so people wouldn't expect a thingâ€¦" Heather said giving me another sly smile as she stared at me with an observational look, Like she was dissecting a frog and looking at all the contents inside with professional interest.

I cringed slightly as she spoke; she was nearly dead on with that oneâ€¦ Other than the fact I don't want to embarrass in the family name, everything she just said was right.

"I also suspect that the reason why you still use your real name in this class because you still need a reminder on who you really are, and what you need to be. You chose this class because up until I arrived no one else goes to Art â€"Hard place to find by the way- and I highly doubt no one will believe Buckethead over there if he said you were the Mayor Son anywayâ€¦" Heather continued.

I cringed again, getting more and more frighten at just how easy it was for her to figure out what was going on in my personal life.

'_Distract her, try and interrogate her before she figures out to much and bust the both of us!_' The Voice in my head screamed at me almost frantically.

"What are you D-doing here, In this class A-anyway?" I asked the noisy teen, both myself and the voice cursing my nerves.

Heather shrugged her shoulders; at least I thought she didâ€¦ kind of hard to tell with that big jacket on, and just how small her shoulders were. "Mom decision, wants me to 'better my talent'. PHHH, like she knows what my Talents are." Heather snarled as she glared at her fists, which were now clenched.

"I ask her to take me to an art Gallery once and she get all excited and happy that her 'little girl' is finally getting into the 'Family business' and want to become an artist just like her. The only reason I wanted to go in the first place was to just look at the art workâ€¦ to try and figure out its meaning and all thatâ€¦ I really should have foreseen that comingâ€¦" Heather continued seeming more frustrated at herself than anyone else right now.

"So then why not do what everyone else doesâ€¦ you know, not go to this class? It's not like Bucket will notice." I said pointing towards the large artistâ€¦ who was now hiding under his table from the storm, shaking like aâ€¦ Man with a bucket on his head in a thunderstormâ€¦

"Been there done that, why do you think I wasn't here for the first week?" She asked me waving her hands around in exaggeration. "But you want to know something? Those guys out there. There either dicks, dumbass or sometimes even both." Heather said pointing to the door.

"Now If I knew all the _interesting _people were in here I would have gotten into this class a lot sooner." Heather said giving me a smirk as he looked between me and Bucket.

My brush dropped out of my hand upon hearing this.

I have been called a lot of thing in my lifeâ€¦ Most of them I don't really want to repeat even if it's just in thoughtsâ€¦ But out of all the times I have heard someone call meâ€¦ Interestingâ€¦ its was always in a mocking or tired wayâ€¦ never how Heather used the wordâ€¦ in what way did she use it?

"Whatâ€¦ What do you mean by interesting? I mean what could possibly be remotely interesting about me and Bucket?" I asked her taking a small glance over at the big man who was now sucking his thumb holding on tightly to an old looking teddy bear. A sudden flash of lightning and the booming sound of thunder only provoking the big guy even further into his child like panic.

"Of course you two are interesting; you guys are quite possibly the most interesting people I this bloody place!" Heather said, her voice slightly different from the way I remember it.. Was she being sarcastic?

"Wasâ€¦ Was that you being Sarcastic?" I asked her. She looked at me for a moment letting lose a short sigh.

"Only partly... Sarcasm isn't really my thingâ€¦ But I wasn't joking when I said you two are quite possible the most interesting people around," Heather said her voice getting a little more perky. "Everyone in this town, heck in this â€¦school -if you can call it

that- There all so easy to read, to figure out " except perhaps your dad- they have got nothing interesting about them, apart from the odd secret or two, but you and bucket head over there. You too got something that makes you unique, special, something that makes you stand out."

"What do you mean?" I asked slightly confused at what exactly she was saying

"Sigh" I swear everyone in this town is as thick as bricks" Heather sighed shaking her head as she spoke. "Well let's take a look at Buckethead over there for a moment," She said gesturing to Bucket. "The guy is obviously experiencing some level of brain damage, what type it is and how far it extends to I am presently unaware. But from what I have observed he seems to be heavily creative and scatter minded, traits I believe he has been forced into thanks to his unique condition. His reaction to lightning could be caused by the results of either a traumatic event "perhaps the cause of his brain damage- or his childish behavior that was caused from said Brain damage. To be frank I'm quite curious as to what the extent the damage is". Heather said her eyes not leaving the Giant human under the table.

"I could probably go on but I do not wish to bore you." Heather said turning her eyes back to me, "yeah, I think I will start with you now." Heather said giving me a small smile.

I couldn't help but gulp.

"Now let's see" you changed your last name on the roles which I doubt you did without the school boards noticing so that means you have some hold over the score board or perhaps just the principle" The reason behind it; most likely embarrassment or the fear of being surrounded by false people" but that can be established on a later date. I want to figure out what else your hiding." Heather said looking me up and down once more.

"I-I have N-no idea what your" T-talking about" I said once again cursing myself for my stuttering

"First of that stuttering isn't really helping with trying to sell that lie, Second of I'm really quite surprised that no one has seen through this... mask you have put up yet," Heather said seeming a little bored now "Sooo" what's up with the two layers of clothes?" she asked.

"I" Have a rash." I said blankly trying my best to lie.

She looked at me for a moment, her eyes studying me closely. "That's better, perhaps there's hope for you yet. But as for your 'rash', it is a fine example of just how many secrets I bet you have hidden. Now I won't force you into revealing any of them" from the look of you alone I bet I could probably find out what's under those shirts with ease... But where's the fun in that?" she spoke still observing me.

"Fun?" I asked somewhat confused by how she seemed to not really get to the point. What is with people from outside of town and withholding information?

"Yeah, fun. Puzzles, riddles, Sudoku, Mysteriesâ€¦ all of them mind boggling, get the brain moving and active. Fun, unlike what some of the stoneheads do around here for entertainment." Heather said gesturing towards the window. I took a moment to look outside the window to seeâ€¦ well a pretty average sight on Berk. Ruffnut and Tuffnut were standing about 5 meters away from each other both of their heads lowered to the same height. Without a word the two rushed each other, within moments their heads collided with about equal force (However Tuffnut was knocked a bit further then his Sister) they fell onto their behind in the long grass laughing like maniacs. Though it was muffled I could have sworn I heard Ruffnut claim she almost saw stars this time.

"How long hav-",

"For the last half an hour, I'm somewhat surprised they haven't caused a concussion yetâ€¦ but I guess you would need a brain to have one in the first place." Heather replied in a matter of fact way.

"But that's not the point. The point is that you my muscular challenged friend are a Riddle wrapped in an Enigma with a few mysteries that even you don't know the answer to. And I'm really going to enjoy figuring them all out." Heather said looking ratherâ€¦ pleasedâ€¦ with the idea of figuring out all my secrets... "Yeahâ€¦ and to make things interestingâ€¦ I think a fewâ€¦ rules are in orderâ€¦"

I think if I gulped any louder I might have scared Bucketâ€¦

****Tuesday, The Arena, Dragon classes. (I really need to get a move on). ****

It felt odd wearing Combat armor once more after a 3 days absence of the gear. Not because the metal felt cold against my skin, or because the suit was weighing me downâ€¦ Noâ€¦ if anything it was the startling lack of either of these qualities was the odd thing.

It may have been a while ago but I could still remember the strain that the armor put on my frame. How it weighed me down and made me feel so sluggishâ€¦ that feelingâ€¦ it was almost entirely gone now. I don't know if it was the fact that I have just gotten use to the extra weight, or I was getting strongerâ€¦ perhaps it was a unique combination of both. Whatever the reason I walked with a newâ€¦ confidence now that my armor no longer weighted me downâ€¦ perhaps puberty is finally kicking in.

"Alright class today we'll be learning about the most troublesome dragon types; Mystery and Fear class dragon." Gobber explained as the class moved into the kill ring. Like normal I hung at the back of group of 6 trying my best to hide myself behind the 'big, strong Viking' types as Gobber put the others.

For a moment I turned my attention towards the group of people standing above observing us from the side of the ring. Gobbers other class made up most of them with only Principal Gothi and Jemiskneir being the only other observer. I could make out the indusial shapes rather well from where I stood. Speedifist was leaning on the chain railing that covered the ring smiling down giving me a thumbs up with

his left hand. Dogbreath was sitting down looking bored beyond reason as Warthog attempted to make conversation with the giant teen. Clueless was blankly staring of into spaceâ€¦ at least I think he was, kind of hard to tell when the guy had a beanie covering his eyes. Heather was sitting next to Jemiskneir probably trying to get some info on me from the big guy.

It didn't take long for the snoopy teen to figure out that Jemiskneir was living with me temporarily, severing as my Guardian why my Dad was out. Thanks to the rules she set up to 'challenge' herself (Which I am very glad exist) she is not allowed to actually get information from meâ€¦ all I have to do it tell her if she is right or not when she come to me with a 'hypothesis'. No to find out things about me she had to access outside information. Lucky for me, she chose to start with Jemiskneir.

You're more likely to get more _Useful _information out of a rock then him, especially when his not in his right state of mind, which for the last few days he has.

Heck maybe I just cut myself a break.

'_Good job, you just jinxed yourself. Why don't you go and break a few mirrors why you are at it'_ The voice in my head commented.

"Shut up" I mumbled not wishing to bother with that little annoyance right now.

"What was that Hiccup?" Gobber spoke up breaking me away from my thoughts. I turned to look towards my mentor only to find my entire class staring at me. Snotlout and the Twins were grinning at me sickly like they were enjoying me being in troubleâ€¦ which they probably whereâ€¦ Whilst Fishlegs and Astrid both had raised eyebrowsâ€¦ Perhaps my mumble was a little louder then I first expectedâ€¦

"Nothingâ€¦" I sighed, why do the Norns hate me? Are they not already entertained with the misery I have suffered through so far?

"That what I thought. Now where was I? Oh yesâ€¦ Now Mystery and Fear class dragons are known to possess unique and often strange abilities. Changewings can change their texture and color to disappear in any surrounding; FearMongers can breathe a gas that causes Hallucinations, Stragdeous can mess with an opponent's mindâ€¦ and Snaptrapper can create an alluring Oder that not even the strongest willed person can resist, just to name a fewâ€¦. Though we are not allowed to put you up against any of this dragon- though it would be amusing- we can however put ye up against one of these vile beasts." Gobber said walking down the group of teams eyeing everyone up one by one, before gesturing towards a violently banging door.

"Now I suggest ye all go grab a bucket and prepare yerself to face the two headed terror; The Hideous Zippleback." Gobber said quickly pointing to a few Buckets lined against the arena wall, just out of view from the entrance.

In a mad rush we all ran to grab a bucket, all of us knowing just how important the tool would be now that Gobber had pointed it out,

Gobber had made it very clear in the past that if he wants you to use something, you use it. Otherwise, wellâ€¦ there can be some serious consequences.

After a quick argument from the twins about who would get a Bucket, in which Snotlout ended by smacking their heads together and taking the bucket for himself (He claims it was bigger than the others). We all managed to line up in a (Nearly) straight row.

"Now a wet dragon head can't light its fire, but the Hideous Zippleback is extra tricky. One head breaths gas and the other lights it. Ye kids will work in teams of two to stop this dragon before it blows us all sky highâ€¦ good luck!" Gobber said waving the door release remote above his head.

I watched slightly stunned as the groups formed before me very eyes.. it just happened so fast. First Snotlout attempted to team up with Astrid only for her to kick him away and Grab Ruffnut by the arm, pulling her away from her twin (They were arguing again). Ruffnut and Astrid gave each other a high-five before reading themselves for the upcomingâ€¦ lesson. Snotlout looked sadden for a moment before turning to Tuffnut only for the two to head-butt each other, both of them dazed for a moment before shaking themselves back into consciousness.

Fishlegs stood next to me seeming just as stunned by how fast the events took place. We shared a look with each other, knowing all too well what had just occurred; after all it happened to us all the timeâ€¦ just never this fastâ€¦. We both knew we would end up in a team together, but well... I guess the speed of the others kind of shocked usâ€¦

"Soâ€¦ ah I guess where partnersâ€¦ huh?" I said turning my head away from the husky teen.

"Umm.. Yeah I guess sooâ€¦" Fishlegs said looking up into the sky.

We stood there for a moment in utter silence staring at nothing in general not making eye contact. Though we were both considered Nerds, it's not like we had much to talk aboutâ€¦ I was actually kind of tempted to talk about dragons with Fishlegs but I knew that we both had to remain focused during this exercise.

Reluctantly we both joined the other groups, are weapons and buckets at the ready.

'_Alright quick rundown, we don't have much time. The Zippleback is going to instantly give itself the advantage by creating a smokescreenâ€¦ it will be safe to breath but just make sure you don't breathe in any new gas it makes alright? It's going to stick in the cloud and press its advantage, don't let it do that. Stick close to Fishlegs and allow the others to draw it out. Now on to the heads, which head lights the gas and which head breathes it depends on its gender. If its male it will make the gas with its right head and spark with the left, female the other way around, you can figure out which gender it is by the shape of its nostril horns And just in case remember to use that littleâ€¦ surprise we discussed, just make sure you don't let the others see it. Don't want any questions you can't answer.'_ The voice in my head spoke taking upon a much more serious

tone, much like the one it possessed earlier this morning when it first suggested my littleâ€| surpriseâ€|

"Now remember kids, A wet dragon head can't light its fire. The Hideous Zippleback is extra tricky, one head breathes gas, the other head lights it. Yer job is to figure out which one is which."Gobber said moving towards the back of the arena.

Before anyone even had the chance to respond the Zippleback's cage door opened and the Arena was filled with a thick greenish smoke.

****The Zippleback POV. ****

Like any of our fellow prisoners we do enjoy our freedom, even if it is so minor. In fact we suspect that we enjoy it far more than any of the others.

The Nadder, though she has been here longest gets far more opportunities to stretch her wings. With her and the Gronkle being the most 'Used' out of all of us.

The Terror and the Nightmare are not often in here for longâ€| both of them have a nasty habit ofâ€| dying from the brutal younglings.

And the new oneâ€| we still can't believe one of THEM have been capturedâ€|

But where the others are moreâ€| used they do not possess the level of freedom we possess.

Whilst the others, if they were toâ€|severely wound one of the human younglings they would be punished severely or even killed. But due to our kindsâ€| rareness andâ€| difficulty to replace we were given a lot more lenience to when we injured a human younglingâ€| after all apparently it took them an entire year to capture a new Zippleback (Us) after the last one perished. And though we made sure to not abuse this there were a few times we decided toâ€| push our boundariesâ€|

Today felt like one of those days.

Being cramped up in a dark place, all alone for days upon end can do that to a dragon.

As the great doors that kept us contained flung open the smoke we had built up over the days escaped seeping into the pit that the Human younglings fought us in. Though we could see clearly in this gas, the Humans could not, a tactic our kin has been using since the dawn of our kind. We waited for a moment allowing the gas to seep out and consume the foolish Humans.

Oh how we will enjoy making fools out of them.

Once the pit was full of enough gas we quietly moved into the cloud. Our body blending perfectly with the thick smog. We let loose hiss and groans, the sound echoing throughout the stone walls of the pit. It did not take long to find four of the small humans treading through the mist. They were separated into two groups, each of the small

humans holding small containers most likely full of waterâ€¦ we grinned at this, so this was the challenge they had set for us? Good we always enjoy this one.

We watched hissing and groaning as the two groups moved through the gas, blissfully unaware to the fact that we were watching themâ€¦ or the fact that they were slowly approaching each other.

As the two groups moved closer and closer to each other we dropped silent somewhat curious as to how it will go down between the two groups.

And to be very honest we are very glad we did.

The group on the left was the first to notice but they reacted in a way we did not suspect. Instead of perhaps grouping up with the other group, like a smart creature would doâ€¦ they decided to do something entirely else.

They wasted there water on the other groupâ€¦

Intentional or not they soon were met with equal force from the other group. One of them was hit with a thrown container; the other was hit by an angry looking ones paw across the face. The blow was a very powerful one to say possessing enough power behind it to knock the other human of its feetâ€¦ We laughed as the two humans laid there on the stone floor of the pit. The two that were left standing suddenly got ready for a fight taking each other's back, the only one with a full container left taking pointâ€¦. Perhaps it was time for us to make our move.

We moved around until we were practically on top of the two downed humans. They seem to be coming around by nowâ€¦ but that wouldn't be the case for longâ€¦

With the speed of a coiled snake we struck both of us grabbing one of the down humans each, before violently pulling them into the fog. They screamed and flailed which was an annoyance but we were sure the payoff would be worth it.

We lifted the two humans into the air, nearly above the fog level and began to shake them around violently. They would have probably screamed if they did not fear that they would bite there tongues ofâ€¦ don't know why they wouldn't in the first placeâ€¦ those things looks so digesting without a forkâ€¦

We continued to swing them around wildly before smashing the two together with an echoing thud. We smashed their bodies together a few more times before finally getting bored of beating the two small humans. One of them, the one held in the right hand was tossed across the field, towards the opposite end of the pit where the elder human stood. We found it rather amusing that such a 'large' human can be tossed around so easily. The elder human simply got out of the way, almost seeming pleased by with the fact of the other human was in pain.

Weird.

We then proceeded to toss the other one away, finding no joy in tormenting the one human left we tossed it aside, not as far as the

other one though. This one landed close to the other two humans that were still stalking us in the smoke.

Without a second thought the human jumped to its legs and ran off screaming and shouting as it ran past its fellow human younglings.

Using this moment of confusion we swept our tail around hopping to knock over the two remaining humans. Though we were able to knock one of them over, the other " the one who still had a bucket- managed to jump over our tail.

We growled in annoyance before preceding to head-butt our foe with our right head, not wishing to endanger our left head (The lighter). The human dodged our attack with little trouble and delivered a hit with her paw to our neck. We screeched and recoiled our head as pain shot up our long slender neck. The human chose this time to bark orders to its down human, said human got back up to its two legs and began to run out of the smoke. It did not take us long to figure out what it was up to, most likely getting more water to attack us with.

Now we can't let that happen can we?

We once again attacked the human in front of us using our right head once again, like last time the human dodged the attack but it remained blissfully unaware of our left head sneaking around until it was too late. With a single fluent motion we smacked our two heads together catching the human in-between our two clashing head. As the humans stood there stunned, the air knocked out of it, we picked it up with the left head. Before beginning to wildly shake the small human around. We must admit this one did fare better than the other two, it kept its cool and managed to spend the majority of my time thrashing its limbs around attacking us, using its paws to lay several strikes on our face. We hissed in annoyance, somewhat glad that in its shocked state it had dropped the water container. Not wishing to continue going through this onslaught of attacks we quickly tossed the human away" but not without aiming first. With a quick toss we sent the small human flying into its ally who was rushing back hauling two containers most likely full of water. The two of the collided together the force of the one we tossed easily knocking over the other. The two became tangled together which greatly amused us, the insult growing even further when the two containers fell on their heads.

We laughed wickedly enjoying watching that little show.

But the laughter was cut short when we spotted TWO more human (wait three that tiny one standing next to the big one and the one hiding behind the big one). Oh how this day seems to get better and better.

We began to move closer and closer towards the group, who stood just outside the fading fog.

As we moved our right head out of the smog the Large one began to shake violently, and the one behind it ran away". No matter we will deal with that one latter. The larger human continued to shake, water spilling out of its container at an extraordinary rate.

The human then proceeded to throw what was left of the water all over our right head.

We hissed and growled, annoyed beyond reason at this point. Though it was not the sparking head that got wet, it still did not mean we were overly joyed with the fact that one of our heads was soaked with water.

Gas began to leak out of our right head in annoyance as we glared at the large human. The human had become slightly calmer since discovering that the head before it was the gas head. This annoyed us. Either one of us this human should be frightened to death. Perhaps we need to show it the error in its ways.

With a powerful torrent of gas we sent that fat human running for the hills.

With the larger ones out of the way we turned our attention towards the smallest of all the humans present. Looking down upon the tiny one we smiled to each other not even needing to know what the other was thinking, a silent agreement that went on so often between Zippleback heads.

"Hello there-"spoke the right head

"- Our newest Victim." Spoke the Left head as it left the safety of the gas.

**Hiccups POV. **

This Zippleback sure hid know how to destroy a guy's confidence.

Snotlout being tossed into the wall (Which was rather funny to watch), Tuffnut screaming "I'm Hurt, I'm Very much Hurt" as he ran out of the gas and hid behind Fishlegs. Ruffnut running to retrieve more buckets only to be flattened by a flying Astrid (That kind of pushed my bravery a bit too far, if Astrid the best in the class couldn't take the Zippleback down what hope did we have! Fishlegs had to make it worse by telling me are survival was dwindling in the negatives) But whatever level of Panic I was on Fishlegs was double that. At least I had a voice in my head to reassure me that everything was going as it should be (Whatever that means) Fishlegs had nothing but a metal bucket which he was crushing in a frightened bear hug and a scared Tuffnut.

I tried to reassure the big guy, but in his state of mind I'm pretty sure he didn't hear any of it.

So when the First Zippleback head came out of the mist Fishleg splashed it with water, not even taking the moment to consider it might be the wrong head.

Which of course it was.

The Zippleback had gotten rid of my back up as quickly as it did the others. Not by tossing him away, just a simple Gas spew.

Which left me all alone with the towering double headed dragon, my only defense being a bucket of water and Guardian (Yes the old

shield, I chose it over the axeâ€¦| now that I think about it not my best choice).

'_Don't just stand there throw the water now! Left head come on!'_
The voice screeched in my head snapping me from my thoughts.

With one big heave I tossed the container contents up into the air, the water rose high, higher then I thought I could ever toss itâ€¦| but the aim was off. Judging by how high the water was it would have easily gotten the Zipplebacks left head, only I had tossed the water too late. So instead of it flying upwards towards the Angry dragons sparking head, the water went straight upâ€¦| and fell back down all over meâ€¦|

'_Sighâ€¦| why am I not surprised?' _The voice spoke sarcastically as I stood there cold and wet. Though it was annoying, it did have a point; I really should be expecting stuff like this to happen more often.

"Oh come on.." I grumbled as I dropped the empty bucket.

The Zippleback stared at me for a moment its eyes wide and its mouth slightly open. I didn't need to look around to see that most people probably had similar reactions, I could see out the corner of my eye Gobber had his hand covering his face squeezing slightly as he stared at the ground. If I wasn't so tired, I would probably be face palming to.

As if on cue the two Zippleback heads broke out into a simultaneous chuckle as the two heads stared down at me, obviously amused by how much of a failure I am. Their laughter was soon joined by the horrid crackle of Dogbreath his sick laughter echoing in the silence, followed swiftly by Wraithog (Probably Snotlout too if he wasn't nearly unconscious) creepy chuckle.

As if almost preplanned the laughter died down almost instantly and was replaced with the snarling aggressive Zippleback. The sudden change in personality alone was enough to cause me to fall over in fear, the Zippleback spread its slightly torn wings out making it appear even larger and more threatening than it already was. I fell back trying to raise Guardian up to protect me from any attack the dragon tried to lay upon me, but found myself fumbling with the Shield, not wishing to damage the old wooden shield.

The Zippleback moved its head closer to me, the right head spewing gas whilst the left head sparked like a broken engine, their eyes stair down at me baring the sort of madness you would see in a feral caged wolf.

'_Quickly use the EEL! Before you become a Fishstick!'_ _The voice screeched in my head using the little nickname that Heather gave me. Though I hated the name and the voice a part of me could tell that it was only using the name to help snap me out of my scared state.

But wasn't I already using the Eel? I mean I had it tucked with my armor, right in the oversized chest plate (I can literally feel it through the soft silk that separates my skin from the cold armor, not a pleasant feeling). Shouldn't it be working on the dragon?

'_The smell only works on smaller dragons, larger dragons might be

put off by it, but they can ignore it. If you want the __**full
**__effect you're going to have to get it out in the open. Seeing the
Eel will scare of nearly any Dragon" _The voice spoke quickly trying
to explain the information as quick as possible. Though this new
information was interesting I lacked neither the time nor a clear
enough head to ask any of my questions.

Without a second thought (Or a steady hand for that matter) I reached
for the strap used to adjust the armor (Which was at its tightest).
With messy hands I loosened the chest plate just enough for a part of
the Eel to slip out through the bottom of the Chest plate.

The effects where almost instant.

The Zippleback reared its heads back in horror closing both its
mouths shut like a spring trap only allowing its two forked tongues
to escape it mouth in a disgusted hiss. The Dragon took a few steps
back, its claws scrapping against the stone floor. Though the
Zipplebacks body stopped moving its heads where reared back further
than the rest of its body, almost as if it wanted to flee but was
unsure as to what I was going to do with the 'dangerous' weapon in my
disposal.

Using the dragons fear to my advantage I slowly got back up to my
feet, using my left arm to stop the Eel and Chest place from falling
down as I rose. The Dragon took another weary step back its eyes
never leaving the Eel that stuck out of my lose hanging
chestplate.

An idea popped into my head.

"BACK! Back!" I cried as I took a few steps closer to the two headed
dragon. Said Dragon backed away its heads moving back and forth as it
snapped and growled at me, but neither one took the risk of getting
any closer. I mover my right arm Guardian still strapped to it so it
was partly in front of me, covering myself enough to make it look
like I was keeping up my guard but leaving the Eel still clear in the
dragons view.

I swayed Guardian back and forth in a bashing motion herding the
dragon towards its open cage.

"Now don't make me tell you again!" I said aloud letting everyone
hear me as the dragon was close to the entrance of its cage, Hissing
and growling still but the fear was still as clear as day in its
golden eyes.

I didn't need to look back to know that everyone was watching me,
probably with a mix of shock and aweâ€¦| Might as well give them a
show.

"Yeah that's right. Back into your cage!" I said, the dragon now
crawling back into the dark damp stone cell it lived in, moving
itself deeper and deeper into the shadows trying to get away from
meâ€¦|

Wow, Eels are more effective then I first thoughtâ€¦|

"Now think about what you've doneâ€¦| or I will throw this Eel into
that cell with you." I said muttering the last part. To my surprise

the Zippleback nodded its two heads in fear as if it understood me. In one swift movement I slipped the Eel back up into my Chest plate retightening it before it got the chance to slip back down.

Even with the Eel gone the dragon still remained backed into a corner staying there as if it was surrounded by Eels, but it was still staring at me, its eyes wide and horrified. Keeping one eye on the frightened dragon I moved to the large open doors and with strength I did not know I possessed I forced them to close on the frightened dragon.

Before I closed them I took one last look at the two headed dragon, its body nearly submerged in darkness but its two sets of glowing yellow eyes gave it away. Somehow I managed to lock eyes with the two separate sets of glowing eyeballs. I stood there for a moment staring into them, almost entranced by the intensity of the stare.

'_Snap out of it.' _The voice whispered this time like it was frightened that someone would hear it.

With a quick shake of my head I closed the large metal doors on the dragon letting loose a sigh of relief, it was over.

I turned around rubbing my left hand along my armor to try and get rid of the disgusting Eel slime; the realization hit me that I would also have to remove the slime from my armor as well.

The thought was cut short when I noticed that everyone was staring at me, and I mean everyone. Gobber, Astrid, Fishlegs, the twins, Snotlout, Speedifist, Heather, Dogbreath everyone heck even Jemiskenir and Gothi could not seem to take their eyes off me (even if they did not share the surprise or shock the others had).

I was the center of attention the good type I think I had wanted to be the center of attention for all my life (School like that is) to not be seen as some sort of outcast freak. But now, with everyone staring at me with awe and surprise I just had to get out of there.

"Soooo," -I was interrupted by Fishlegs dropping his bent bucket.- "are we done? Cause I got some things I need to ah, yep ah, see you tomorrow." I said moving off to the side before speed walking out toward the exit of the Arena.

But as I reached the exit I heard muffled whispers. Though I thought for a moment that they were simply the sounds of my peers muttering to each other I quickly realized none of the whispers matched with any voice I recognized. I turned my head back slightly towards the arena to see if I could spot who was muttering to each other, but as soon as I did so the voice stopped. Even stranger was that no one seemed to have recovered from the shock (Except of course Jemiskneir and Gothi who were simply studying me, but for most likely different reasons.) Astrid was looking at me then back at the Zippleback cage as if trying to piece together what she just saw.

But as soon I looked away the whispering picked up again, this time far more muffled.

Like before I turned back but nothing had changed but the voices died

down just as sudden as before.

I frowned in confusion

"Odd" I muttered as I walked out of the arena "Very odd.."

****AND CUT! THAT'S A RAP! Ok everyone you can go home!****

*****Collective relived sigh as twenty people make their way towards the door*****

****Little do they know that there is no home for them to go back to MRAWHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!****

****Insanity aside for a moment I have had a lot of things on my plate recently so I'm sorry for the delay****

****As for my next plan I'm kind of debating on either fixing up the older chapters or thinking up a proper plan or just winging it and working on all that junk latter. ****

'The supreme art of war is to subdue the enemy without fighting." Sun TZU.****

****Thor saying that's a rap. ****

28. Of Saddles of Shields

****Ok so quick confession time; I'm kind of losing my writing groove. There was a time when this stuff kind of came naturally to me but of recent events putting a real negative look into my own skills. That along with how I have become stressfully busy to the point that I had forgotten just how far behind I am on this story or the other it actually kind of scary. Motivation has been a downer too I do feel that ending this story and starting with a newer somewhat fresher idea that I have been working on for a bit might be the plan but until I can figure out what I REALLY want to do I will continue working on this story. ****

****Also I have never realized having a hole in your hand can impact your writing ability so severally. ****

****REVIEWS: ****

****Lunar Knight IV: **Thank you for the kind words, I'm glad that you are enjoying this story so much, it is really enjoying to hear that you really like the story.**

****Guest: **Yeah I really need to start progressing nearly chapter through and I'm what? Halfway through the movie eehh I should probably update the outline I made which to be honest only went up to last chapter so.**

****Noctus Fury: **No need to apologies my friend I understand what you're getting at. But like I said before she is the CLOSET the series ever gets to having a female antagonist (Unless you count that witch from the books). To share a little info for you I was**

originally planning on having Heather as a gothic girl that didn't care about much but I realized that wasn't much of a character so I changed her character to fit something I thought would be more loyal to the character seen in the show. I personally don't see Heather flirting with Hiccup unless it was to either A) tease Hiccup B) figure out others emotion towards Hiccupâ€¦ actually that might be interestingâ€¦ hmmâ€¦ need to think about thatâ€¦

I have to agree about the romance thing thoughâ€¦ but personally I prefer to keep it low and make it moreâ€¦ loyal to the charactersâ€¦.. As for the whisperingâ€¦ it might beâ€¦. It might not beâ€¦

****On With the Madness. ****

****Gobber POV. ****

I like to consider myself a very simple man, who prefers simple things, things that a simple mind â€œsuch as mine- can understand. I didn't like things I couldn't understand. Technology is a good example. All those wires and technowatsis just didn't make sense to my engineer mind, which to many could be mistaken for a FEAR of technology, hah, like I had anything to fear from the likes of those soulless contraptionsâ€¦ damn trolls is what you got to look out forâ€¦. No I didn't fear technology, I just didn't like it.

I preferred things I could understand.

To be honest that list of things had greatly declined over the years. The world has changed greatly since I was young, and yes, even in the small nearly isolated town of Berk we still managed to keep up with the timesâ€¦ mostly. And though our advancement was slower than most places in the world, it was still fast enough to make this old Blacksmith feel left behind and forgotten.

So instead of moving forward like a smart person would I surrounded myself in things I understood, creating a cocoon of safety from the advancements of the world. And for a time that cocoon was safe, secure and comfortable.

That was until just a few hours ago, when my entire world was rocked from its foundations.

Hiccup and dragonsâ€¦ the two things I thought I could rely on to never change, went ahead and did something I never thought I would see in my entire life.

Hiccup managed to scare a nearly fully grown Zippleback (One that has still been giving me trouble) right back into its cage without even trying.

Godsâ€¦ and here I was thinking I have seen it allâ€¦

I have to admit thoughâ€¦ the reaction of those teens was priceless, makes me wish I had my cameraâ€¦. Or could at least use one without breaking it.

I have spent most of the day pondering what the boy could have done to scare of the Zippleback. I couldn't see what he did exactly, from my angle it looked like he was just bashing the shield in midair, but

if that was all it took to scare the dragon of we would be having a lot less deaths from dragons. He wasn't making any weird sounds (Unless you call Hiccup giving threats a weird sound) and the boy didn't smell any differentâ€¦ apart from the odor of fish but I think that might just be teenage stank.

So what could have caused such a reaction?

I was determined to find out.

I was not surprised to find Hiccup in the Forge already working on something or rather, honestly I wasn't surprised. Though his friend group has grown from non-existent toâ€¦ well, something, he was still, well, Hiccup. The boy was not good with the socializing, never has been, even with those he could consider friends he always liked to keep a distance. It helped when those friends were not from town and only visited during certain occasion. Knowing the lad he probably thought it would be normal to treat 'friends' that are in the same town like that too.

I wasn't entirely sure if the two students hanging out with Hiccup recently could be called friends though. The tall one Steven, he seemed to be trying to befriend the lad, but it was like trying to fit a square peg in a large round hole. Though the piece could fit, it would not match up. Hiccup and Steven didn't have that much in common to begin with and any attempt to socialize between the two seemed to be full of long awkward silences. But at least the lad seemed to be sincerely trying. And even though it was slow going they seemed to be forming some sort of friendship, built of a sort of understanding -of how being different treats ya- between the two. Hiccup a runt amongst giants and 'Speedifist' one of the few African-Americans in Berk, let alone the surrounding area.

The other one Heather, I was not so sure about. I saw here talking to the lad on occasion but it seemed to be moreâ€¦ business than anything social.

I entered the Forge to find the boy hard at work away at one of the work benches near the back of the room. I made my way over to the hard at work boy, who seemed utterly unaware of my presence. I grinned to myself as I approached the unaware boy, time I had a little fun.

"What ya doing there lad?" I said as I looked over the boys shoulder, half staring at what the what Hiccup was working on half watching to see how he would react.

It was not what I expected.

The boy did panic but not in the way he normally did, instead he went to punch me in the face. Out of pure reflex I managed to stop his hand mere centimeters from my face. My large right hand catching his smaller one like a baseball glove catching, well a baseball. I stared at the boy for a moment a single eyebrow raised at the boy (who actually delivered a pretty good punch). Hiccup chuckled nervously as he looked back at me, attempting to remove his hand from my iron grip. After a few seconds I let go of his hands, his bony fingers slipping out of my grip.

"Oh hi there Gobberâ€¦ W-what are you doing here?" Hiccup asked

nervously, putting himself in-between me and his work, desperately trying to hide what he is working on, heck e was even trying to use his fishbone of a body as cover for his little project.

"I live and work here." I said simply my tone flat as I stared into my apprentice's eyes, silently scanning the bright green orbs.

"Oh yeahâ€¦ fancy thatâ€¦." Hiccup said attempting to lean against the desk but his shoulder missed the end of it, making him become unbalanced.

A moment of awkward silence passed between the two of us. Well awkward for Hiccup at least.

"So what ARE you working on there?" I asked the boy, looking over his head with relative ease; the boy was after all incredibly short. Hiccup was never known to be tidy -a trait that he had picked up after being in my service- but compared to me he still kept his work place relatively neat.

Thisâ€¦ this was the exact opposite of that.

Tools and pieces of paper (Scrunched or otherwise) littered the table, pieces of scrap metal and leather covered any open space that was left on the old wooden table top. A bag of chips and some sort of soda sat nearby, both of them looked about half empty but I couldn't be sure from the angle they were on. And slap dab in the center of the table was a large, half shaped piece of leatherwork, about the size of a â€¦. Saddle? Nah couldn't beâ€¦ looked too big to fit on any horse I knew ofâ€¦. Not that I knew many horses. They weren't exactlyâ€¦ common around these parts, especially when they were prime targets for Dragons during a raidâ€¦ heck the only person I knew who had a few horse left was old Greg, and that was because he had that bloody Golden stallion of hisâ€¦ pretty sure that Horse has taken down more dragons then a few people In Berk haveâ€¦ but even He wasn't big enough for this thingâ€¦

"Oh Nothing justâ€¦ you knowâ€¦ working on the oldâ€¦. Shield! Yeah this old shield hereâ€¦" Hiccup said grabbing what must have been the most brittle looking piece of driftwood I have ever seen from beside the work bench.

I'm pretty sure I might have cringed at the sight of the damn thing; I had seen Hiccup try to use it during the lesson after his old shield was practically destroyed by Astrid and her Axe. I would have stopped him from taking that old hunk of junk in but we were running on a tight schedule and at the time I had thought the others could handle it and the lad wouldn't get into any troubleâ€¦

Knowing full well that the boy was trying to distract me, I simply stared into the boys eyes, ignoring the tiny sad excuses for a shield. I could see that the boy was squirming, he has after all never been a good liar, or has he ever been good at coping under pressure.

Suddenly the boy's eyes lit up, and when I say lit up I mean they lite up. A blue surge of light seemed to travel along the veins of his eyes, traveling towards the pupil, cutting straight through his green iris and into the pupil itself. As soon as the color entered the dark dot, I could have sworn the pupil, shifted into a slit. Like

something you would see in a catâ€¦ or a dragonâ€¦ but just as quickly as it happened the pupil returned to normal, growing back into a familiar black orb.

"Uhhâ€¦ Gobber? You ok? You look like you've seen a bunch of terrors do the river dance." Hiccup said waving his free hand in front of my face.

I blinked several times moving my thumb up to rub my tired eyeballsâ€¦ must have been a trick or the light or perhaps I was not getting enough sleepâ€¦ yeah, that itâ€¦ gotta stop going to sleep at 3 in the morningâ€¦

"I'm fine ladâ€¦ now what are Ya really working on there? That's defiantly not no Shieldâ€¦ and ya certainly an't working on that hunk of junkâ€¦" I questioned the boy, snatching the hunk of junk he calls a shield from the boys grip.

Hiccup looked behind himself for a second at the large piece of leather work he had on the table. Even if he wasn't facing me I could tell he was thinking about the large saddle. The boy once again turned back to face me, but his faceâ€¦ it seemed to be a lot more casual and was far calmer then he was beforehand. The Lad once again tried to lean on the table, succeeding this time, both of his elbows holding him up as he leaned back and pushed his feet forward.

"That? That's just someâ€¦ Practice for leatherworkâ€¦ you know? Haven't done a big project for a while involving leather and you don't want to get sloppyâ€¦ so I decided to have a little practice and make a Saddle." He said casual moving his hand around as he talked.

"Rather weird looking for saddle isn't it?" I asked moving closer to get a better look at the large project. It didn't look like any saddle I have seen before, especially on a horse. It was long and rather wide and did not possess the sort of seat like features that they normally possessed. The only think I could really compare it two was that of an oversized Motorbike seat, with straps at the bottom.

"Oh well you knowâ€¦ I'm meâ€¦ thought I could improve of the original designâ€¦" Hiccup said showing me two separate sketches, one of a normal saddle and one of what I guessed was the finished version of what Hiccup was working on would look like. I stared at the two sketches for a moment, before letting lose a short shrug.

"Well as long as ye not blowin' anythin' upâ€¦" I said to him watching the boy's body relax like a huge weight was lifted of his shoulders.

He must have really wanted to make that damn saddle.

The boy turned back around grabbing a large cutting knife as he began to work away on the leather he had before him. I strolled away allowing the boy some space for him to work. I made my way over to one of the other work benches that doted the Forge. As I arrived at the large table I noticed that I was still holding on to the damn piece of wood. I frowned deeply as I stared at the brittle so called shield. The thing was so damn light I didn't even notice it was I was still holding the blasted thing. I too a moment to examine the beaten

up wood, the wood itself looked like it was on the verge of cracking, chunks of it was missing and huge holes (Probably termites) were dotted all over it, the metal around the ring was half gone, almost as if it was ripped out by some sort of force, but if it was anything like the other side it would be of no good, it was bent rusted and chipped, bolts were coming loose and the entire thing didn't even look scrapable. The center piece (If there had ever been one) was ripped of leaving a huge hole in the shield which now that I looked at itâ€¦ appeared nearly hollow! There was something odd about the sides though, from the looks of things small bits of metal were sticking out of the rim into the shield, Perhaps this thing had another layer of protection? Metal Perhaps? Whatever it was it was long gone. What type of daft idiot built this piece of crap? And more importantly where did Hiccup get this?

"Were ya serious when ya said yar'd be workin' on this hunk of crap?" I asked Hiccup turning around to face the lad as I lifted the shield clear into his view.

"Umm yeahâ€¦ after I'm done with thisâ€¦ it's a little pet projectâ€¦" Hiccup said stopping his work to look at me.

"Huh, don't know why ya'd botherâ€¦ its hardly even scrapable at this rateâ€¦" I said examining the circle of splinters before me once more.

"Its name is Guardian." Hiccup replied simply.

I laughed, and it wasn't a quiet one either. Though you could clearly tell it was forced I did find the whole thing amusing to say the least. Who names there shield? I mean I have heard of people naming swords or axes, but a Shield? And who in their right mind would name this piece of junk that would make basal wood seem indestructible Guardian?

"Hey I didn't pick it, the name was written on the Shieldâ€¦" Hiccup said seeming slightly distressed as I mocked his piece of woodâ€¦ damn lad could get so defensiveâ€¦ just like his fatherâ€¦

"But still Guardian? I bet this piece of wood couldn't defend ya against a fly for Odin's sake." I said spotting a large axe hanging on a wall nearby. Might need to make a demonstration to prove my pointâ€¦

"I don't know Gobber, you know what they say, never judge a book by its coverâ€¦ maybe it's the same case with Guardianâ€¦" Hiccup said seeming completely unaware of me grabbing the large axe from its place on the wall and advancing back toward the wall. I knew for a fact if Hiccup ever used this hunk if junk in combat he would be giving himself a death sentence. The boy may not like me for this, but I was saving the lads lifeâ€¦.

"Well then maybe we should test it out eh?" I said holding up the axe for Hiccup to see in clear view. A state of panic crossing over his face as I lifted the axe up into the air over the shield.

"NO!" Hiccup cried as I brought down the axe upon the wood before me. I didn't swing hard, it wouldn't have taken much for this axe to turn this hunk of junk into splinters with the slightest touch.

That was not what happenedâ€¦

Instead of the shield shattering the axe simplyâ€¦ bounced off, theâ€¦ shield looking exactly like it was before, not even a scratch left from the axe. I stared at both the axe and the shield for a moment trying to comprehend what just occurred. Frowning I once again I tried to destroy the shield with the axe putting a lot more force into the blow. But once again the axe simply bounced of -far more powerful than last time- and the shield still looked exactly the same, not even the slightest scratch where the axe had hit.

Alright, this was just weird.

Hiccup approached me, I took a second to study his face but he looked just as perplexed as I was, but there was a hint of something elseâ€¦ smugness, pride? But there was something else thereâ€¦ it was like he was experiencing Deja vuâ€¦.

I stared down at the piece of wood before me feeling as if the scarp was teasing me. This should not be happening, I knew when metal and wood was on its last life and this hunk of junk was well past its time.

With a new sense of determination â€œnot wishing to be out staged by this hunk of scrap- I once again swung my axe down, not holding anything back this time. The axe struck the wood with a mighty clang, my entire arm shock violently upon collision. For a moment nothing happened, not a movement, not even a sound. Then a sudden purpleâ€¦ surge seemed to flow through the cracks of the shield the light almost blinding, especially around where the axe and the shield connected. Then almost too fast for the eye to track the axe was launched from my grip, flying through the air at great speed.

Years of fighting and dragon killing had sharpened my reflexes to a point in which even in my old rusty age dodging the axe was a trivial matter even with pure and utter surprise working against me. I watched as the axe sailed past, flying through the air in a similar movement as someone throwing it. Eventually after flying the length of the Forge the axe imbedded itself on the counter, smashing the bell and nearly chopping of the hand of a rather surprised women (But it appeared her reflexes were as sharp as mine). The axe imbedded itself in the hard wood of the desk and the women's eyes seem to be rotating from the axe to us, a look of anger slowly forming as steam began to blow from her nostrils.

"IF THAT'S what you call CUSTOMER service! I DON'T WANT ANY!" she roared over the counter causing me to gulp. There were 3 reasons I never got married in my life, one was marriages complex things that could often go sideways, the second was a lot moreâ€¦ personalâ€¦. And the third was frankly, women scare me.

I felt Hiccups soft hand pat me on the back and I turned to look at my young apprentice who had a small scared smile on his face. "How about you go deal withâ€¦ our complaints department," He said gesturing to the angry women who had now broken down into a furious rant. "And I ponder about what in the Name of Odin's beard is up with this shield." He said grabbing the, wellâ€¦ shield, tucking it under his arm before walking off.

I would have stopped him, questioned him about what I had just seen

with my own eyes if it wasn't for the sound of crashing coming over from the counter. The women had somehow managed to remove the axe from the counter and was swinging it around like a mad women.

Sighâ€¦ all we need is a loony riding a dragon and this will official be the oddest day I have had to deal with since the graduation party at Stoicksâ€¦.

****Hiccups POV sometime later near the cove.****

The idea of building a saddle for Toothless was not as alien as I feel it should have been, in fact after building the tailfin and taking a littleâ€¦ joy ride it was nearly the only thing on my mind, heck I even knew how I wanted the thing to look. I didn't know how Big Toothless was so I had made the saddle adjustable (After all I didn't want to piss of a Night Fury with a saddle that was to tightâ€¦) in nearly any way possible. The bottom part of the saddle was covered in sheep wool to try and make it as comfortable to wear as possible (I don't think either of us will like spending the hours needed to put on and remove the saddle) so Toothless was as comfortable as possible wearing it. The top part of saddle was made from a soft leather that was still durable enough to survive the elements.

But the question is could it survive a prideful dragon?

In one arm I held the saddle tied up in a long piece of ropeâ€¦ for reasons; the large piece of leatherwork almost too much for me to carry with my scrawny arms, even with my sudden increase in strengthâ€¦ it was just kind of awkward to carry. I wore Guardian on my back like a backpack (There was no way in Helheim I was leaving it with the superstitious Gobber), the old shield bouncing up and down as I walked. In the other hand I held a dragon proof bag, or as I probably should be calling it, the bribe.

Convincing Toothless to even think about wearing the saddle was probably going to be as difficult as getting my dad to admit his fat; near impossible and you might wind up dead.

Lucky for me I have had plenty of practice ignoring those two traits.

I approached the entrance to the Cove in which my friend resided. I was down wind so I was in no doubt that Toothless had already known I was coming, if he couldn't smell me, he could probably smell the fish.

I saw the Old willow tree out of the corner of my eye as well, its branches swaying in the soft wind. It was far more lively then the last time I had seen it. Colour was far more evident in its bark and leaves (Which were far more abundant). Upon seeing the old tree I made a small mental note to look up if dead trees could come back to life again when I got home.

But as of now I have businessâ€¦. Oh Thor, I'm turning into my father!

Pushing _that_ _horrifying_ idea aside I entered the Cove. Toothless was pretty easy to spot this time, he was lying down near the bank of

the spring trying to absorb as much heat from the limited sun of Berk. His body was spread out completely, even his long bat like wings were stretched out wide, wow; I never realized just how long they wereâ€¦| there bigger then the Night Furies bodyâ€¦|. The prophetic tailfin was still attached to his tail and looked relatively undamaged, much to my relief. Seeing the Fin undamaged and still in decent shape gave me a boost of confidence in my craftsmanship and my trust in Toothless not to break and Equipment I leave hereâ€¦| that could be usefulâ€¦|.

His Tattoos haven't changed much since the last time we met (Yesterday) which was a huge support to my theory that the markings spreading across both of us were linked in a way. As I observed my sunbaking friend his ears (well at least I think those are ears) began to twitch. Before I could react His eyes opened wide and shot towards me, his head moving at a speed I was quite surprised he didn't get whiplashâ€¦|. Can dragons get whiplash?

'_No.'_ The voice replied answer my question before I could even start pondering it.

Even from here I could see his pupils were large and friendly, and I could also make out the outline of an awkward toothless smile. My entire body relaxed, the muscles I didn't even know I had tightened loosened up and I too gave him a friendly smile before making my way down the uneven human sized track into the Cove. In onlyâ€¦| a week I have mastered the ability to scale down the side of the cove walls, with little hindrance or trouble.

Toothless watched me the entire way down his head moving slowly to follow my movement his eyes spoke of silent curiosity. I knew that he was observing me, trying to memorize the way I took in and out of the Cove, but I did not fear that he would try and escape using the path (That was if he could use it). I think Toothless has realized by now that without his flight he would not survive long in Ravenpoint forest. And that at the moment his best chance of survival lied with me.

Whoa, did anyone else feel a sudden burden falling on their shoulders?

Or maybe it was just the dragon that just spear tackled me.

Toothless had taken full advantage of my absent mind to spring his trap. Using speed I did not imagine possible for a still, sleepy animal toothless pounced at me, his moment and weight easily knocking me over like a child knocking over building blocks. He fell on me, his large black paw pinning my chest with just enough force to hold me down, but not enough to cause me any damage, I must admit; I was kind of surprised by this. We had only know each other for a week and a half and already Toothless has shown remarkable understanding on just how fragile I was compared to him.

It was a known fact that Dragons were smarter most animals, a fact that most people around here prefer to ignore. Scientist (Like actual scientist) had figured out only a few years ago (In my life time in fact) that Dragons were some of the smartest animals around, though several of the dragons wereâ€¦|. Not as bright as others (*Cough* Terrors *Cough*) a few dragons surpassed even that of most primates,

especially Strike and Mystery class dragons. Though testing of exactly HOW intelligent dragons were was nearly impossible considering that most would rather die than be captured, or were just far too stubborn.

Toothless snapped me out of my train of thought by ripping the bag out of my grasp. As soon as Toothless had the large Duggal bag in his toothless mouth he was off as quick as he came. Toothless made his way to a large dirt patch within the cove, his prize held tightly in his mouth. I watched, still lying down on my back in the dirt as Toothless plopped himself in the middle of the dirt patch, dropping his prize right in front of him as he curled up. I watched silently as Toothless's teeth shot out of his gums. With his new razor sharp teeth Toothless began to try and rip apart the bag, shaking the large object around as he sunk his teeth into the tough leather, his claws trying to rip apart the straps used to seal the bag. Luckily, like all the times before the bag still held firm.

I chuckled at the frantic of my reptilian friend as I rose to a sitting position, taking a brief moment to inspect the Saddle and myself. Though I did not doubt Toothless was smart, but I thought he would learn by now that he could not open those bags himself, But, I didn't really mind. After all it was kind of entertaining to see him struggle to open the bag to get the sweet content inside.

As if almost on cue Toothless turned away from what must have been a very frustrating experience to stare at me. His pupils were slits, like two thin lines cutting through pools of green as he stared at me. He let loose a long low Hiss as he stared at me, he bared his teeth in anger and I could almost swear smoke was coming out of his nostrils.

I froze. Did I screw up? Was chuckling at Toothless a bad idea? Maybe he was annoyed at me for always bringing him food in the Dragon proof bag? What would this mess up cost me? My life?

But something else occurred that I was not quite prepared for. Almost as sudden as his stare began he stopped it. He moved his head down, stopping the hiss and hiding his teeth once more escaping into his gums as he closed his mouth. He looked at me but his pupils were now far rounder, looking bigger than I have seen them before as he stared at me. He lowered his ear like things so they were flat on the back of his head. He moved his front half backwards so he was far more squished together like he was trying to make himself seem smaller than he actually was, which actually kind of worked considering how much bigger he was compared to me. The way he was acting almost reminded me of a Puppy that he been caught doing something wrong and was trying to use its cuteness to escape its punishment.

Toothless released a soft low sound almost like a sad moan as he moved his eyes down looking at the dirt, his claws innocently rubbing into the dirt before him. As he made this sound I heard another sound, like a faint whisper at the back of my ear, it was too fuzzy and small for me to make out but I could almost swear that it sounded like a young boy was saying 'Sorry'.

I smiled and gave the dragon a nod as a sign that I had forgiven him for his outburst. Toothless expression soften slightly but it still retained a sad almost begging appearance to it. But instead of staring at me or the ground his eyes were on the Bag in front of him.

He moved his gaze to me soon after and then back to the bag, this continued a few more times before he finally ended up lowering his head to softly nudge the bag in my direction. He softly pushed the bag a few more times, shuffling forward to keep the bag in his reach. Eventually he stopped about half the distance between me and where he once sat in the dirt patch. He moved his head so his begging gaze was focused on me once more, his head tilting slightly to the side.

It didn't take a genius to figure out what Toothless wanted.

I sighed shaking my head in defeat and a bit in disbelief, as I slowly got to my feet, moving towards the still begging dragon.

I chuckled quietly to myself. "Jeez Toothless, where would you be if you didn't have me?" I asked no one in particular as I approached the dragon, who had backed up a bit giving me some space but was still in grabbing distance of the bag.

'_Probably still flying around freely, or a rotting corpse being picked at by any scavengers around.' _The voice in my head once again adding its opinion when it is not needed.

"Oh shut up." I muttered angrily as I bent down to begin undoing the straps.

I did however chuckle to myself as a single thought ran through my mind, temporarily distracting myself from the task at hand.

Who would have thought it? Not only was the Offspring of Lightning and Death itself shot down by a Fishbone of a child who no one thought could amount to anything, but now it's only source of survival was the scrawny son of Berks best dragon slayer.

The Norns were a strange bunch, but I could not deny they sure had a great sense of Irony.

****Toothless POV. ****

Eating from the soft hollow rock was not as existing or rewarding as hunting for the fish myself, but hey I got free mackerel from the soft rock so as long as I was getting food I did not mind. The human was a nice bonus too, it was good to have company even if it was in the form of a bumbling human.

'_Count yourself lucky, if any other humans found you, you would not be gorging yourself on mackerel at all.' _The voice spoke in a somewhat harsh tone, like how I have seen mothers scorn there hatchling when they did something wrong.

I huffed, I did not like how the voice spoke to me, The only one to ever speak to me in such a tone was HER and I did not like HER one single bit. It was a miracle to find a dragon who actually did, willingly like that monstrosity.

'_Odd though there was not this much Mackerel the last few times somewhat suspicious don't you think?' _the voice spoke up again its tone having lightened since before, returning to its normal deep clam tone.

I paused from myself glut toning for a moment, the voice was right.

The human had made it clear that he would not give me more but a few Mackerels a day, this was at least 2 times the normal amount of the delicious fish the human packed. Something was most defiantly up.

With some self-control I pulled myself away from the pile of delicious fish to stare at the human. I have learned by now that the human reacts more to clear facial expressions and body movements, unlike a dragon he couldn't pick up the subtle meanings behind the slight movement of a face or body. He was no better himself, I have found myself constantly reminding myself that the boy was not a Dragon and had no idea that several of his movements meant something entirely different to me, sometimes some very offensive thing. But it's not like I had a deep understanding of what the human was on about.

I made it very clear in body language that I was suspicious of the human, narrowing my eye lids and staring directly at the human with as best as a natural face I could muster.

It took the human a moment to realize that I had wised up to its ploy, after all if it had already put the fake fin on me what's to stop it from putting more things on my body. The Human looked guilty for a moment before sheepishly pulling up a strange looking piece of large bark. I sniffed the strange bark only to discover it was not bark at all but in fact parts of animals, similar to the device now attached to my tail. Though what was odd about it was I could swear I have seen something like this before.

It took a moment for me to realize where I had seen this thing before, upon the back of a Horse. Like so many of my Kin before me I have tried to snag a Horse from the human nest only to be driven off by the Golden one (I swear I still have the bruise from where the unruly animal kicked me), during my brief fight with the Golden Horse I had spotted one of the Horses wearing a similar thing to what the human held. With my curiosity getting the better of me I decided to wait nearby to lick my wounds and observe the horses eventually I was chased off by the Golden one but I had learned the purpose of the device.

Humans used it to ride the horses.

And now the human had made one of those things to ride me!

I was about to blast the thing out of the humans hands, turn the offensive thing to dust and hopefully rid the thought of the human being able to ride me from both of our minds, but as I prepared myself to obliterate the mockery something flashed before my mind, images and moments that were too fast and broken for me to properly figure out but from what I could see I could make out the human before me (Looking slightly different.. odd) with a similar device. And me wearing it? What in the blaze? More images flashed before my mind like distant memories but at the same time not like memories. I should have been disgusted by this but these visions made me happy calm.

I was confused and shocked when the images finally stopped and I was once again greeted with the human staring blankly at me holding the odd device.

By the sun this confused me more than the time the Flashfang had challenged me with confusing questions that had cryptic answersâ€¦ a Puzzle? Or was it a Riddleâ€¦. They were confusing and tore at my brain for ages making me both annoyed and angry at the same timeâ€¦. But for some unexplainable, ludicrous reason I enjoyed them to no endâ€¦

A lot like this human in a wayâ€¦. Hmmmâ€¦

After a bit of thought I had decided I would allow the human to put thisâ€¦ thing on me under one circumstance: if he could catch me first.

I shifted my body and mood to that of a playful hatchling, my front half went low to the ground whilst my back half went high into the air, my tail wiggling side to side high in the air, I balanced on the balls of my paw as I quickly shuffled side to side before sprinting off in one direction.

After a few seconds of the sprint I turned around to look back at the confused human, the small creature looking just about as confused as a horrific swarmer hatchling. I snorted (Playfully of course) before moving my head in a 'come get me' movement.

"Well what are you waiting for Puzzle? You want to ride me you got to earn it." I said, though I knew the human could not understand me I'm pretty sure he got the idea because his expression suddenly became excited as he lifted the strange thing above his head and ran after me.

I swear this human brings out either the best or the worst in me, and just like his newly dubbed name I was unsure if it was a good thing or a bad thing.

****Nearby. ****

As Human and Dragon chased each other around the bowl like Cove something large yet silent moved its way through the trees, though tree branches and trigs snapped in its presence not a single sound was made as its large body moved effortlessly through the thick foliage of Ravenpoint.

A small rabbit made its way out of its hole, believing the absence of sound to be a sign of safety and security.

It was proven horrifically mistaken as a long, large appendage shot out from the large creature faster than a snake strike; three large claws grabbed the small furry animal. The squeeze of its claws would have killed the animal but the force of the strike alone was enough to render the small helpless creature dead.

The strange tentacle like limb lifted up the carcass of the animal to what appeared to be the head of the Mysterious Monstrosity. What appeared to be two large neon green glowing eyes seem to examine the creatures corpse. The eyes(?) betrayed no emotion other than a morbid curiosity of the dead creature. Suddenly the eyes(?) began to flash in a multitude of different colour, but no matter which one it seemed to take they always remained neon and had the same blank soulless look to them.

A loud cheer of happiness broke the creature from its examination, the antennae atop the strange beast head(?) twitched and began to lean in the direction of the sound.

The creature turned its attention away from the dead bunny, tossing its broken corpse aside as it moved its head toward where its antennae faced its eyes turning a bright blue as it stared in the direction. For a moment nothing happened, the beast did not move a bit and not a single sound was made. The creature's eyes once again took up a odd neon green before creating an odd eerie sound as if someone was auto tuning nails scratching against a chalkboard.

The creature turned away and once again began to make its way through the forest as if nothing had even changed. Once again moving in a straight line through the foliage.

It had business to attend to.

. But it would be back.

****JEEZ what is wrong with me? Why is this taking so long? ****

****What could this strange creature be WOWowowowWOOWowowoww?!****

****Ok well I should explain a few things right now that Golden Stallion is loosely based on a horse that I somewhat know. He wasn't golden more of a whitish colour, but Gods I didn't know a Horse could be as violent as it was, I remember one time the thing nearly knocked down its fence to get at a dog who decided it would be a good thing to start barking at it. boy was that horse a crazy one, but it has mellowed in age. I think ****

****I remember hearing awhile back that Primates, especially chimpanzees had different meanings for common basic hand signals we use on daily bases, something as simple as waving your hand can be seen as an aggressive act towards them. This got me thinking, Toothless and the other dragons use a lot of body language. it stand to reason they would probably have a similar system, right? ****

*****We live in a 3 dimensional world, so why do so many people only look at one side of things? ****

****Thor-Born saying Goodnight, Sleep tight and look out for bumps in the night. ****

29. Raining Ash

*****-Loads up new word to continue writing story.****

**** -Clicks folder in which top secret plans (For this story) are held.****

**** -Discover folder is not there.****

**** -Panics.****

**** -Begins frantic search for plans, tearing apart other files as I go.****

****Searches EVERYWHERE.****

****Finds nothing.****

****Can remember nothing of plans****

****Locks self in room and cries self to sleep.* ****

****Just thought it would be nice to stress what exactly happened to me when I was beginning to write this chapter.****

****On a more positive note I got a new Sketchpad thingy nowâ€¦| it's pretty cool.****

****REVEIWS.****

****Noctus Fury: **Relax, Heathers ok alright? Shes not going to be no Antagonist, yet I don't think I can class her as a Protagonist eitherâ€¦|. And you want to know something interesting? She is NONE of those things you have just listed (Unless you count snob as being a bit up herself) in this story so you can relax. As for the Witch, well she's from the books. How many people do you think have read the Books?**

Monkeys are pretty shit heads aren't they? Glad I'm not related to themâ€¦| *Looks at family picture* on second thoughtâ€¦|.

As for the Shield, yes it was magic; I'm not going to keep that a secret. But I want you to ask yourself this one important question; If weapons cannot harm it, what do you think damaged the shield so badly in the first place?

****Guest: **Thank you. I must admit one of the main reasons I started this was to improve my writing skills, looking back at some of my previous work, I think I am achieving that.**

****Littlebirdy: **â€¦| Alright.**

****Lunar Knight IV: **That is great to hear, I'm not entirely sure if you have reviewed but I'm glad you have**

now.

****Guest: **You know what? I honestly have to thankyou. You are a constant reminder that I really need to get my butt of the couch and do some bloody work. Thankyou.**

****FORWARD!****

****Hiccup POV.****

You know, I think the only way I ever learned, like actually learned was through my mistakes. It would make sense considering how the cycle of my inventing goes. An idea comes along, I design something, plan it out, build it, test it, find a major flaw in the design, get chewed out by it, repeat to process whilst fixing the flaw only to find another. The annoying things about this cycle however is I would always learn one mistake at a time and It was a lot of work and had often proven to make more trouble than it was worth.

And judging by the spectacular crash me and Toothless shared into the long grass, this was going to be one of those cases.

I probably should have realized that simply pulling on a piece of string was a bad idea, but NOOOO I just had to think of that Bright idea.

Well at least the experience had taught me a few things. One that having a piece of string? Not a good idea. Number two beings it's pretty easy to fall off the back of a dragon, and holding on to a saddle is not as easy as it feels it should have been. The final thing was that Toothless went gaga over a certain long grass I think might be Garlic Grass, but I couldn't be certainâ€¦ Apart of my however thought Dragon Nip would be a better sounding nameâ€¦.

What was once a proud and mighty dragon had been reduced to being as playful as a puppy and as excited as a kitten as Toothless messed around in the grass running around in it and rubbing his body against the grass. I watched stunned at my best friend's behavior until the Night Fury decided it would be best for me to join in. Toothless pushed me into the grass with little effort, the night fury began to toss me around like a rag doll, pushing and prodding until I started to (willingly) mess around with the extremely playful dragon. I was glad that the grass had acting as a layer of padding between me and the ground, because would you guess it? A few hundred pound Dragon has a habit of playing rough.

Not that I actually minded, a little more warning would have been nice but it turned out being fun in the end.

After getting Toothless back into the cove, which he was actually quite willing to do, which did strike me as odd. I returned to the Patch of grass and grabbed a few strands of the Dragon nip, after all, you never know when something like this could come in handy.

I don't know why but something felt different about the woods todayâ€¦ it didn't feel right. The forest was unusually cold and lifeless, like a twisted force had moved through it. Branches were ripped off the side of trees, leaves looked just about ready to fallâ€¦ but not in the healthy autumn way, no the dead leaves way and dying branches.

There was also the butchered Dragon carcass lying in the middle of the path.

I took me a moment to even realize that it was in fact a dragon's corpse it WAS THAT messed up. The bits and pieces of the dragon were scattered everywhere in a bloody mess, and I mean everywhere. Chunks of what I think might have been a Nadder were on the path, impaled on branches, stuck in the bushesâ€¦ and what is that slightly warm liquid leaking down my back?

I nervously reached behind me to touch whatever it was that was pouring down my back. It was definitely a liquidâ€¦ but slightly solid at the same time. It kind of reminded me of the time Snotlout put Slime down my back in science class that one time. Only this was far, far worse. Reluctantly I removed a piece from my back gagging slightly at the warm mushy wet substance slipping and sticking to my fingers like some sort of cloggy liquid. I brought the substance

close to my face, to observe what it is.

Its blood and saliva

I shook the substance from my hand doing everything I could to not puke. But in the process I ended up looking up at where the substance had come from.

And I don't think I can unsee it

In the tree canopy stuck between the branches (Sometimes with the branches even going through it) was the decapitated head of what used to be a Nadder and from the look of things the creature went through a beating.. a slow painful beating. Half its skull was ripped off and caved in making the head of the dragon lopped sided, cuts ran all across its face in all directions. Half its jaw had been broken making it lopsided and hanging wide open revealing the broken teeth. One of its eyes had been removed from its socket and hung from a single line of flesh from the head staring right at me. Blood leaked from its mouth as it hung there staring at me with cold bloodshot eyes.

Vomit soon joined the mixture of dragon parts and blood on the forest floor.

.

After that I ran. I couldn't take it anymore, I just ran. Away from the woods, away from that. I had heard stories of the horrors of the woods but never had I experienced one like that. I should have ran to Toothless he was closer, and he was alone but he was in the woods with whatever did that to the Nadder so I was a coward I ran towards my house, towards safety away from my friend.

I ran towards my house, towards the open back door.

But in my hurry I forgot we had a clear as day glass sliding window the same one I ran into at full force. The windows around Berk had been reinforced to survive dragon attacks. So a young scrawny boy running into one at full speed would easily be shrugged off by the window as a joke the boy on the other hand

As soon as I collided with the glass window I was knocked straight down to the wooden porch we had outside the back of our house. The back of my head collided with the hard wooden planks creating a painfully loud smashing sound.

I laid there for a moment staring up at the evening sky. I felt my eyelids get heavy, too heavy and with moment I passed out, darkness enclosing me.

****Toothless POV.****

Going to sleep earlier in the day has become a habit of mine. With my only sense of entertainment being Puzzle and his visits I found myself very bored on a day to day basis.

For a moment I stared at the strange items that Puzzle had brought. He had been kind enough to take both the saddle and the fake tailfin

off (Good because they were beginning to chafe, and I was very tempted to remove them myself, don't think Puzzle will be pleased with that) I had an idea on what they did yet still they still baffled me. I knew humans had a habit of building contraptions to make up for their lack of wellâ€¦ everything but to see some of theseâ€¦ constructs up close wasâ€¦

Well I can't really think of the word.

I had no idea how the contraptions really worked but I knew they were helping me to flyâ€¦ he was helping me to fly. I needed his help to fly once moreâ€¦ and he was giving it to meâ€¦

'_That's what friends do isn't it? Help each other.' _The voice spoke in my head. The voice was not my own, not like my usual head voice** (Thoughts)**. This one was deeper, older, spoke with a sense of power I did not possessâ€¦ and there was a big difference that wellâ€¦ was pretty obviousâ€¦

.

I snorted; I shouldn't linger on said thoughts such things go to remind me that I am in fact going mad.

I coiled up in my usual spot a now burnt out spot of grass directly between the lake and the old tree I occasionally slept upside down form. With a burst of concentrated Plasma I superheated the dirt beneath me, due to their being nothing left to burn the fires went out instantly but it made the earth beneath me was a very cosy and inviting warmth. Feeling the Warmth between my claws, enjoying the pleasant feeling I laid down in the burnt hot earth, slightly stretching a bit before curling up in a tight ball.

I closed my eyes tight, allowing my mind to drift and my body to fall to fatigue.

**Sometime latter. **

Dragons can be heavy sleepers when they want to be, it's a trait that many dragons use to hibernate during the colder part of the year, or ignore particularly annoying Dragons or animals that just enjoy disrupting sleep.

However even during heavy sleep A Dragon must always be alert and prepared for there is never a time a Dragon is more vulnerable than whilst they sleep. Dragons when fully conscious are amongst the most dangerous creatures to roam the earth; capable of flight; great strength; tough Hide and of course fire breathing we have few natural predatorsâ€¦ however in sleep none of that will matter. Under normal circumstances a Dragon would be able to deal with a large pack of Wolves with little problemâ€¦ But a sleeping dragon would be easy picking for only a few Wolves. Only a few Dragons such as Gronkles and Hornapedes could sleep soundly without having to worry themselves with such troublesâ€¦ Still they must keep on the lookout for the occasional Cannibalistic Dragon such as Whispering Deaths or Shrieking Mawlersâ€¦

You know in some sick way it's kind of reassuring to know that nothing is safeâ€¦ Knowing that everything will know fear once in its life can really be helpfulâ€¦

But back to sleep. I have always considered myself a master of Controlling how Heavy or light I sleep, Which is helpful considering what i had to deal with in that Hole of trash called a 'Nest'. Be it stopping some Dragons from doing something horrible to me in my sleep (Burry me alive, dump me in the middle of the ocean, stick a nest of bees in my mouth) Or sleep through the Mindless praseing SHE forces HER mindless drones to perform for her. Sleep control is a blessing that i do not take lightly. However even it has its limits.

And i think whatever is creating that annoyingly Bright glow is reaching it.

At first i had attempted to Ignore the light, hopping that whatever is making the bright would go away. I was wrong. If anything the opposite happened. The light intensified, piercing through the darkness of my closed eyelids. As soon as the light became brighter a strangeâ€| tingling feeling began to swell all over my body, every scaly inch of me, apart from my underbelly and bottom half of my tail, which was spared the tingling. From the tip to my tail to my sensitive Nose the tingling continuedâ€| It felt like tiny little claws softly scratching against my side making â€| tickling sensation.

I was Ticklishâ€| i'm not going to even hide that. It a weakness that i have never been able to shake since Hatchlinghood. Though it was manly a few spots that really got to meâ€| one of these spots was my nose.

I woke with a laugh, a horrifying sound to most who probably didn't know what it was. I could help but let lose a few choking giggles as my body was hit with an Onslaught of tickling My eyes blinking awake as i tried to get a hold of myself.

And when my eyes finally cleared and i gained control of my outburst of Giggles i was greeted with an unusual sight.

Upon my nose sat a butterfly, But no normal butterflyâ€| no, noâ€| this one was glowing a fluorescent blue that I could only imagine mirrored the legendary ghostly glow of the Mysterious and extinct Frightmare.

I stared at the glowing insect for a moment stunned silent and unsure on what to do as i stared at the beautiful glowing blue slightly transparent wings of the mysterious bug. Never before had i seen such a thingâ€| i had no idea what to do! this was the markings all over again.

It Took me several minutes to realise it was not the only one. at least a dozen more had come to rest on one of my front feet, and it took me moment to realise that my other front feet mirrored the other being covered in the glowing blue bugs. Both legs tingled as the creatures moved around, a realization dawning on me on what could have caused the tingling soon hit me like a rock from the sky. Butâ€| the tingling was all overâ€| that might mean. Turning my head around to see my suspicions were correct i was stunned to find that My entire body was covered with the Glowing Butterflies, creating a stunning silhouette of blue around me, The bugs transparent wings only went to improve the idea that it was me and not the thousands of bugs covering me. The only sign that they were actually there was

when occasionally they would flicker their wings breaking the illusion.

I was stunned, no beyond Stunnedâ€|. What was going on?

I rose to my feet, carefully trying to avoid provoking the Butterflies, I have no idea what they are doing so i had no idea how to handle this. After a minute or two of standing I grew impatient and attempted to shake of the Butterflies.

They did not move.

After a bit of wild shaking I tried a more direct approach. I snapped; scratched; growled and even shrieked at the Butterflies in an attempt to get them off of me.

It was like they didn't even notice.

I sighed heavily in near defeat, I didn't want to outright kill any of the Butterflies, I was not that type of dragon, but I don't think anything short of that would work. I looked at the Butterfly that sat on my nose Its wings still glowing brightly in front of my face. "_Can you please get off?" _I asked in heavy defeat, knowing all too well that it would do nothingâ€|

The Butterfly fluttered its wings before flowing of my face a faint blue trail following the small glowing bug. As the first one left the others began to follow, each making a faint trail of blue light as they scattered into the air. I watched stunned as the Blue Butterflies flew around the Cove-

Isâ€| Is this the Cove?

The Cove was not as I remembered it. The Rock walls were covered in shadows with the faintest glint of light creating sparkles in the floor of the Cove was covered in a thick mist with only a few stands of the greenest grass I have ever seen. Subconsciously I clenched my claws around the substance beneath me. It was defiantly Grassâ€| but it was so softâ€| and warmâ€|

A splash distracted me from the pleasant feeling between my claws. A mixture of fear and curiosity drawing me to the body of water were the sound came from, And as soon as i did so i could not tear my eyes away. I felt myself drawn to the Water, like a Youngling to a spark of light. With each Step i was reminded by just how soft the grass was but that was Ignored in favour of what i saw before me.

The Water was still, crystal clear, clearer and more still than any I have seen before, not even the wind effected it. The water reflected the starry night sky perfectly, catching all the colours of what looked like the Lights of the North in the sky so high. The water also revealed the fish that swam in it, whilst the water reflected the sky the Fish moved through it in a way that gave it the Illusion the the Fish were swimming through the sky.

Speaking of the sky, i turned my head towards it, and soon found myself short of breath, the mere sight of its Beauty taking my breath away.

The Stars sparkled in the skies like thousands of little eyes each

shining and wonderful as the looked like clouds were swirling through the stars in bright vibrant colours like purple; orange; red and Yellow Colouring the bluish black sky in a way I did not think Possible. The Moon hang In the centre of the sky, It was full and shun a shade of White had never seen it shine beforeâ€¦ What struck me as odd however was that the Moon was not set to be full for another weekâ€¦

What is going on?

_Destiny, Child. _

I nearly jumped when i heard the voice echo through the Cove. It was unlike any voice i have heard before, Ancient, Powerful had a distinct Echo to it, but at the same time remained calm and steady, Like that of an Elderly Dragon, only far greater.

A suddenly pulling sensation in my gut Pulled my eyes away from the sky and towards where the giant tree that borders the Cove, And in a way it still didâ€¦ Just it was incredibly different.

Where once was a plain Wooden trunk there was now the face of a massive creature formed from wood. It possessed to Golden sap like eyes that stared at me with great interest, study me from head to toe. A large mouth stretched across the wood face clenched shut and giving great empathist on its spiky huge chin. Its face was covered in Sticks stretching out like many mini spikes. But perhaps the most eye catching feature was the two giant Tusk on either side of the giants face made of roots and parts of cared smooth wood, the tusk were so long that they nearly touched the bottom of the cove. The Branches and leaves of the tree had shifted too forming what looked like a man of Horns that stuck out from the top of the giant's Butterflies that had covered me before had seemed to swarm around this giant tree face either clinging to its tusks or fluttering around the head, their faint glow illuminating the giants face.

_You must excuse me Child, I had meant to contact you earlier, But recent events have proven problematic. _

I watched stunned silent as the Giant wooden head spoke, its mouth moved but the words did not come from it. They seemed to echo, from all around. As if the woods itself was speaking to me. "_W-who are you." _I finally managed to squeeze out, silently hating myself for appearing so weak.

The Trees face seemed to form the shadow of a smile as it stared down at me.

_I have many names young one, Just as I have told your Partnerâ€¦ but if you must refer to me as the Forest Spirit, for many of my other names would be Unpronounceable in your tongue. _

Okâ€¦ so this was some sort of Tree spiritâ€¦. thingâ€¦. alright I have dealt with worseâ€¦.

_It is a pleasure to finally meet you face to face young Night Fury, I have many eyes in this forest but to finally greet you in person is a wonderful experience. It has been so long since i have last see a member of your kind I had nearly forgotten how Magnificent your species is. I am afraid However that my Appearance here is not for

social purposes. _

Wait, this tree man had met other Night Fury? Did he meet my Mother? Or another Night Fury? Heck I would settle with my no good Father if it means I could talk with another of my own kind. Suddenly the Tree's face became that of sadness. Deep down i could tell it knew what i was thinking, what I wanted to ask, and that I would not like the answer.

So I didn't, I've been alone this long, and I can continue to do so.

But you are not alone child, You have your Partner. And you too will need each other more then ever, More than even those that had come before you. Sooner than they as well. For you see an Evil that has long since lingered over these woods has begun to once again steer. Your Partner has already seen its handiwork and i'm afraid i cannot keep you hidden and safe for much longer. Already this evil works to weaken me, so it may complete its Master's mission. _

I Shook my head at this. "What Mission? What Master? What Evil? What are you even talking about." I was pretty sure who this Partner was; Puzzle. He fit the description I guess, Human or not he was probably the closest creature to my social wise. Partners are when two Dragons form a Bond that is unbreakable and Unquestionable in their Loyalty for one another, They will always be there for one another and are remarkable close, Closer than Mates sometimes (Unless you were Partners and Mates). Though the idea of being Partners with a Human felt off, I could not deny that i was not going to reject the idea. After all Puzzle was giving me my flight back and there was only one thing I would consider more Precious than that. And I don't think anyone could give me that.

I am sorry for your loss child and there is nothing i could do but Perhaps answer a few of your Questions. But to do that You must turn your attention back to the Lake. _

I hesitated for a moment before complying to the Tree's shaky movement i walked toward the edge of the lake, unsure on why exactly the Tree wanted me to do this.

And gaze into the waters of History. _

I watched in silent awe as the reflective colours of the pool of water began to swirl bringing to life an image i had never seen before.

****Guide **_This _**Means what is happening in the vision whilst
This **Is Toothless thoughts.**

It was a cold Misty morning as a large Black dragon landed upon the gravel shores of what looked like A broken Volcano Island. The Dragon was covered in Leather like paddings with many different tools and contraptions attached to the Harden leather. Along its body and under its Leather armour shun Patterns and symbols of glowing blue, from the thick of it's neck to the tip of its tail the Pattern shun and flowed in a spectacular way like a reflection of something. The Patterns did not look painted on but were instead seemed to have replaced the scales along the Dragons body. The piercing Green eyes scanned the horizon with an intense powerful stare. _

I recognized the familiar shape of this Breed of Dragon; A Night Fury. It looked nearly identical to me only It was a lot bigger, bulkier and that the markings covered nearly all its body, And what appeared to be Spinal finsâ€¦ Wait do I have those? I can't even really see anything remotely akin to thatâ€¦ Maybe they grow in through age?

_From atop the Night Fury descended a well built Human, tall and of a lean build who wore carved Armour similar to the Night Furies. He only had one foot the other having being replaced with some sort of complex rig. He must have been missing the limb for some time because not only did he not fall over from jumping of the dragons back and onto the Gravel, Easily balancing himself. a large Wolf pelt was slung over his shoulders forming a woolly cape. Thought the Human had a helmet and mask he soon removed it revealing his face to the fresh sea air. The Human was good looking by human standards, he possessed a mop of blackish brown hair and a short, trimmed, braided beard to match. His Green eyes also surveyed the area. _

"_You sure this is the place?" The human asked keeping one eye on the surrounding as he looked at the dragon. _

I was taken aback about how I was able to understand the sounds the human made, Whenever Puzzle spoke all i could hear was the classic Jiberish Humans make. For this one it was still there but over it was the language of my kind, overlaying it with a powerful whisper. I could tell this Human was Male because of the Face fur and shape, drawing upon my limited knowledge of Humans i knew that only (Mostly) males of their kind could possess such a thing.

_The Dragon snorted 'Of course it is I spent nearly half my life living in this reached place, of course I know where it is. _

That Voice! I have heard it beforeâ€¦ But how? The only other Night Fury Voice I have heard other than my own is My mother's and it was definitely not hers, it was Male after allâ€¦ Not mine either for that matter.

"_I know, I knowâ€¦ Its just It looks so different from the last time we were here." The Human said as he pat the Dragons side. _

'_Yeah well that tends to happen after a Rampaging Red Death and Screaming Death, but we're not here to sightseeâ€¦ well we might be If this is all a load of Gronkle dung, which it's going to be.' The Night Fury said snorting as he began to walk of toward the large mountainous Volcano at the centre of the island. _

_The human seemed to laugh for a moment before joining the Dragon in his walk "Even if that is the case we can not ignore the even remote possibility that he was speaking the truthâ€¦ he did not seem to lie about the markings, they have indeed done as he promised. Look at us, we can now have a proper conversation! and i do not know about you old friend but i have never felt this good in a long time." _

'_Yes that is true, but who could know what would happen if you allowed him to actually finish the process, But noâ€¦ you had to immediately run of as soon as he began speaking that nonsense about "You can't Kill a Deathâ€¦ One will always rise from the Ashes of the last." I swear that freak has more screw loses then your Mentor.' The

Night Fury said shaking slightly as he walked. _

_The Human stopped in his tracks, almost frozen in place. It took all but a second for the Night Fury to stop and look back at the human a look of absolute regret and dread covering the Dragons face. 'I'm...I'm sorry thatâ€¦ was insensitive myselfâ€¦ Its justâ€¦ I forgot you knowâ€¦.' The Dragon said sounding regretfully nervous like he was stepping on eggshells around an upset mother. _

"_Its okâ€¦ knowing him his already drunkenly challenging Thor to an arm wrestle with my Father in Vadhalla." The human said wiping some tears away from his face. _

I do not know what 'Thor' or 'Vadhalla' is but I think it might be a good thing considering the concept in which the human used them inâ€¦

Or bad, Humans are weird that way.

_The Human sighed "Still, we can't run the risk one of those monsters might be running loose. We got lucky last time and i don't know about you but I think that we don't have enough of that left to save us againâ€¦ Pretty sure re ran out of most of it with that whole Norbert Incident." The Human said Walking towards a rather large hole in the side of the Mountain. _

_The Dragon seemed to silently nod before following the Human In a silent walk towards the Gap in the Mountain. There was no sound but the shifting Gravel beneath their feet and the near silent breath of the two individual beings that appeared to be the only to living things in on the island. _

_Eventually the Dragon and the Human arrived at the entrance of the massive cave where they stopped at the entrance of the Giant cave.

_

_The Human turned to the Dragon and spoke "Hey Bud do you think you can-" _

'_Already have, there's nothing down there but abandoned Nests and empty cavernsâ€¦ huh i think even the Lava has drainedâ€¦ but there's defiantly no giant dragon down there,' The Dragon said before turning toward the Human a look of anger forming over the Night Furies face. 'Are you even paying attention!' The Dragon roared. _

_The Human who seemed to be surveying the beaches was caught off guard by the Dragon's sudden outburst and twisted towards him pointing His left arm out, a sudden burst of glowing blue energy flowed through the extended limb as a small ball of Blue fire appeared in his palm, which was aimed straight at the Night Furies face. The Night Fury jumped back a look of fearful surprise appearing on his face. 'Easy there it's just me!' The Dragon said in a calmer tone than before. _

_The Human looked ashamed with himself as he lowered his arm, the fire going out. "Sorry still getting use to these new reflexesâ€¦" the Human said rubbing the back of his head. _

'_It's alrightâ€¦ just glad I didn't end up like the Twinsâ€¦' The Night Fury said letting loose a sigh of Relief. _

_The Human nodded his head in agreement. "I was listening Bud, i was Just wonderingâ€¦ Where did the Skeleton go?" The Human said gesturing to the plain Gravel beach with one of his hand. _

_The Dragon paused for a moment before turning his head to see if the human spoke the Truth. He was right. There was no sign of any Skeletal Structure along the beach, not even the remains of one, or any indication of such a thing existing. _

'_I..I Don't knowâ€¦' The Dragon said His eyes widening in fear.

_Suddenly if it was awaiting its que a deep disturbed and powerful Laugh erupted fromâ€¦ everywhere. The sound echoed and bounced across the entire island, but the main focus point came from inside the depths of the Volcano. _

I felt myself cower at the soundâ€¦ I recognized that Laughâ€¦ the very w=one that Haunts me in my dreams, and my waking momentsâ€¦ the sick twisted nature of it, like it was celebrating the fact that the only reason it even existed was because its creature knew that Suffering exsisted and it was the cause of it.

It couldn't beâ€¦ It just couldn'tâ€¦

_Both human and Dragon twisted their heads faster than would have been deemed possible for their respective species. The Night Furies back lit up in a blue Glow, the area of the Night Furies body that was visible light up with a blue glow thanks to the glowing markings, the dragon took a battle stance natural to its species, its teeth bared and its shoulders low as if ready to strike upon the cause. The Human drewed a rather plain looking sword from his belt with his left hand, holding the plain but shiny blade in a battle stance, his other hand shot up, a flow of Blue energy shot through his arm as a large blue ball of fire emerged from his raised hand, pointed straight into the cave. _

_To their credit neither of them flinched as the Laughter grew more powerful and large, booming steps joined it in a sympathy of chaos. A skeletal like Silhouette of a dragon big enough that its shoulder plates scraped the walls of the giant cave, appeared near the other end of the cave from where the Human and Dragon stood. However the silhouette did not remain skeletal for long, even in the darkness of the cave it was clear that flesh was building across the giant skeleton, joined by both muscle and organs, like decomposing in reverse. as the skeleton became more and more like a fully fleshed it's continued its slow approach towards the brave Human and Dragon.

_As the Skeleton finally reached a state in which of what could be considered a full dragon, if the monstrous beast could even be called a dragon it had reached the entrance of the cave. Most of its massive body was hidden in the shadow only a vague silhouette revealing the beast size. However a large snout with a overbite full of teeth and a huge horn with equal sized nostrils flaring stuck out of the cave. Even with the shun shining upon the massive Nostril an aura of darkness seemed to surround the huge ash white snout. a pair of six Glowing white eyes stared down at the two tiny in comparison creature beneath it. A deep sick chuckle escaped the beast throat as it stared

down at the two. _

I could not help hold back a whimper as I cowered, lowing myself to the ground in frightened submission. _"...Itsâ€¦ Itsâ€¦ HERâ€¦". _ I finally whispered out.

"_**I Have been waiting for your return, Betrayerâ€¦ and I see you have brought your Human pet with youâ€¦ You would think after this many years you would have learnt to take better care of such a fragile and perfect thing." **__The Giant snout spoke in an amused yet powerful voice, it was clearly angry, and female. The White eyes stared down at the Dragon barely even noticing the Human as it spoke.

_

_Both Dragon and Human were stunned silent as they took several steps back, but it was the human that spoke first. "Yo-You're T-the same... one?" he spoke in fright. _

_For the first time the beast's eyes shifted from the Dragon to the Human__**. **__For moment they raised in surprise before narrowing in a sick twisted anger. __**"So you taught yourâ€¦ Pet: To Speakâ€¦ well done Betrayer I had thought such a task be beyond your skillâ€¦ But to answer your question Worm, no I am notâ€¦" **__The Giant spoke, but as it continued to do so silhouettes of dragons began to emerge from the mouth of the cave, seeming to emerge from the rocks themselves. Butâ€¦ they were not quite dragon's, their bodies were disfigured and misshapen. Parts of their bodies were hugely exaggerated with flesh and bone whilst other parts nearly lacked all the flesh and bone around them. There was no colour in their scales but shades of grey and their eyes shun with a milky blue haze as they began to work towards the Human and the Dragon. _

"_**I AM SO MUCH MORE!" **__The Giant roared as suddenly with a burst of speed unseen before in the disfigured Dragons rushed towards the Human and Dragon. _

"_I think we overstayed our welcome bud." The human said dodging a rushing Dragon and with a swing of his sword removed the head from the beast, but the body did not stop moving, instead it seemed to only get madder. _

'_Agreed.' The Dragon said as it blasted one of the dragons that were getting to close with a ball of Plasma from his mouth. What remained of the beast was flung into another of the broken dragon like corpses.. but already three more had replaced the one that had just been destroyed. _

_With a nod between the two, the Human tossed a small handfull of balls onto the dirt. As the balls made contact with the earth they exploded in a screen of smoke encasing both Human, Dragon and most of the angry horde. _

_Suddenly from the smoke The Human and Dragon burst free, and with speeds only a Night fury could muster they took off into the sky Barely avoiding a snap from the giant monsters jaw. _

_As Rider and Dragon escaped into the sky the giant Beast growled, the sound shook the very earth and seemed to scare the horde of undead dragons at the beast feet. But the monstrosity seemed to calm as it watched the Rider and Dragon flee from its domain. A Creepy

sadistic smile forming over the massive face of the Pale creature.

—

"_**Run as much as you want Foolsâ€| For you cannot hide from my gaze, nor can you hide from destiny. I am patient Creature, I do not care if it takes one or even a Hundred lifetimes, After all it appears death is now just an Inconvenience to you two as well â€| we will battle againâ€| and when we do I will have no mercy." **_

In a flash of light the vision in the lake disappeared.

In a flash of light the Sky had become a familiar one to the one I had fallen asleep to, not a sign of time passing by, or the beautiful colourful night sky I had seen before.

In a flash of light the Grass was no longer soft and covered in mist.

In a flash of light the Spirit was gone and the tree had returned to normal.

In a flash of light I was cold, alone and frightenâ€|

And In a flash of light i knew i had to go find Puzzle, My best friend, My partner..

My Rider.

**Ok So when I was writing this chapter i was using a newâ€| Thing to write it on, and frankly I Like it. Might use it more in the future. **

**I do hope this chapter makes up for my absence, things are getting crazy right now and I am at a lost in lifeâ€| **

**But I do hope you enjoy reading this. **

***To understand the path before you, sometimes it pays to take a few steps back." **

**This is Thor-Born sayin Goodnight, Sleep tight and Keep staying Wonderful. **

30. One Good Deed

**You know I need to think of a new way of writing this story. Instead of Making a Chapter, Posting it and then making a new one I might write a few chapters beforehand and post them in moderation as I write other chaptersâ€|. Probably not an Idea for this Story or a Sea Of scales But it worth a shot. **

**Lots of stuff is coming up fast so I don't know how I'm going to cope with that plus I have an Idea I'm working on -Maybe- that might take a bit of trial and error. **

**Reviews. **

**CanIGoToBerk (Guest): **I'm working on it and glad you like itâ€|

****Cloaked Glydr****: Ok where do I start? Sand Wraith hey? Interesting choice, I like it. There are alot of New dragons in the Movie cannon I need to familiarize myself with, I will need to get on with that. Yes I am aware of Excellinor, I had even for a time planned on having the Original Excellinor show up at some point in the story but scrapped it in favour of the Talking Tree (it just didn't fit the way I wanted it to). And Yes Guardian is or at least was Hiccups OP shield, mixed a bit from the one with the book I will reveal that much. The Bond mark is somewhat inspired by the Dragonmark but it actually comes from a few other sources I mixed in as well. The voices.. well I'll talk about that latter as for the Red Death I guess in a way she's a Draugr, but in another way she's not. Originally I had planned to make it that Toothless named Hiccup, well Hiccup but that Idea dried up fast, so I decided to come up with something different. I ended up going through a lot of names before settling for that one.

****Noctus Fury (Guest): **** Its ok happens to everyone. I always felt like a bit of an exudation that city of 100 castles; cities were not exactly honest with their names or titles. The future is a difficult thing to predict the past however is solid And well, It looks like they need a new way to get rid of an evil such as this And I'm not sure about his Hiccup-ness breaking the shield but nice guess.

****Astrid POV. ****

This couldn't be the place, it just couldn't be. I had to read the address wrong, I just had to.

I looked down at old beaten Journal in my hand, flipping it open to the first page where it had the return address, yep, defiantly the place the address is exactly the one in the book. A weight in my pocket reminded me of the broken lock that laid in there, the lock wasn't at all heavy barely even noticeable, however the guilt and the reminder of how stupid I was certainly was weighing my conscious down.

Now I respected people's privacy... sure I was somewhat notorious for looking behind one or two closed curtains, but it was their fault to begin with! if you don't want someone to look at something don't act like you're hiding a bloody dragon in your house. The person who owned the book had kept it locked for a reason, there was probably some very personal stuff in here and I respected enough privacy to not open the book of someone I didn't know. But I was kind enough to try and return it.

I had asked around to see if anyone had known a Henry or if the name had meant anything of significance to them. One of them had mentioned something about Henry Usedon and it took me a moment to realise that he was Hiccup. the fact that little detail managed to fly over my head both annoyed and made me feel incredibly stupid. Of course it had to be Hiccup, who else was in the Hallway- No, who else would be clumsy enough to lose a book important enough to lock in the middle of Hooligan high?

Ok so maybe Clueless as well but i don't even think he owns books.

But then came the trouble of giving it back to him. He was nearly Impossible to get a hold of. I never saw him around school and since I only discovered this early Yesterday I have found that reaching him at class trickyâ€¦ His new best buddy Speedifist didn't seem to want anything to do with me after that whole Snotlout incident, and I doubt leaving this Paper filled book at the Forge would be a good idea.

I had tried asking around to see if anyone knew where he lived but I got practically nothing but a few shrugs. .

And then I made my biggest, dumbest mistake I have probably made all year. I left a locked Item alone, unsupervised with the Twins.

It didn't matter to them it was a book, it didn't matter it was for a mere second I left it unsupervised, it didn't Matter that they knew i would be utterly furious with them: They had to break it, And break it they did.

However with the lock broken I managed to discover an address on the first page along with some very fancy writingâ€¦ It was a message from a motherâ€¦ I Didn't read it it after seeing in different and less neater handwriting 'I miss you.' under it and some stained paperâ€¦

Something told me I should stay well away from it.

I wasn't going to go any further into the book though, I got all the info I needed, no need to pry in deeper than I already haveâ€¦

Then Fishlegs got his hands on it at launch and had started reading over it with such enthusiasm that I couldn't help myself but try look to see what the fuss was about.

This journal was full of stuff, Stuff that most of the time I had no Idea how to comprehend.

The Journal was full of several things i Had expected, sketches for contraptions, a few pages full of Runes and a bunch of sketches.

Then came the stuff I wasn't expecting.

True I had thought that there would be at least a few drawings in there but some of the subjects of said sketches whereâ€¦ interesting. There were a few scenic shots, some of people interacting, I saw a few sketches of some of the more common dragons nothing out of the ordinary.. but there were three pictures that really caught my eye. The first was one of Mayor Stoick sitting in a large armchair, frozen in deep thought and the shadows seemed to be exaggerated to make the scene had a dark tone to it, the picture was stunning, must have taken him hours. The next was one ofâ€¦ meâ€¦ I was a little younger then i was now probably by a year or two but it was one of me holding my axe getting ready to throw it, a determined smile was across my face as I stared at what I was guessing my target. This Picture was even better than the last one and had caught my pose perfectly (It also made me note that I would need to bend my left knee a little more if this was and accurate sketch my throwing stance, sloppy.) The sketch had slight colouring to it, kind of like he had ran coloured pencil lightly over the picture to capture my coloursâ€¦ Fishlegs

said the picture was very flattering, and it was true but i would not let that on, instead I punched him in the arm. The final one was of a Dragon neither Fishlegs or I could recognize, but it was oddâ€¦ It was definitely a dragon but it looked borderline what would be classed a dragon. It was pretty good, I mean it was probably the best out of the lot (And a dragon to, why did he put so much effort into a dragon) but what struck me as odd was that the beast wasâ€¦ wearing things, Man made things. That disturbed meâ€¦.

Surprisingly the only one who didn't seem to have any input or desire to look at the book was Snotlout. In fact it did for what I had thought the impossible for so many years.

It shut him up.

He was In mid boast when he saw the book amongst my collection of books. His mouth closed shut and his eyes bulged. His face faded from a smug grin to a look I had never seen before on the muscle bound oath; sadness? regret? guilt? Without a word he got up from the chair next to me and moved to the back of the class next to where Dogbreath sat, as he got up i could almost swear he muttered to me 'Make sure you give that back to him, it means alot to himâ€¦'

Was Snotlout thinking about someone other than himself?

â€¦.Probably just misheard something.

I was delayed in going to the location after school though, my brother had assured this, along with my friends, and one look at the forge told me I had missed him, and That Gobber was a bit too busy to deal with me at the moment (I don't really want to know why Gredna was beating him with a metal rod, but i'm sure she had her reasons) So it was up to me to follow the address and return the book to the source.

Sure finding the place took a little longer than I expected, it was located in a part of town I was not quite familiar with to the point that I needed to find a Map of Berk to even locate the place without getting lost, which did have me taking a detour to the public Library. Old Wrinkly was kind enough to give me a Map and I was lucky enough to not bare witness to one of his infamous rants about how kids my age had no respect for books and were so caught up in their fancy phones and computers. I found myself counting my lucky stars that I actually visited the Library enough times to make Old Wrinkly think I'm not one of those kids.

Now here I was, in the high part of town, Overlook street in front of house 4â€¦ a grand large house much bigger than any house down in the rest of town. In fact, judging by the fact that this house was bigger than the other four house that were on this street, I think this was the biggest house in Berk.

And judging by the fact that it had the Haddock crest on the Mailbox, this was the Mayor's house two.

This couldn't be where Hiccup livedâ€¦ it couldn'tâ€¦. Then why was the address in his book? I doubt you just put someone's address in there for no reason.

Stop stalling Astrid, cowards stall, and you are no coward. All you

need to do is go up there ask if Hiccup lives here return it if he does or find out where if he doesn't.

Simple plan no flaws.

Except the fact that no one might be homeâ€|

No stop. You're better than this.

I walked to the front door of the large house, the front porch creaked under my footsteps slightly (From the looks of it some of this wood could use replacing, but other than that it was actually rather nice). I knocked on the door with a bit of force (But not too much, from the look of things the door has been given a rather bad repair job). For a moment there is silence and I began to wonder if this was a good idea at all.

It was only reinforced when a giant of a man with red glowing eyes open the door, his expression was the exact opposite of welcoming. I recognized him as the man who sat next to Hiccup on the bus awhile back, and the guy who watched us doing Dragon training. Why he was here, in the Mayors house, I didn't knowâ€| But I had a feeling it had something to do with Hiccup. I might be on the right track after all.

I took a deep breath, and stood as tall as I could, I would not allow this man to intimidate me. I am a Hofferson.

"Hello there. My name is Astrid and I was wondering if Hic- I mean, Is there a Henry living in this house?" I asked the man. The man gave me nothing but a blank intense stare. He stood there for a moment as if waiting for something to happen. I continued a little unsure about this, "You see, I got this Journal here and it has his name and adre-

"His inside. On the cotch." The man finally said in an Accent that sounded like an odd mix of Russian and Spanish creating a veryâ€| unique sounding voice.

"Oh that's good, If you could just give it to him I'll-

"His inside. On the cotch," The man once again interrupted his voice becoming a little more hostile. Suddenly he began to move back into the house, his giant form turned around and silently sliding away from me into the somewhat dark building. I watched silently as he made his way down the hallway, he stopped halfway down the hall and turned his head slightly to face me. "Close the door as you come in, and wipe your shoes." He said roughly as he once again continued walking without another word.

I could have just left there and then. Leave the book at the front door and walk away from the giant old house and the weird man with the glowing eyesâ€| Could have just been done with it there and then, But that was the easy way out. Hoffersons never take the easy way out; they never leave a Job half done. So like it or not I had a task to complete.

And Odin be damn if I'm going to be intimidated like this.

I walked into the house with my head held high, slamming the door

behind meâ€| But I didn't wipe my shoes. After all who was he to tell a Hofferson what to do?

**A few moment latterâ€| **

Ok so apparently he is an Incredibly strong man who is more than capable of physically forcing me to clean my shoesâ€| I still gave him a good few wacks to the head with my elbow before he finally deemed my shoes clean and let me go. As he walked away I could hear him muttering something about how 'Hoffersons were always difficult'.

Damn right.

The man did however speak the truth. Hiccup was in fact on the cotch in what I am guessing was the living room (which was the size of my houses dining area, Living room and Kitchen combined). He sat in front of a large flat screen TV on one of those large, far to comfy looking couches that you see in Magazines that have furniture you know you will never be able buy. The Television had some sort of cartoon on that I had never seen before on (It was something about giant multi-coloured lizards racing with people ridding and fighting on them from a glimpse at it.)

Hiccup himself was staring at the TV as he held an Ice Bag to his forehead, occasionally letting of slight moans of pain as he moved the Icebag around slightly. He was only wearing that Shirt green shirt of his, with a light blanket covering his lower back. His small frame seemed to sink into the giant couch, not that I find that odd, the Couch looked like it was big enough for a football team to sit comfortably on. He hadn't noticed me yet; heck I was pretty sure he might not even know where he is judging by the expression on his face. He looked like one of the Twins after they decided to play 'climb into a barrel and roll yourself down a Hill'.

It was kind of weird seeing him like thisâ€| not really sure what to make of itâ€|

Even less sure what to make of it when I watched an empty can of something, smack Hiccup in the back of the head.

To Hiccups credit he tried to dodge the flying projectile being thrown at the back of his head, the tin can only barely hitting him. It was Impressive he managed to foresee this unsuspected attack before it happen and had some time to reactâ€| Would have been better if he dodged it though.

Hiccup yelped as he moved his other hand (That wasn't holding the frozen bag) to rub the back of his head. He spun his head around clockwise (If he turned the other way he would have seen me) to face the thrower (Who I'm pretty sure was Red eyes). "Really? Don't you think having a concussion is enough? You just have to throw cans at me too?" Hiccup asked sounding about as pissed off as an awkward fishbone can get.

"Well you wouldn't have a concussion if you weren't Leika Ã- Ã¼essum skÃ³gi meÃ° Ã¼vÃ- helvÃ-tis dreka , eÃ°a kannski ef Ã¼Ã° leit Ã¼ar sem Ã¼Ã° varst aÃ° fara aÃ° Noce Ã- lÃ-fi Ã¼Ã-nu." The red eyed man replied in a annoyed tone, breaking out into what must have been another language.

Hiccup was silent for a moment before replying. "hvers vegna erum við að tala Á-slensku nána? AGH aldrei hugur , vandráðni er meira en svarið," Hiccup replied at a slower pace than the large man, a sign that he was less fluent in it I supposes. "hvaða viðskyndilega fjandskap ? Ég hálta Á-ör lá-kaði Tínn- ehh drekann. Að auki var ég panicked ... En hvaða Á;stáðu hefur Á til að kasta dæsum Á; mig Át af the blár ?" he continued at a slow pace. I still had no Idea what the two were saying, but I did however pick up the word Panicked who was Panicked? And by what?

"Við höfum gest , best Á- ljá's að mikið ensk." The red eyed man said sounding a little further away than before who probably has moved since he last spoke who

"WHAT!" Hiccup cried his eyes widened in what I assume to be shock.

He whipped his head around so fast I'm surprised he did not get whip lash. As soon as he saw me His eyes seemed to become even wider. Am if I didn't know any better I could swear I saw one of his Pupils become a black slit in his forest green eyes who were they always that green who

"ASTRID!" Hiccup cried. I watched in silence as he seemed to fall back in the couch, crawling back on using his arms to pull himself away. He dropped his Icebag but continued to drag his blanket with him, in fact he seemed to pull it closer to him, trying to hide himself I bet.

"Wh-What are you doing here? H-how, I-I-I Ahh What who" I watched silently as the boy stuttered away. Normally I would probably snap at them to spit it out, but form some reason I couldn't find the motivation to do so who He just seemed so who Confused, lost who I just didn't have the heart to snap at him who

So I showed him the book before gently dropping it upon the couch.

Hiccups face was one of shock and surprise; even more then it was before much to my surprise. In a slightly clumsy fashion the boy crawled forwards snatching the book up, for some reason still keeping the blanket over most of his body, maybe he was cold?

I watched silently as he began to inspect the book, it took him seconds to notice the broken Lock. "Sorry about that, the twins got to it," I said fishing the broken lock out of my pocket, showing him the now damaged piece of metal. He opened the book, flipping through the pages in a panicked state. "Don't worry, they didn't get into the book, I made sure of that." I finished adding the last bit to try and reassure the obviously distressed boy.

He stopped flipping through the book upon my reassurance and nervously put it down on the coffee table next to him. I was somewhat surprised how trusting he was considering who well his history I suppose, If I was him I would probably trust no one with something that belonged to me, not even a pen.

There was a bit of an awkward silence between the two of us. The only sound being from the TV show and the man scattering around in what I

assume is the kitchen.

I rubbed the back of my head rather awkwardly. "I shouldâ€¦ Probably goâ€¦" I said aloud. I was done with my littleâ€¦ mission so I really had no idea.

"Umm- Y-yeah tha-t, That might beâ€¦ good." Hiccup replied, his eyes were looking at everything but me. Damn is he a nervous wreck, It's not like I was here to harm him or anythingâ€¦ And I'm pretty sure he would have figured that out by now. Not that it really matters, I'll be gone soon and I can leave him to freak out by himselfâ€¦

"NONSENSE!" The voice of the red eyed man roared close by. A large hand landed on my shoulder nearly knocking me of balance. The man suddenly pulled me closer to the couch as he wrapped his other giant arm around Hiccups shoulder. He held us there for a moment making me feel very uncomfortable, Hiccup on the other hand simply pulled his blanket up closer to him and shot the red eyed man an annoyed glare, his nervousness fading at the arrival of this new fellow.

"Have you forgotten your manners Hiccup! Wasn't it your father who always said 'Never turn down a guest or traveller, no matter the situation or condition'? If I remember correctly he was very big on hospitalityâ€¦ well most of the timeâ€¦ What would he say if he learned that you turned down a guest, and one that has done you a great favour hmm?" The man said to Hiccup in a far to pleasant tone. I tried to escape his hold on me, but the man's grip was far too strong. "And you should stay for dinner! I am cooking my famous 'scraps of the gods' and you will be kicking yourself in the rear if you don't try it." Red eyes said turning his gaze to me. His expression was far too pleased, like he knew about something and he was just ecstatic about keeping it to himself.

I tried one again to shake his arm of my shoulder but to no avail. "That sounds great but I'm pretty sure my parents-

"Would be grateful that they have one less mouth the feed, Yes?" The man interrupted. I was kind of surprised by the fact that he knew my family had some trouble feeding all the mouths we haveâ€¦ but then again it wasn't exactly a secret that my family was a big one.

I was rather unsure with what to do. I wanted to leave but this giant man was holding me back and offering me a free dinner. The house looked nice and the smell from the kitchen was ratherâ€¦ alluring (even if something did smell like it was burning). A rumbling sound from my stomach confirmed I was indeed hungryâ€¦

One meal couldn't hurtâ€¦ could it?

****Sometime later. ****

I was not entirely sure what to do whilst I waited for the dinner to be made. I had called my mother to tell her I was having Dinner at someone else's place. When she had asked who I was nervous about telling her where exactly but her notorious mother powers worked on me even through the phone. What came to be a surprise to me however was that when I had said I was at the Haddocks house was that not only was she surprised but actually quite pleased to hear that. Not only that It was almost as if she was encouraging it. Before I could

question her apparent joy at this the sound of something breaking in the background caught both of our attention. Whatever it was, it sounded like glass and the unmistakable devilish laughter of my twin siblings could be heard afterwards, meaning whatever it was it was of some important.

My mother hanged up just before she could finish screaming their names over the phone.

And leaving me with nothing to do.

Hiccup was either in no condition to talk or just unwilling to, he kept quite only releasing muffled moans as he held the icepack to his head. I would have liked to have had a conversation but I had no idea how to break the ice, the last time we spoke he had been the one to do most of the talking, I had only added my two cents every once and awhile. It was like that for most of my conversations actually... I was very big on the idea that 'actions speak louder then words' and that 'you shouldn't waste words' two facts my mother had practically carved into my memory.

For a while I sat on one of the overly comfy couches and tried to watch the show that was on the television. I wasn't a big fan of cartoons, never really took any interest in any particular oneâ€¦ at least I don't think I didâ€¦ My childhood was rather fuzzy at times. The whole Idea of Cartoons often got on my nerves, the bright colours, the exaggerated characters, overused plots and not to mention the idea that the good guys always won in the end. Growing up in a town plagued in a war with scaled demons that good guys didn't win as often as the cartoons would have you believe. I had seen many heroes come and go in my short lifeâ€¦ like my uncleâ€¦

I decided to stop watching the show when I discovered they called the lizards they rode dragons.

Made me sick.

The big man was still in the Kitchen doing gods no what.

****BANG!****

Scratch that, I don't think they even know.

I didn't think it was wise to go in there at the moment so I chose what I considered the wiser choice of sticking away from the kitchen.

Instead I decided to look around the house.

I didn't go any further then a perhaps a room away from the living room in fear of getting lost in such a big unknown house. But even with my one room away policy I still saw a lot of things. A bunch of old trophies (Dragon heads, old weapons, medals, trophies etc.) Some paintings, old furniture, a nice view of Raven point forest and a wall of old pictures.

The picture wall was actually quite interesting. There was several dozen pictures, some of which looked very old, like black and white film old. Some of the more notable pictures were of a picture of a

younger Mayor Stoick, Gobber and Spiteson (Snots dad) all sitting on a fishing boat concentrating on their rods, A picture of a bunch of people dressed in military outfits, what appeared to be a two person family portrait of Mayor Stoick and Hiccup (Giving me no doubt in my mind the two were somehow related(Neither of them looked comfortable in the picture though)), a picture of a young boy about 13 wrapped up in warm clothes holding a snowboard in one hand and a large trophy in another, he had a large grin on his face as he stared at the camera. Another had a picture of a women and a young child sitting in a field watching the sun set together (It was notably duster then the rest).

But one picture in particular caught my eye: It was of two young children sitting in the snow frozen in mid laugh. One of them was bunched up tightly in protective snow jackets, all of which looked far too big for the young green eyed boy; the other child was a girl who had snow clothes that fit her far better and had taken off her snow hat to reveal long blonde hair. A plastic Sled stuck out of a snow pile nearby.

I felt a draw to the picture, a sense of familiarity, like I have seen it somewhere beforeâ€¦ but where?

I moved my hand over to touch the picture, to simply brush my hand against it. I have no Idea why, perhaps to try and familiarize myself with it.

As soon as I brushed my hand against the picture I was bombarded withâ€¦ something.

It was as if a pulse went through my brain, pain like a headache (Only far, far worse) surged through my head. I stumbled slightly losing my balance, and my vision glossed over.

The it happened.

****XXXX ****

"_Are you really sure we should be doing this? My mom said this could be pretty dang-er-ous." A young child voice said behind me. I turned to face the source of the sound, seeing a young boy lagging behind me trying to keep up in the deep white snow. His heavy clothing dragging weighing the poor boy down. I tried to make out his face butâ€¦ something was wrong, the face looked like it was ripped and burnt, almost like a picture that had been burnt. It was not the only thing either; everything in this showed signs of damage, rips and tearsâ€¦ it was if I was inside a damaged piece of film or photo. _

"_Of course silly, If it's not dangerous it's not fun!" I replied even though I did not mean toâ€¦ no I didn't even wanna speak, why am I going up this hill anyway? Why can't I stop? What's going onâ€¦

"_If you say so Astridâ€¦" The boy said, How did he know my name? I haven't even seen this kid beforeâ€¦ did I? "Still this could-" __**A flash of a scratchy image two neon green eyes staring down at me**__**appeared before me**__"- be pretty badâ€¦ I don't knowâ€¦"_ the boy continued. _

"_Come on H-%# ^8-y-y I-t can^'t be th-aaat Bad," My voice came out

like a scratchy record most of which was damaged beyond understanding. The image was not doing so well either becoming worse as I climbed the snow hill pulling a€ was it a sled.. I couldn't quite tella€ _

"Besides will do this together," I said as I reached the top of the hill waiting for the boy to reach the top. _**a€Pale white tendrils sprung from the darkness straight towards me- **_ "A^%\$#nd its always b*%\$-et&%\$ter when you d-o it with a Friend&%d%\$." I said, my voice becoming even more scratched and horrid for the ear.

_

The boy finally managed to reach the top of the hill. A silence covered both of us, either the sound had finally cut off or no one was speaking. _

"A^&#strid?" The boy asked, for a moment his non-existent almost managed to reform revealing a small young face of a green eyed boy, a few strands of brownish red hair escaping the beanie. _

"Yeâ€ss?" I answered sitting down on the sledâ€ thing. _

"Will we be friends forever?" the question came out crystal clear, to the point that it almost hurt to listen to it after hearing nothing but damaged words._

"Of course," I replied without hesitation. "Friends forever." _

A ghostly smile appeared on the boy as he sat down behind me on the sledâ€ and with that everything shattered. _

**XXXXX **

It felt like my brain was on fire as I ripped my hand away from the picture. I had no idea what just happened, all I know was that it hurt a lotâ€ and I feel a sudden amount of regretâ€

Oh gods I think I'm going to be sickâ€

**BANGG! **

"Dinners ready! Come and get it!"

I took one moment to stare back at the picture that had caused me such painâ€ that boy looked a lot like the glimpse of the other boys faceâ€

Gods what is happening to me?

**Hmma€ I had a feeling I made a promise to myselfâ€ something about avoiding an Astrid only chapterâ€ huhâ€ I have no Idea.
**

**Well Christmas is nearly here and the holidays are a busy time so I wish you all the best, a Merry Christmas. **

"**A single good deed can go a long way, no matter how small it seems." **

Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy new year.

31. With friends like these

****Chapter 31: ****

****Well** Fallout 4 has captured me in its addictive embraceâ€| Can't say I feel all that guilty about that. ******

****REVEIWS. ****

****NFOverlord:** ****Yeah** sorry about the waitâ€| ***Rubs** back of neck nervously* glad you were not disappointed though.

****HappyPup1:** ****And** a new year to you!

****Cloaked Glydr:** ****Yeah** again sorry for delays and stuffâ€| I have stated before that Hiccup and Astrid were friends at one point before.

****MasterOvi03:** ****Hello** there, glad to meet you! And wow, what a complement of the bat thereâ€| I wouldn't consider this story to be that goodâ€| but I'm honestly very glad you feel that way. Toothless fear of HER is actually quite reasonable and it's not without evidence. In the movie Toothless tenses and crawls away when the Red Death emerges from the lava much like every other Dragon there. It's a natural reaction when a wild animal encounter something that they clearly identify as being higher on the food chain. Also this Toothless is quite possibly the last Night Fury alive, and has no idea of the legacy that the species holds. Astrid is one I struggle with yes, the Arc I have planned for her and her character are both tricky for me but I try. Sorry Can't reveal to much else. yeah Its ok you skipped those two chapters not really much you missed other then things I will most likely explain latter.

****Autumns Lilith:** ****Glad** you love the story I really try to make this as enjoyable as possible for me to write and you to read. I had originally planned on making this just another modernization but decided quickly that was boring and had already been done so I made plans for new things and well things escalatedâ€| but hey It wouldn't be as interesting as it is If I didn't right? Writers block comes often to me and being ADHD doesn't really help when I finally get into the groove of things.

****Noctus Fury (Guest):** ****Anything** to get touristâ€| your most welcomed. An Astrid centered chapter was something that was going to happen sooner or later and why not for my 30th chapter? Jeez this story is bigger than I originally plannedâ€| And Yes Astrid can be an Ok Person, but it was more of a matter of principle rather than out of the kindness of the heart. Gunnar Is defiantly up to something but her motherâ€| wellâ€| that's another story (Glad you like Gunnar by the Way). Her Flashback will be playing a part latter onâ€|

****Hiccup POV. ****

"COME ON HICCUP! GET YE'SELF TOGETHER!" The loud accent heavy voice of my mentor roared, shaking my ears and shooting me back into the land of the wakingâ€| If but for a moment.

My eyes shot open just in time to see the large bolder like dragon;

the Gronkle charge at me, its jaw opening to take a huge bite or even go as far as swallow me whole. With seconds to spare I clumsily rolled out of the way barely avoiding getting hit by the flying tank like dragon.

Stumbling to my feet I awkwardly recovered from the sloppy roll. I let lose a loud tired yawn as I watched the Gronkle smash into one of the twins, which one? It was hard to tell when my eyes were once again trying to close on me. I attempted to wipe the tiredness out of my eyes only to end up smacking my head with the rim of my shield (Third one so far, Gobber says I'm on my way to a record).

'_Yeah Watch out for that would you?' _The voice in my head said a little too late.

"A little (YAWN) Late, wasn't that?" I managed to yawn out recovering from my head being battered in with my own shield.

'_Yeah, fun fact; I only work as well as your brain does you deprive it of necessary sleep I'm not going to work well so you're on your own.' _The voice said slowly, each word being stretched out further than it should be. I could only sigh, of course my luck had to run out now It probably all dried up when Astrid showed up yesterday

Astrid She actually ate at my house and returned my journal she generally did something nice for me

A sudden blast of heat and a huge amount of force knocked me off my feet. I fell on my rear, hard. It did not take a Genius to figure out what had happened, the Gronkle had targeted me with one of its shot, but instead of aiming straight at me it had hit the floor before me Odd, I wasn't exactly a hard target to hit

'_That's the 4th no 3rd shot wait how many shots does a Gronkle have again? Jezz, next time get more sleep.' _The voice spoke again.

Laying on my rear I felt as if I could just fall asleep there and then. But the rapid beat of Gronkle wings flapping getting louder and louder told me that wasn't a good idea. Quickly as tired and clumsy me could, I got to my shaky feet. I caught sight of the heavy boulder like dragon speeding towards me at an incredible pace. Too tired to roll out of the way I decided to go to my last resort.

I lifted up my left arm, dropping my weapon in the process and held it out towards the dragon.

The Gronkle sniffed the air, but continued to charge but instead of a murderous look upon its face there was one of surprise and happiness.

How I Could tell the difference between one Gronkle expression from another was something I was too tired to bother thinking about at the moment.

The Gronkle still charged into me but with less force than it probably hit the twin with. It knocked me to the floor pinning my lower half with its large body. The large and very, very heavy dragon

moved its nostril closer and closer into the hand in which I hid the 'Dragon Nip.' Ignoring the pain from my legs being crushed I rubbed the Nip against the Gronkle which seemed to only increase its excitement. After a quick idea I managed to lure Dragon of me an on to its side.

Fun thing about Gronkle; once knocked onto their side it's near impossible for them to get up on their own.

I allowed the Gronkle to sniff up the 'Dragon Nip' In my palm. The dragons excitement was beyond compare as it laid there in pure bliss. Its tongue hanged out the side of its lockjaw like mouth and its eyes appeared dazed and pleased. One of its hind legs twitched, kicking the air silently before once again becoming still. drool began to pour out of the Gronkles open mouth

It was about then I realized that I might have just given the Dragon its own addictive drugâ€¦.

Waitâ€¦.Can Dragons OD?

**Latterâ€¦. **

"Come On Hiccup! Not again!" A voice yelled waking me from my attempted sleep, pity tooâ€¦ the bench table looked so comfortableâ€¦

I lifted my head up to see a not amused at all Speedifist staring at me from the other side of the park desk his arms crossed and a annoyed frown across his dark face. Books, paper and pencils laid scatter between us in an unorganized cluster of junk.

"You know yesterday when you said you would assist me with some of my lacking subjects I actually started to believe that this year I might score higher than a D- in math'sâ€¦ but if this is your idea of tutoring then I might as well study by myself." The African-American said, he sounded annoyed but not ticked off. I could tell that the idea of him not taking my tutoring was something he was not going to risk just yet... but he was defiantly not impressed with what he was seeing so far.

I don't blame him; I am a pretty bad teacherâ€¦.

"Huh, a Jock who actually cares about his scores. What the matter dreadlocks coach say your of the team if you don't improve?" came the snarky tone of a female voice from my right.

I turned my head slightly to see the covered form of Heather sitting on the same side of the bench as me, her back leaning against the table as she buried herself in what looked like a large Novel. It took a second for my brain to recall that Heather had decided to join Speedifist and I during our tutoring lesson at the park. Why the Park? Both of our house where out of the option (He didn't ask If I didn't), the Mall was out of the question especially after school and the Libraryâ€¦ well Old Wrinkly was doing some cleaning and reorganizingâ€¦ best not disturb him during his 'Old Liberian time'. Besides it was a nice warm day for once, best enjoy it whilst we could.

"You know, No one invited you to come along bookworm." Speedifist

snapped back turning his gaze upon the short, heavily dressed girl.

"I invited myself, still going with bookworm I see? What's the matter? You're little, wittle brain hasn't thought of anything more creative yet?" Heather replied dryly, a faint smirk was one the girls face as she turned one eye towards the tall African-American.

Speedifist snorted loudly. "Just a fill in until I can think of something better Doll." He said looking down at the black haired girl.

Heathers right eye twitched slightly Her smirk disappeared for a second but returned as quickly as it disappeared, this time however it was forced. Probably to make sure Speedifist did not get whiff on potential leverage over her. "You're going to be calling me Bookworm for a while then huh?" she asked, almost hopefully.

Speedifist sat there for a while a strange expression on his face. Then he formed his own grin. "Nah, I think Doll is going to work out just fineâ€¦" Speedifist said leaning back with a look of pride on his face.

I didn't bother getting in between the two, those two could argue all day for all I care, and from what I have heard they most likely would. Apparently the two have been at each other since they were first assigned together In the same group in Dragon Training. A disagreement on the field had cost both of them to be taken down by the Gronkle and the two have been arguing, name calling and mocking each other to no end. In class and out of class whenever the two met they would but heads over everythingâ€¦ of course they weren't as bad as the twins who argued about everything and more (Plus they never got Physical in their arguments).

But now that I witnessed one or two of their arguments in person I felt as if there was something more to their little spatsâ€¦ It was moreâ€¦ pleasant than I expected, they weren't going too far in their name calling or insults. In fact they treated it as more of a gameâ€¦ or more like a somewhat-friendly competitionâ€¦

Why they were doing it though confused me.

Heather was the type of person who preferred intelligent conversation and company. She sought out people like Fishlegs, Jury-Rig and myself. Though Speedifist was not stupid and pretty cunning at times was not really an Intellectual or nearly as cunning and/or Witty as Heather was. Speedifist on the other hand was a prideful person, he didn't like being insulted or belittled. How he could stand having wit battles with Heather was something of a Mystery to me.

Wouldn't be the first Mystery.

"Hey Henry, you never did explain how you got that concussionâ€¦ mind spilling the beans?" Heather asked, scooting closer. She probably noted that I was about to try and nod of againâ€¦ damn; I got so close to doing it tooâ€¦

"I pulled a Nadder." I said simply before smacking my head in pure exhaustion. As the type of person I was (An active and busy one) I

needed as much sleep as I could, having not slept in the last 30 something hours was really not helping my body at the moment.

"Seriously? Wowâ€¦ And here I thought you were smarter than that Hiccup." Speedifist laughed.

Heather gave us both a confused look. "You pulled a what?" She asked, obviously confused as to what we were talking aboutâ€¦ That's right she's from Boston isn't sheâ€¦.

"It means run into something by accident or without thinking. Its Berk wit." I explained to the black haired girl.

"Of course the Legendary Berk witâ€¦ I've been getting slot of that latelyâ€¦" She sighed. Must be hard living in a place Like Berk If you weren't born in itâ€¦ there a lot to get use too, some of it can even be very weirdâ€¦ like Snoggletogâ€¦

It was just another reminder that like Speedifist and I, Heather didn't fit in that well to the rest of Berk. Everyone on this table was abnormal to the town. Speedifist was one of two (Hi sister being the other) of African American decent. His Skin colour, his build and even his hair made him stick out like a sore thumb in Berk. Though he was born here and just as good a fighter, if not better than most of the kids our age he was still treated differently. I remember how he told me that when he was younger he was the subject of a lot racial bullying, he had learned to repel them with his fists (Part of the reason he got his little nickname). He still got some insults here and there but it was supposedly nowhere near as bad as it was before.

Heather being an exchange student and all was not born In Berk, Which would get you enough flank as it is If she wasn't also an Intellectual. Which she was an Proud of it. She Had no Idea for any Berk Traditions and was somewhat hostile towards the idea of Fighting dragons, not completely against it but didn't seem to like it. She Also deliberately separated herself from the rest of her Peers at the school, From what I understood she liked to Hide out in the School Library whenever she could and Preferred to keep talks with anyone se didn't like to simple sentences.

And then there was meâ€¦ I think that pretty much speaks for myself.

We were the oddballs, the Misfits. We didn't mix with any other Peer groups so we sought ourselves out as Company. Perhaps Speedifist's goal to become My friend was not out of a sense of regret or redemption (Well at least not mostly) But at a chance to find someone who will understand his plight of not fitting in. Heather might have had similar motivations too when she decided I would become her next subject of Psychological study.

But Really I didn't Mindâ€¦ I was personally just glad I had People I could talk to that weren't entirely crazy and I could socialize with on a regular bases.

"Damnit Hiccup you're doing it again!" Speedifist yelled, probably commenting on how I was just about to fall asleep again.

I shot up sitting up as straight as I could. My eyes blinking rapidly as I tried to wake myself up.

Heather put a Finger in between the pages of the book she was reading closing it slightly as she turned her head to the both of us. "You know Dreadlocks Maybe it would be alright if he caught a few Z's His obviously not doing all that well as it is." Heather commented to the biggest person on the table.

Speedifist eyed her for a second. "Nah I know my concussions Doll, His not meant to go to sleep for at least 24 hours after he got the brain injury." The Football player/Skater said.

"Pulled one to many Nadders yourself then huh?"

The two began to argue once more leaving me to my own thoughts.

He was right, I guess. Jemiskneir said the exact same thing over and over again as he kept me awake all last night, well him and the Tattoo. The thing had a damn growing session last night of epic proportions (Probably to make up for its lack of activity of late). After Astrid (Still can't believe she had shown up at my house) left The thing had gone crazy. Now the odd glowing markings had made its way down my right arm past my elbow (Mirroring my other arm in style and writing) and had gone down to cover the rest of my body and my thighs, some flicks have appeared of my neck as well which made me very worried about if the thing spread up onto my faceâ€¦ that was going to be hard to hide.

This Combination of Friends and Tattoos lured my train of thought to Toothless. After I was done with Speedy and Heather I was going to go bring the Night Fury his supper and test out my near riding jacket and what I have dubbed 'The dragon seatbelt.' Having to remain up all night did have its benefit, I was able to work all night on the two objects and finish them of during free session today.

Toothlessâ€¦ How much did I actually know about what I think to say was my best friend? I knew he was a Night Fury, that he was fast, enjoyed Mackerel a little too much and he was crippledâ€¦. But how much did I really know about him. I Didn't Know His age, where he was from, His likes or dislikesâ€¦ Heck I didn't even know for sure _WHAT _Gender the Night Fury really was. I assumed Toothless was a Male but there was literally no way of telling (Well there was one way but I'm pretty sure I wouldn't survive) so I was at a lost. I wanted to know more about Toothless. I had an Idea on the Night Furies past butâ€¦ compared to all the unknowns It didn't really feel like much.

'_At least you're starting to ask the right questionsâ€¦ Toothless is about a year younger then you, you can tell by the chin spikes and how small they are. The Night Fury is rather playful, enjoys dry humour much like you, and seems to enjoy justifiable tormentâ€¦ As For Genderâ€¦ can't really help you there, Never met a female Night Fury so I can't tell the difference.' _The Voice said still sounding as slow and tired as before.

"You know we could always go to thatâ€¦ Phlegma's cafÃ©? It would have more comfortable seat then this bench, be hopefully a better work environment and we could get some food and a Coffee for the walking dead over there." Heather said gesturing in my direction when she mentioned the walking dead.

Speedifist was quiet for a moment. "Nowâ€¦ Why didn't I think of that?" He said aloud as he began to pack up the learning material.

Heather gave a sly smirk as she got up and gave the African- American a hand. "Because with how slow your brain works you were going to need a few days." She commented.

And the insults went flyingâ€¦

****Astrid's POV. ****

"Breaking Bad?"

"No."

"Arrow?"

"No."

"The Walking dead?"

"Defiantly No."

"Game of thrones?"

"Why would I watch a show like that when we live in the real life version of it?" I asked the talkative twin from across the table. I was halfway between annoyed and just plain old tired of the Female twin at this point. I turned to the other girl on the Food Court table we sat on, a tall brunette girl staring down at her phone. As if almost sensing someone looking at her she lifted her head and our eyes met her midnight black eyes to my sky blue.

'_Snaps, Please. I am Begging you, and Hoffersons never Beg. Please distract Ruffnut so I can get some peace and quiet, if even for a moment.' _I silently communicated to the taller girl.

She sat there for a moment, not making a movement or sound. She then began to blow out some Bubblegum, making a nick pink bubble before it suddenly popped. _'Suffer.' _The message was loud and clear from Snaps as she turned back to her phone.

"I can't believe you don't watch any television Astrid! What's wrong with you!" Ruffnut said or yelled as she raised her arms in defeat of not finding a show I like, or watched for that matter.

"I simply feel I have better things to do then immerse myself in mind destroying television. Like you know train? We are the future defenders of Berk you knowâ€¦ Besides I do watch Televisionâ€¦" I argued back with the Female twin.

"Those reality TV combat shows don't count; neither does those shows from Britain you like so much." Snaps commented not looking up from her phone.

"I thought you said you weren't Getting Involved!" I cried angrily at the other girl at the table.

Snaps turned her head to look at me her face as stoic as always besides the faintest of a smile. "Nah I Just told you to Suffer." She slyly said. I gave her one of my classic angry frown and her smile only became more and more apparent.

"Didâ€¦ Did I miss something?" Ruffnut asked.

"No." We both replied at the same time. Sophie or otherwise known as Snaps and I have been friends for a long timeâ€¦ well sort of friends, probably not in the way most people would call friends. We hanged out on occasion, mostly just to spar or train. Sometimes we did hang out like normal friends would but that was only with the rest of our little friend group. Snaps had earned her rather unique Berk Nickname due to the fact she would go from deathly calm to uncontrollable anger in a heartbeat (And she wouldn't accept anything else).

"You know Ruffnut when you said we should get the girls together for an afternoon I was expecting a little more than just us three." I said to the female twin, slightly annoyed that the twin might have been lying to us, more importantly that the two more sensible people in the group fall for the trick.

Ruffnut frowned. "Nah, The others will be here soon. Stankfoots Is in line getting some food, Triv's on her way and Hipchecks Probably saying 'Goodbye' to Bashface" Ruffnut chuckled at her all to obvious reference to the closer than normal relationship the two Hockey team members had.

"Typical." Snaps grunted, what she found Typical I was not going to ask.

"But that's everyone right? All the girls?... there's is only six of us right?" Ruffnut asked. I sighed Heavily this was not my idea of a good time, in fact I thought this more of wasteful time, we could be training instead of hanging out at the Mall.

"There would have been 7 if not for that traitorâ€¦" Snaps commented, she turned her gaze back to her phone, probably playing one of those connect 4 gamesâ€¦ she seemed to have an addiction to those little game.

"Oh come one, you see Haddy talking with Sarah once and you won't even talk to her! heck you won't even let her explain!" Ruffnut said, catching me by surprise. Ruffnut using Sense to try an argue a point? Now that was unheard of. And she was right to Snaps didn't Give Haddy any chance to explain, heck she nearly tore the poor girl's head of when she tried to talk to Snaps.

"I Don't want to hear anything that she or that Bitch Siren has to say. Those two can go hop in a Whispering Death hole for all I care!" Snaps yelled, earning her a few stares from the other people in the food court. Eventually the people took disinterest in the fuming girl but she still remained angry.

It was no secret that Snaps and Siren hated each other's gut, in fact a lot of girls hated Siren. About a year or two ago, Siren had spreadâ€¦ well what can only be described as horrible rumour about Snaps. It had doneâ€¦ a lot of damage. She lost several of her friends, respect, her parents trust, her position on the basketball

teamâ€¦ it was a horrible experience for her, one that had changed her life foreverâ€¦

And what was Sirens motivation? Snaps Disagreed with her. That's right one single disagreement ended up with Siren ruining someone's life.

"Whats going on here?" a female voice asked, I turned my head towards the source of the sound. A short, blonde haired girl walked up to us holding a large tray of a mix variety of food. It was Berks Cross country star, Stacy; or better known as Stankfoot.

"Oh you know just the usual everyone hates Siren talk." I told the new arrival. She sighed deeply before taking the seat next to me placing the food down on the table.

"And here I thought we finally had something new to talk about." The Cross country star sighed as grabbed a wrapped up sub sandwich from the pile of food. I followed Stankfoots lead grabbing myself some chips, a soda and my own sub sandwich, Might as well eat If I'm gonna be stuck here for a while. I took a big bite out of my sandwich enjoy the texture and taste, Dragon Training had made me build up an appetite, the Gronkle seemed to have been provoked todayâ€¦

Dragon Trainingâ€¦ how Did Hiccup take the Gronkle downâ€¦

"Well if you wanna talk about something new, how about we discuss what Astrid was doing with a locked book belong to a 'Henry' and you were seen walking around town with the same book... looking for something, orâ€¦ someone. "

I began to chock.

After several Seconds of uneventful hacking, I managed to get the Sandwich down my throat. When I finally recovered All my friends were staring at me, even Snaps (Though it was lazy and not really paying attention) Triv's had shown up to and from the smug look on her know-it-all face she was the one who said it. The skinny blonde girl named Tristina or Triv's was the type of person who knew everything and anything, you needed Info she most likely has the info.

"Iâ€¦ Don't see why we need to talk about thatâ€¦" I said, staring at the resident Snoop. She shrugged her shoulders before grinning to herself.

"I don't knowâ€¦ maybe It has something to do with you talking with that goof ball Hiccup, or 'Henry.' Last weekend at the forgeâ€¦" Triv slyly commented. I got a mixed look from the others at the table.

"What are you trying to say?" I spat, venom seeping from my words and my frown becoming deeper, plenty of Physical clues that Triv should shut the Hel up. I Hope to the Gods that she Is Smart enough to figure out she should drop this.

"Oh I don't knowâ€¦ You mightâ€¦" She continued being very suggestive, and not taking my hints.

"What are you trying to say I LIKE HIM!" I yelled at the smart nose girl before me. I quickly glanced at my friends around the table

Stankfoot looked a little worried, Ruffnut looked like she was enjoying this having a sick grin on her face, and Snaps just rolled her eyes. But it was Triv's face I focused on, and that damn cheeky grin.

"I never said thatâ€¦ You did." She replied. Staring me down with that usual poker face of hers.

"HE POURED GREEN SMOTHIEE IN MY HAIR!" I yelled at her, my rage boiling over.

"Hey you might be into that kinda-"She didn't finish her sentence, I didn't let her. The Food tray collided with her head knocking her and her chair to the floor and bending the plastic plate in the process. She groaned slightly as she laid on the floor obviously too dazed to speak. Good. I think I like her this way.

I slammed the plastic tray on the food court table before taking my seat once more (I Had to stand up in order to get a good swing). No one else at the table, or the food court spoke out of either out of confusion, not wishing to be involved in the scene or fear of me snapping and starting to attack everyone or out of confusion. Without another word me and my friends began to eat again, not even Ruffnut was dumb enough to push my buttons at the moment.

After a few more moment of silent eating (besides the occasional moan from Triv.) A new person joined the table. A Large, bulky girl with dark brown hair, a rough and tough and a busted lip took the chair next to the still inactive Triv. The new girl gave Triv one look before turning her attention to the rest of the group.

"Well Looks like I missed all the funâ€¦"

****Toothless POV Latter that day. ****

I had spent the day enjoying myself in the sun, the rare sun might I add. I had swam in the pond trying once again to catch the retched fish that continued to allude me, I Didn't even care that Puzzle was bringing me fish, my chasing of this accursed swimmers was purely out of a damaged pride.

I am disappointed to report that the fish won again.

I had spent some time chasing small bugs like a hatchling would. The Privacy of this cove had given me some much needed catching up time on my lacking Hatchling days. Something though I was most grateful for.

But like Usual I slept most of the day waiting for Puzzle to arrive, for it was then that the day became interesting. In many ways I have become dependent on the young human. I relied on him for food, in company, to escape the maddening boredom of this place and soon, hopefully very soon; my flight.

I took a second to look over at the Human made items stored away under the giant tree roots hidden away from the elements. I moved over to the human made items examining them closely, I Inspected every little detail I could of the items, using my memory as a base of my inspection I found nothing wrong with the fake tailfin or ridding back. I did however decided to move the items a little bit

further into the little root cave we kept them stored in. Better safe than sorry; this is my future on the line here.

Satisfied with the security of the items I left the two Items be, I would not disturb them, not until Puzzle showed up with what would probably be another attempt to help me flyâ€¦ with him on my back. The Idea was both exciting and disturbingâ€¦ I would be able to fly againâ€¦ yet only with the aid of Puzzleâ€¦ I can't say I was completely repulsed by the idea; In fact I looked forward to the idea of sharing flying with Puzzle, he did seem to enjoy the frill of it, but then again who wouldn't? No It was the idea of the level of restriction Puzzle would put on flying, how much control he would have over my movements. My tail just didn't provide me with balance it also provided steering, with the fake Tailfin the human would have near complete control over my movement in the air.

Was I ready to put that much trust in one being?

The Shuffling of feet on rocks alerted me to the arrival of someone to the cove. I looked up to see the small form of Puzzle One of those food containers attached to his back. I watched in silent anticipation as he made his way down the stone like walkway into the cove, as I watched however I noticed how Puzzle was not wearing his usual furs was not the same ones he always wear. What he was wearing resembled the ridding back he made for me, but for his size. I snorted loudly; if this was the humans attempt to be even with me he had another thing coming. The Human knew I disliked the ridding back, I tolerated it but did not like it, And I made that apparent to Puzzle any chance I get.

Like Right now.

As soon as Puzzle reached the bottom of the Cove I bound over to the human, _I_ Prepared myself to tackle the small human, steal the container of food and maybe even give Puzzle a whack on the head with my tail as I walked off with my prize.

However I stopped moments before I pounced, my claws tore up the earth as I tried to stop myself.

Puzzleâ€¦ He looked like death.

I gave a concerned coo to my human friend. He looked like he did not sleep at all. Puzzle looked up at me with tired eyes giving me that facial expression I liked to mimic. However I was not in the mood to play mimic; I was concerned. Rest was important, no one should deny themselves rest.

I sat there for a moment weighing my options and my thoughts. Eventually I came to a decision.

I turned around and began to walk towards the centre of the cove. I stopped after a few steps to look back at Puzzle. He stood there in slight confusion watching me and waiting for me to do something, I sighed before giving a quick gesture with my head, a Simple on I hoped he understood; Follow me. Once I was sure he got the message I began my walk once more heading straight for where the dead tree sat, and where I liked to rest.

Quickly selecting an ideal spot I began to scorch the earth (Not as

intensely as I usually would, at a lower heat) before lying down on the charred earth. I raised my head to look at the Human only to find him standing a bit away, staring at me, waiting for something.

I rolled my eyes before raising my wing and giving the human another head gesture; Get over here.

Puzzle understood completely. His entire body relaxed as he dropped the container (I would eat that latter) and came over to me. He lied down next to me, moving closer to the warmth I generated. He curled up beside my flank and I allowed him too, never had anyone been this close to me, by my own will at least.

I watched the human curl up closely, lowering my wing over his body as cover for the small human. Once I was certain Puzzle was comfortable I lowered my head enjoying the warmth of the dirt and soaking up as much As I could. I could feel Puzzle next to me and I felt relaxed knowing that he was safe.

"Thankâ€¦ youâ€¦" Came a small tired voice, spoken as merely a tired whisper.

"_You're Welcome."_ I replied feeling pleased with myself by doing good for my little human friend. I didn't feel as tense as before and I felt good with this little arrangement between Puzzle and Iâ€¦.

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WAIT.

My Eyes shot open and I lifted my wing that covered Puzzle. My head snapped around fast enough that it hurt, My eyes caught the humans, and exact mirror of mine. Shock, Confusion and wide, wide awake.

***Emerges from radioactive cave with pieces of mutated flesh drenching my body. Looks at Pip-Boy, **

***OH SHIT, IS THAT THE TIME!" **

**So yeah this chapter was a bit of filler, establishing relationships between characters and having a closer up look at the social life of the characters I suppose. Don't worry It will kick up next chapter I promise. **

**So yeah A point I wanted to bring up, This Toothless gender has remained in the dark for quite some time. Sure Hiccup calls Toothless a male but he only has a gut feeling of this and those can be wrongâ€¦ I honestly want your thought on the matter. **

***I don't know who I will follow, or who I will lead, but I know who I will stand Beside." **

****Alright back to saving that settlement that needs my help, Toodles!
Thor-Born.****

End
file.